



MODERN
SCOTTISH POETS

SEVENTH SERIES

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[Edwards, David Herschell]

Seventh Series.

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS

*WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND
CRITICAL NOTICES.*

Scotland, though small, is as full of memories as the heaven is full of stars, and almost as bright. There is not the most insignificant piece of water that does not make my heart thrill with some story of heroism or some remembered poem; for not only has Scotland had the good fortune to have had men that knew how to make heroic history, but she has reared those bards who have known how to sing her histories.—*Ward Beecher.*

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

SEVEN prefaces to one work must become tiresome to the reader, who will naturally look upon us as a mere "title-page creature." We feel that this must be true, even though many "indulgent friends" have reminded us of the fact that "as guid may haund the stirrup as he that loups on," and have urged us to give a specimen of our poetic efforts. We lay no claim to the title of poet, and, although in passing so many effusions through our hands it might have been possible to absorb some of the precious ore, we can only pretend to have a *feeling* for poetry. It would never do for a poet to criticise his brethren. In our last "note," prefixed to the Sixth Series, we promised to give in the present volume an essay on "Modern Scottish Poets and Poetry," but we find that it is possible our labours in this field may not be at an end. We find that although this volume is more bulky than its predecessors, after the most careful and anxious selection has been made, we have been compelled to "crush out" many worthy aspirants. We make this announcement with feelings of reluctance, especially after our repeated and perhaps rash averments that we had reached the end of our project. We are not responsible, however, for the popping up of bards from nooks where we could not reasonably expect to find them. Like Pope's traveller among the mountains, we found after climbing many a height that "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise"—a beautiful metaphor for which Pope was indebted to Drummond of Hawthorn Den :

" All as a pilgrim who the Alps doth passe,
Till mounting some tall mountain he doth finde
More heights before him than he left behinde."

Should this issue therefore meet with general approbation, and on learning the wishes of our readers on the subject, it is possible that we may in the course of a year prepare a supplemental volume.

The valuable and interesting article by Professor John Stuart Blackie precludes any necessity for our wasting much space at present. The learned and genial professor, poet, and patriot, whose utterances are ever on the side of freedom and right, and are given with a freshness betokening perpetual youth and unwavering chivalry, is one of the best living authorities on the subject of Scottish poetry. He holds that the national songs of Scotland are more powerful than any national songs in Europe. In the course of a recent lecture he said that there were four things in which the Scotch had a right to glory—shillings, sermons, stories, and songs. Sir Walter Scott represented stories, Adam Smith represented shillings, John Knox represented sermons, and Rabbie Burns and a whole host of others represented songs. When he travelled he always took a copy of the "Lyric Gems of Scotland" with him, and when he found himself alone in a railway carriage he just made himself as happy as a king singing songs. The English cannot sing Scotch songs, because while they educate their throats they starve their souls. He had been in many countries, but none of them were so grand in picturesquè song as "auld Scotland."

We have experienced the fact that not only does the spirit of poetry possess a home amid the quiet retirement of Nature's most favoured spots, but that the Muse is being successfully wooed, and "thoughts that breathe" woven amid the din of steam-driven machinery. Although there are those who "lisp in numbers," and cannot choose but sing, only to a certain extent is it true that the poet is born and not made, for we have proved by many examples that poetry is developed by opportunity and culture. Some of our poets may lack imaginative brilliancy, or profound pathos, but we generally find felicities of idiomatic expression, happy poetical images, delightful pictures of the influence of home, and the affections that gather round it, and many of what Lord Jeffrey calls "the more sweet and engaging pictures of what is peculiar in the depth, softness, and thoughtfulness of our Scotch domestic affections." Where we found "wasteful luxuriance," and at the same time the promise of good fruit, we have occasionally used the pruning-knife, applied the file to inequalities, and endeavoured to supply feet to the lame. Some, however, of those who come under the *genus irritabile* class,

would not submit to this, and have accordingly been left out in the cold. This we have had the less reluctance in doing on account of having many productions of greater merit held over for want of room, which may yet, however, find a place. On the other hand, we have piles of MSS. of so crude a nature as to hold out no hopes of the writers ever acquiring a claim to the "divine afflatus." The calls on our time, and heavy correspondence, have made it impossible for us to reply to these rhymers. Another class left out are those who, though evidently *raw* and lacking in simplicity of motive and melody of expression, only require more profound reading and observation in the field from whence they draw their materials, and a closer study of the best models to give them a claim to be heard. An approximation is demanded by the public when one ventures before them with one's thoughts, and a certain degree of proficiency is necessary in warranting a writer to invite public criticism. Certainly the mechanical construction of verse is a valuable linguistic discipline ; but, after all, poetry in its higher aspect is really a communing with the imperishable and the Divine.

One of our correspondents has called our attention to the argument frequently levelled against the multiplication of collections of poetry, by asking if a bird is to be silent because another songster has warbled the same strain, and if not, then is he justified in having his say though other bards have been in the field before him. The difference, however, between a bird and a bard is this : The songs of the former cease when the little throat is stilled, whereas the poet can ring down the ages with undiminished sweetness although the singer has long vanished from among men. If we are to enjoy the song of the mavis we must have another little warbler to take its place—not so with the bard : his song remains, and a new singer must have a note of his own to justify his coming before us as a minstrel. It was different in the olden time, when the minstrel recited his lay, and when his vocal delivery and instrumental accompaniment gave a character to his performance, which perished with the death of the individual.

"Hark their hands the lyre explore,
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn"

It affords us great pleasure to acknowledge the encouragement and aid we have received in our undertaking from people of all ranks ; and while the friendship this has been the means of forming will ever be regarded as amongst the most pleasing circumstances of our life, we feel honoured in being instrumental in adding to the already large and brilliant list of national biography.

So large a body of poems and songs has never before been published in any national work. Although the productions are of different degrees of merit, all of them are more or less felicitous, and express feelings and sentiments such as the heart delights to cherish, and amply vindicate Scotland's right to the proud title of "The Land of Song." The line that lightens a heart, dries a tear, and makes a burden easier to bear has a right to live.

Since we began this work, now four years ago, we regret to have to record that the lyres of a number of gifted bards now "lie silent and sad." Some of these had spent a long life of usefulness, while others had scarcely reached the years of manhood, although they gave the promise of future greatness. These include the Rev. Charles Marshall, Rev. Dr Longmuir, Rev. Dr Whitlaw, Mrs Harriet Miller Davidson (daughter of the late Hugh Miller), Messrs Peter M'Cracken, Peter M'Arthur, William Thomson, Frank Henrietta, Andrew Steele, Hugh D. Hargrave, Joseph Teenan, Archibald M'Kay, James K. Scott, and James M. Neilson.

D. H. EDWARDS.

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THE POPULAR SONGS AND BALLADS OF SCOTLAND.

By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.

EBODY of song, at once thoroughly popular and characteristically national, is the richest heritage that the manhood of any people can receive from its boyhood and youth. Such a body of song preserves in the most attractive form, and presents to the most widely sympathetic audience whatsoever traits of nobility, grandeur, or beauty in achievement or sentiment enrich the memory of the past, and give wings to the aspirations of the future. In this respect there has been no people within the range of Aryan and Semitic civilization more fortunate than the Greeks. The songs and ballads of their scattered tribes, which glorified their heroes, painted their manners, and gave human type and significance to the vagueness of their elemental gods, at first sung from country to country by wandering minstrels, were collected into one consistent whole by the great Epic genius who bears the name of Homer, and planted upon a pedestal of national regard, which in their original separate state they would have found it difficult to maintain. The Iliad as we now have it, was at once the Bible and the great popular or minstrel Epos of the Greeks; and, though as a Bible it had some very serious defects, it had the immense advantage of binding together by a bond of indissoluble unity the two great factors of popular culture—religion and poetry—which never can be separated without damage to both; for as religion apart from poetry is apt to become severe

and unsympathetic, so poetry without religion lightly declines into the loose and frivolous. The rich magazine of materials preserved by Homer and his school of minstrels was handed down by unbroken tradition to the tragedians, who expanded them into a great variety of dramatic pieces at once popular in their contents, humanizing in their tone, and elevating in their tendency. In Scotland, with perhaps a no less rich inheritance of tradition to start from, we have not been so fortunate. Walter Scott certainly may justly claim to be our Homer; but he came too late in the day to represent the summation of the early minstrel poetry of Scotland in the same sense that Homer, himself a minstrel, summed up for all time the ballad materials of the early Hellenes. Thoroughly Scotch though he be, it is the personality of the man Scott, as much as the character of the Scottish people, that speaks to us in "*The Lady of the Lake*," whereas in the great Greek Epics, the Greek people is felt everywhere, the Greek poet seen nowhere. We must be content, therefore, with the possession of a great mass of minstrel ballads and popular poetry, which remains in its original state of lyrical independence, and which had not the strength to elevate itself into the dignity of the popular epos, much less to branch out into the luxuriant breadth of a truly national drama. Had it not been for the dramatic form which one or two of Scott's novels could so readily assume, Scotland would have remained altogether without a single specimen of the natural consummation of the popular ballad—a genuine popular drama.

What remains for us, to compensate for this stunted development of the national mind in various forms, is that we cling with the more loyal devotion to what we have—the rich collection of truly popular songs, in which we are approached by few, and sur-

passed by no people. Of all her characteristic possessions, which command the respect of foreign nations, and give Scotland a place of honour in modern history, next to her political independence recovered at Bannockburn, and her religious freedom gained by the Covenanters, there is nothing of which she ought to be so proud as her songs. And yet it is a sad fact that these songs, sung and admired over the whole world, are treated by not a few of our influential classes with a neglect and even a contempt not at all of a piece with the sturdy self-estimate with which Scotsmen are generally credited. How is this? The cause lies in the general decay of a strongly marked Scottish nationality, which again proceeds from the concurrent action of various influences—social, political, ecclesiastical, and educational—all tending to smooth off the features, and to tone down the hue of whatever is most distinctively Scotch in Scotland. The mischief of course began with the merging of the Crown, and the Union of the Kingdoms—a Union which, though professedly on equal terms, could not exist practically under the circumstances without a certain relation of dependence and inferiority in the smaller people, and of lordship and superiority in the larger; a relation which, however unobserved at first, was destined gradually to evolve itself step by step to such a degree that, after the lapse of two centuries, it may now plainly be seen that Scotland, in some of her functions, is being literally absorbed into England, or, what is even worse in certain fields of her action, corrupted into an apish imitation and a servile flunkeyism of what is done be-south the Tweed. To this unhappy contagion which the smaller of the two nations naturally takes from the larger, the upper classes of society are for various reasons more exposed than the lower; and this denationalisation and demoralisation—for it is really such—in the upper classes and the upper middle

classes is manifested in nothing so much as in the difficulty with which an admirer of Scottish music can receive his national gratification at their social entertainments. When asked for a Scottish song—for such songs as have been admired by the greatest continental critics and composers—our dainty young misses are ready to couple their refusal with various modest apologies; but they never give the true reason: the utterly false and unnatural system on which our whole education is conducted. Our education from beginning to end is more or less a borrowed education springing from no native root. The Scotch language in the first place, instead of being preserved with great care, as the Greeks preserved the Doric, for lyrical uses, is pronounced to be vulgar; and under the blight of this aspersion the most classical productions of Burns and Tannahill, and hundreds of other native bards, have become first alienated from the culture of the upper classes, and then unintelligible. This misprision of the language of the people, springing naturally from a dainty affectation on the part of the upper classes, was intensified by the neglect of music in our schools and churches, which opened the door to the intrusion of German and Italian music masters, ready to fill up with all sorts of pretty foreign conceits the blank pages in the æsthetical department, which our school book of national culture presented. Mothers were vain that their fair daughters should be taught parrot-wise to stimulate the langour of an after-dinner drawing-room by parading the accomplishment of an Italian ariette, a French chanson, or a German volkslied, which they had learned from their foreign masters; while such a common thing as a Scotch song was passed unregarded as a primrose on the river-side, or a tuft of purple heather on the brae would be by the eager visitant to the splendid flush of a floricultural show. In our boys' schools of the

better class, music was either utterly neglected, or at least no encouragement was given to the inspiring influence of popular song of a truly national hue. All was borrowed—Greek, Latin, French, German, everything or anything but Scotch. In our ladies' schools, while music received an exaggerated prominence, it was taught as an accomplishment more than as an engine in the formation of character; its moral power, therefore, in which all educational virtue lies, was neglected, and the poetry of the people, in which the moral force of a nation is expressed, appealed in vain to the sympathies of artificially trained girls, who had been taught to sing with their throats without their souls, and to make an impression by a dexterous exhibition of fingering rather than by a genuine utterance of natural Scottish feeling. In the case of the better class of our young gentlemen, the neglect of our middle schools and the consequent degradation of the literary classes of our universities, acted systematically towards the extinction of Scottish national feeling and national art in the following way. There was a natural tendency in the upper and upper middle classes to send their sons to Eton and Harrow; for the same reason that certain persons travel first-class on the railway, they will send their sons to first-class schools: like draws to like here as in other matters; and, when to this natural tendency was added the fact that the Scotch people had not only starved their middle schools, but sent and continue to send troops of crude lads from the parish school to the university, there to listen to a professor of Greek or Latin literature, degraded into a grammatical drill-sergeant; we shall find it the most natural thing in the world that the sons of the upper classes, and the crowd of imitators who hang by their skirts, should give Scottish schools and universities the go-by, and grow up in an atmosphere as

thoroughly clear of all Scottish influences as if they had been born on the downs of Sussex, or on the columnar rocks of Cornwall at the Land's End. Nay, more, by-and-by it was assumed, and quite in the natural course of things, that as painting comes from Italy, fashions from Paris, and herrings from Wick, so Greek could come only from Oxford; and thus scholarship and aristocracy, plutocracy and episcopacy, conspired to make the young Scotsman educated in this fashion, if not altogether ashamed of his country, certainly ignorant of its best points and unparticipant of its richest blood. Scotland might still have many qualities to command respect; but the Scottish language was not studied, Scottish songs were not sung, the Scottish religion was not respected, and Scottish patriotism became a practical nullity.

So much for the process of Anglification to which some of the best-blooded and most stout-brained of our hopeful young Scotsmen have been systematically submitted since the Union, and with increasing force during the two last generations. Nevertheless, there is good hope that as pines still grow on the Scottish bens, heather on the braes, and birch trees nod over the brawling torrent of the glen, so the type of human being called Scot will still survive distinctively as a notable variety of the British man. Our democratic and essentially popular Presbyterian Church is a root of strength which cannot be shaken by superficial appliances; and whatever offence to the æsthetic sensibilities of the upper classes might in past times have flowed from the baldness of its services, and the want of culture and polish in its popular spokesmen, has—thanks to the intelligent zeal of the late Dr Robert Lee—long now ceased to exist. And there is one branch of our national songs so rich in noble sentiment, picturesque situation, and all that is commonly classed under “the romance of history,” that in no possible view can it fall under

the imputation of vulgarity ; and which has in fact even to the present hour held its place in the fashionable saloons of the West End, as honourably as in the halls of popular entertainment for the masses : we mean of course the Jacobite songs: the richest expression of loyalty and devotion and self-sacrifice that the popular literature of any language contains. No doubt, in point of policy, the Rebellion of 1745 was a brilliant blunder ; but the sentiment which was insufficient to dictate a policy was powerful to inspire a song ; and to the nobility of the sentiment, coupled with the dramatic points in the character and fortunes of the central figure, we owe the continued popularity of this department of Scottish lyric poetry, even with the class of people who have so little of Scotland in their blood as to look on flirtation with Popery as much less dangerous to true Christianity than any serious intercourse with Presbyterianism or any honourable mention of the Covenanters. Let us rejoice in this after St Paul's fashion (*Philippians i. 18*) : whatever the motives be, we thank God that the songs are sung.

Next to our war-songs, of which the Jacobite songs form the great majority, our love-songs, as in Nature bound, occupy the most prominent position. In this department we had notably the fervid genius of Robert Burns to place us in the very first rank ; but the happy combination of passionate sentiment with the picturesque scenery of our lovely country in those productions, place our amatory lyrics upon a platform of excellence which has seldom been equalled, and which never can be surpassed. Whatever charge of occasional coarseness or vulgarity might justly have attached to some of these productions was swept away by the genial touch of Burns, who, however unable to pilot his own vessel on all occasions wisely through the turbulent element of passion, always knew to offer to the Muses only what

was finest and best in his amatory inspirations. Alongside of the tender and the pathetic, which form the natural element of love-songs, we find in many Scotch specimens of the class not rarely an amount of practical wisdom, a true insight into character, and a fine eye for dramatic situation, and a real sense of humour very seldom found so harmoniously combined in the poetry of the common people. The intelligence of the Scottish peasant is universally acknowledged; and those on the south side of the Tweed who allow themselves to laugh at our Scotch want of wit, forget that, while the English wit, like all wit, may often be shallow and unkindly, the humour that reigns in our Scottish songs, and forms a leading feature in the character of the most prominent Scotsman is always the outcome of a profound sympathy with the high and the low in human life, and a sympathy of which none but a thoughtful, a healthy, and a happy people is capable. Joanna Baillie's song of "Wooed an' Married an' a'" is a classical specimen of the skilful manner in which sagacity, humour, and a fine eye for dramatic situation can be brought in to enlarge the sentimental sphere of the love-song; while in "Tak' your auld cloak about ye" we have a no less classical specimen of the poetical treatment of one of those incidents of connubial life which are more inclined to sink into prose than to rise into verse. The wisdom of domestic life indeed in all its branches is taught nowhere with such fine touches as in our Scottish songs; of this "John Gruinlie," "My wife has ta'en the gee," "John Anderson, my jo, John," and many others, are admirable examples. Songs of life and character generally, to which matrimonial life belongs as a sub-genius, form a third great category under which our rich array of classical songs might be subsumed.

Then for a fourth class we have songs of the fatherland, brimming with the love of our beautiful

land of flood and fell: including as a sub-species not a few pathetic emigration songs, in which the Celtic Muse from obvious causes is even more rich than the Lowland.

A fifth class is formed by convivial songs which, though now from social causes somewhat in disrepute, never can cease to be enjoyed as long as man remains a wine-drinking animal, and as long as drink, among men who are not wholly animalized, is taken not as a stimulus to a jaded stomach, but as an oil to smooth the wheels of social intercourse. Boat songs or nautical songs, which make a sixth class, are with an essentially agricultural people naturally not so common in the Lowlands as in the Highlands, where boating and fishing belong more to the every day life of the crofter whose modest dwelling fringes the salt water loch, or lurks under the grey sea-crag; nevertheless we have in recent times the Clyde boat-song; of older date, the well-known Fife fisherman's song "I cuist my line in Largo Bay," "Caller Herring," and Hew Ainslie's admirable sea song—alas, why so seldom sung?—"The Rover of Loch Ryan." For elegiac songs or laments, strictly so called, we have to go rather to the proficients in bag-pipe music in the land of the Macleods and Macdonalds, than to the masters of the peasant lyre on the banks of Doon; for, though the pathetic element is strong in the Scottish lyre, as appears plainly in "Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon," and in "Waly, Waly," the most tearful of all love-songs, the formal lament, which followed a Highland chief to his grave, as necessarily as an *éloge* follows the demise of a French Academician, does not seem to have been practised south of the Forth. To this head, as a seventh class, only a very few strictly Scottish popular songs can be referred; for MacCrimmon's well-known lament is of course Gaelic in its origin, though now fairly naturalized in the

south. Lastly, to complete the rich inventory of our lyrical stores I shall make a separate class for songs of thought and sentiment, meant to express, not an incident or a passion, but an idea and a principle. Of these the best by far, and at the same time the most popular, is Burns' famous song of "A man's a man for a' that," a composition in which the poetry of democracy, as an inspiring element in the constitution of human society is expressed as satisfactorily for all times and places as the poetry of loyalty to a social head, reached its zenith of classical excellence in the Jacobite ballads. Of religious and moral songs strictly so-called we have wonderfully few; a phenomenon arising no doubt from the marked line of separation which the Scottish mind has been accustomed to draw between the severe devotion of the Sunday, and the light recreation of the Monday; by virtue of which it came to be considered almost as wrong to mingle up religion with Monday's mirth, as to intrude with the gaiety of the secular ballad into the solemnity of the Sunday psalm. Our stout forefathers, the Covenanters, to whom we owe the best part of our manhood from an extreme attachment to Scripture language were wont to express the faith and patience which supported them under their severe persecutions, in the words of the Hebrew psalmist, rather than in the spontaneous utterances of their own heart; the consequence of which was that they left all the poetry of their times in the hands of the courtiers and cavaliers, and flung a blight on the sacred Muse of Scotland from which under the guidance of Horace Bonar, Walter Smith, and a few others, it is only now beginning to recover. Of strictly covenanting songs, or songs expressing the feelings of the great body of the nation opposed to the despotism and sacerdotalism of the Stuarts, I remember only two—"There's nae Covenant now, lassie," and "The women are a' gaen

wud." To the merit of a first-rate religious hymn, "The Land o' the Leal," by the Baroness Nairne is fairly entitled; and Ballantyne's favourite song, "Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew," teaches the doctrine of a wise reliance on a gracious Providence more effectively than many a grave discourse.

These remarks, it will no doubt have been observed, apply to popular poetry meant to be sung, or actually sung, and in the shape of living song, passing through the blood of the great mass of the people; as indeed was originally the case with all popular poetry properly so-called. We are now, however, in a reading age, and have been so, more or less, from the date of the Reformation downwards; though it is only during the last half-century that by a concurrence of forces cheap literature of all kinds has caused reading to take the place of hearing as a general instrument of popular entertainment and instruction. Even in the time of Burns, though essentially a singer, the Scottish people of the Lowlands, whatever might be the case with their Celtic brethren in the Highlands, were, in virtue of John Knox and his admirable school system, as much a reading as a singing people; and so it was natural that Burns, whose every pulse responded warmly to the life of the age in which he lived, should have composed many of his best pieces, as a writer of books, looking for no other response than the sympathy of a widely-extended circle of readers. But, while this is true, it is no less certain, that there is a certain tone about the poetry of Burns made to be read, which is borrowed from the earlier Scottish poetry made to be sung; there is a certain pastoral air about it which no one can mistake: it smells of the heather and the cottage, the green-mantled hills, the wimpling burns, the roaring linns, the birch-clad crags, and the ferny nooks of the Southern Highlands; it is as characteristically popular and national as the grey plaid

on the shepherd's back, or the plain Geneva gown on the shoulders of a Presbyterian preacher, incognisant of lawn sleeves. Since Burns' time a great deal of excellent lyric poetry has been written with not the remotest intention, and certainly with very slender prospect, of ever being wedded to sweet song ; but it still claims the merit of being characteristically Scotch, and may be so even when the writer seems never to have known, or to have forgotten, the use of his own beautiful Doric dialect ; for such has latterly been the rapid spread of education both inside and outside the school amongst us, that perhaps few servant girls may now be found with such fluent mastery of the vulgar tongue as was possessed by Joanna Baillie, the Baroness Nairne, and the accomplished ladies of the age immediately following that of Robert Burns ; and, as a consequence of this Anglification of the current form of literary expression, it may really be the case that not a few Scotchmen of the most intensely Scotch type, have never uttered their Scottish sentiment in the form of literary expression which most naturally belongs to them. This is an evil for which, in the nature of things, there is no remedy ; every year limits more and more the circle of readers by whom a poem written in pure classical Scotch is relished ; so that, just as in the days of George Buchanan, whoever appealed to a large European audience, was obliged to write Latin, in the present day, whosoever makes songs meant to find a multiplied entrance into British ears, must either abstain altogether from the use of the popular dialect, or use it with such a wise economy and tasteful skill as not to be a cause of puzzlement to the hearers whom he meant to please ; and there is in fact no reason why the Scotch tongue in this modified form should not be preserved and cultivated as the proper lyrical dialect of the common English language. But whether coloured with this

slight tinge of the local form of expression, or purely English, all Scottish poetry worthy of the name must possess a distinctly Scottish character in its scenery, and in its story, and also in a certain tone of kindly love and genial familiarity, which is not found in Thomas Campbell, though a Scot by birth, or in Lord Byron, though half-a-Scot by blood, but which is found in Walter Scott and in the author of "*Olrig Grange*." But with whatever justice writers of Scottish poetry, though not using the language of Burns, may put in a claim to his brotherhood, it still remains true that the characteristic glory of Scotland is the songs made to be sung among the Scottish hills, sending forth like the clear waters that leap over the granite ledges in the glens, a music peculiarly their own. The sung poetry of the people, properly so called, however unpretending, possesses certain virtues which may be imitated, but never can be surpassed by the poetry of a higher literary culture; just as no art of the forester can possibly produce a more rich effect of graceful green luxuriance in the world of leafy trees than spontaneous nature has flung forth among the waving birches of Bonskeid, or Strath Affrick. Deficient in subtlety of thinking, and in curiousness of fancy, it has one great safeguard against the seductive aberrations of the poetry of art. It is always natural, simple, unaffected and true-hearted; it keeps instinctively clear of all those feats of overstrained dexterity, brilliant exaggeration, and transcendental sentiment, from which the poetry of a highly cultivated people in ages of high intellectual pressure finds it so difficult to abstain. It is opposed to the literature of art as the roll of a full joyous vitality from the throat of a mavis or a blackbird in the month of May is to the deft execution of agile female fingers on the keyboard of a piano; or as the natural grace of the dances of the peasantry in any country is to the

exhibition of highly strained muscle and curiously supple joints in the stage-capers of professional ballet-dancers. And it is not only always natural: it is also catholic: it is free from the peculiarities of the individual, which however powerful, as in Carlyle, or however brilliant, as in Ruskin, never fail to lead away from the truth of things and to excite a wondering surprise rather than a satisfied assent. And as being natural it is infallible. Nature is never wrong. As natural also it is always healthy, and tends in all its utterances towards the happiness of the creature, and the harmony of its powers; being intensely real, the product of a strongly-rooted reality, it never sacrifices wisdom to wit, or truth to cleverness; it always stands with a firm footing on the solid earth; never cradles itself in an ideal which is systematically at war with existing things; but has a keen eye for what lies before it in the practical world, and is full of sagacity, shrewdness, and a dexterous dealing with the problems of everyday life. Above all, it is never touched with the corrupting taint of self-exhibition and self-display, and every form of that intellectual vanity that mars the effect of art by making the showman more important than the show. Whatever wonders of execution and pomp of exhibition the specialised arts of Music and Poetry may in the progress of society be able to present to an admiring public, the truly popular song will continue to supply the food from which the most unsophisticated minds will draw the most healthy nourishment, and remain the school in which men of the greatest genius will be the most willing to learn.



MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.



JAMES B. BROWN.

ONE of the greatest pleasures we have felt in preparing this work on "Modern Scottish Poets" has been the privilege of being occasionally permitted to reveal the anonymity of able prose writers and genuine poets whose thoughts have delighted thousands, but of whose personal career little or nothing has hitherto been known. "Bible Truths with Shakespearian Parallels" is a work that has enjoyed wide popularity both in the form of a handsome library edition, and as one of Whittaker's valuable series of "Familiar Quotation Books," but it has only been known as the semi-anonymous work of "J. B. Selkirk," author of "Ethics and Aesthetics of Modern Poetry," &c. We were anxious to be able to give the real name, and to supply a few particulars of the life and literary work of such a popular, accomplished, and talented author—so full of keen enthusiasm and fine taste for what is high and enduring in poetry—and it was only after urgent and repeated appeals that Mr Brown kindly consented to allow this to be done. He informed us that the *nom-de-plume* was not of his creating. The *Spectator*, in reviewing "Bible Truths," so named him by mistake, mixing

up his name with his address—omitting the comma between “J. B.” and Selkirk—and he has always retained it since.

Mr Brown was born in Galashiels in 1832, and attended school for a short time at Selkirk, then at a private school, and after that studied in Edinburgh. He belongs to a family who have been Scotch woollen manufacturers for several generations, which trade he also pursues—the firm of J. & H. Brown & Co., Ettrick Mills, Selkirk, and of Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, being well-known, and commanding the confidence and respect of the commercial world.

The first edition of “Bible Truths” was published in 1862 by Whittaker & Co., London; “Poems” (Longman), 1869—now out of print; “Ethics and *Æsthetics of Modern Poetry*” (Smith, Elder, & Co.), 1878; and “Poems,” a large and handsomely-bound volume (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), 1883. These works have all been spoken of in terms of the highest praise by the leading reviewers. They evince great natural abilities, refined culture, and wide and thoughtful reading, as well as sound and careful criticism. In his “Ethics and *Æsthetics of Modern Poetry*” our poet treats, in separate essays, on “Scepticism and Modern Poetry,” “Modern Creeds and Modern Poetry,” “Mysticism and Modern Poetry,” “The Conflict of Art and Morals in Modern Poetry,” “The Correlation of the Religious and Poetical Instincts,” and “Culture and Modern Poetry.” “These essays,” the *Saturday Review* said, “reflect very clearly the flux and reflux of taste in the mind of a cultivated man;” while the *Spectator* spoke of them as “a valuable contribution to modern criticism, in their dispassionate but earnest demonstration of the paralysing influence of want of faith on the poetical faculty.” We are almost tempted to give a sample or two of the able and thoughtful

manner in which Mr Brown deals with many problems connected with modern schools of poetry, and his masterly analysis of the genius of such poets as Shakespeare, Shelley, Arnold, Tennyson, &c., but we must refer the intelligent and thoughtful reader to the delightful volume. "Bible Truths, with Shakesperian Parallels," we have already referred to. It shows the marvellous wealth of illustration possessed by the immortal bard, and is calculated to instruct and elevate the mind. Indeed, amongst the many good things that fell from the pen and lips of Professor Wilson, it used to be a common regret of his that the readers of the present age did not sufficiently peruse "their Bibles and their Shakespeare."

Regarding Mr Brown's poetry, we unhesitatingly place him in the foremost rank of our present day Scottish poets. The pleasing ring and the brilliant sparkle of the precious metal is found on every page. Here is high praise from the *Scotsman* in its review of the 1883 edition of his "Poems"—"It is seldom that such treasure-trove as these songs of the admirable writer who chooses to remain unknown or half-hidden as 'J. B. Selkirk,' can be picked out of the drift-heaps of so-called poetry that are constantly being cast upon the public notice. . . . The exquisite literary workmanship is not the chief merit of these lyrics. The author has a passionate love for Nature, and a penetrating sense of her beauty and harmonies—in a word, he possesses in a rare degree the poet's temperament and the poet's gift of expression. And he has cultivated the gift so assiduously that scarce a misproportioned thought or a halting rhyme obtrudes itself to mar the pleasure of reading the lines. Like the music of his favourite Yarrow, his song has changing moods. There are sweet pastorals, the echoes of delicious hours spent "in the green bosom of the sunny hills." . . There are stirring notes of an elder time of Border feud

and romance, when bold hearts were ready to ride out either to bridal or foray ‘with hearts that laughed at wind and weather;’ and anon gay and airy verses that tell how to this day on Yarrow braes the shafts of love are wont to cleave the mail of philosophy. . . . It lifts us up into bracing and manly moral atmosphere, where trenchant strokes are dealt against the hard and heartless code of the successful “man of the world,” and keen shafts are launched against malice, hatred, and uncharitableness, especially when they masquerade in the garb of religion.”

In the sparkling *vers de société*, in the dainty rondeau, in the crystallization of thought in the sonnet, so that not a word is wanting or out of place, equally as in border ballad, love song, and satire on worldly baseness, in which are presented touching pathos, clear sparkling humour, and, when need be, good-natured satire and keen sarcastic wit, there are revealed the poet’s eye and the artist’s taste.

CONVALESCENT IN LONDON.

(Husband loquitur.)

Give me your hand, my darling, and be near me.

So, I’ve been ill, and raving too, they say ;

I’m better and can speak now, sit and hear me—

My head was clear when I awoke to-day.

How strange! through all my fever I’ve been dreaming

Of days when we were children, you and I,

Romping in sun and wind, with faces beaming

By those sea-pastures ’neath a northern sky.

It seemed so real, my soul must have been there,

Leaving behind this fevered frame of mine ;

I felt and saw things plainly, breathed sea air,

And watched the light upon the far sea-line.

How they have haunted me, these dear retreats,

A thought, a flower, a sound, would set me free,

Beyond the reek and roar of London streets,

To those sweet silent pastures by the sea.

(*Wife loquitur.*)

There ! there ! you must not talk. The dear old places,
 So full of memories for you and me,
 We'll see again the old, the kindly faces,
 And wander in the fields beside the sea.

(*Husband loquitur.*)

How is it, growing old, that what we've seen
 In earliest days should cling to memory yet,
 When all the interval of life between,
 Compared to *that*, seems easy to forget ?

How life in which we've fought, and fagged, and striven,
 Looked back "pon, should be but empty noise ;
 While far behind it, like the hills of heaven,
 Stand out the days when we were girls and boys ?

Happy the life whose youth was in the sun,
 And kept from canker in the budding tree ;
 I thank my God that our's was so begun,
 On those dear sunny fields beside the sea.

Our hopes are but our memories reversed ;
 'Twere heaven enough, dear heart, for you and me
 To live again the life we once rehearsed
 In those bright stainless fields beside the sea.

Well ! well ! I will be quiet,— calm your fears,
 'Tis doctor's orders, and I must agree.
 Good-night, my darling, kiss me—What ? In tears ?
 You too have loved the fields beside the sea.

R O N D E A U .

When I am dead, and all my heart's distress
 Lies in the sweet earth's green forgetfulness,
 I care not, love, if all the world go by
 My quiet grave without a word or sigh,
 If thou but think of me with gentleness.

World's praise or blame is nothing, hit or miss :
 Love is alone the measure of our bliss,
 And safe within love's heart my name will lie
 When I am dead.

To thee, my darling, all will seem amiss,
 Till gentle time shall help thee to dismiss

Death's gloom ; for that, too, has its time to die,
 And sorrow's thought grows hallowed by-and-bye.
 Take courage, then, dear suffering heart : Read this
 When I am dead.

S E C O N D - S I G H T .

There cometh a time in the life of man
 When earth's realities strike him less,
 When the facts of the senses seem nothing, and when
 The matters that move him beyond his ken
 Are the only things that impress.

Some sorrow perhaps has searched him through,
 And burned away in its cleansing fires
 Life's baser belongings, and kindled anew
 Those higher life-lights that strike out of view
 The earth and its low desires.

When life but lives for its holier sake,
 The lamp in a temple where no voice sings
 But in prayer and praise ; those wings that make
 That wafting about us, which keeps us awake
 To the sense of invisible things.

A time when a man in the world's keen eyes
 Seems fallen behind on the busy road,—
 Seems making a senseless sacrifice ;
 And yet he knows that his heart is wise
 In the sight of the searching God.

The world's weak wisdom has taken flight ;
 Things earthly near him, and heavenly far,
 Are suddenly seen in an equal light,
 And divested of argument, dumb in his sight,
 Stand out for what they are.

Slink out of his way, ye vendors of lies ;
 By a light not yours he can read you through,
 Oh hollow of heart ! and oh worldly wise !
 The things you would carefully screen from his eyes
 Are the things that are thrust on his view.

And to you, O soul, where the vision is shown,
 It may come but once in your earthly strife ;
 Mark well what it says to you, make it your own,
 Beat it out into prayer, ere the angel has flown,
 And gird it about your life.

SONG.

Lay not thy treasure at my feet ;
 I cannot give thee love for love :
 My life with all it had of sweet
 Belongs to one in heaven above.
 The heart that with the strength of youth
 Has truly loved in days before,
 Can love again on earth in truth
 No more, no more,—
 On earth again no more.

The flower that's dying at the root,
 Though summer woo it o'er and o'er,
 Can never yield its flower or fruit—
 'Twill bud again on earth no more ;
 And love whose root is in the grave,
 Though love may seek it as before,
 Can give what once on earth it gave
 No more, no more,—
 On earth again no more

Then take thy treasure unto one
 Who yet can fitly love bestow,
 And with it all that I can give
 Of blessing wheresoe'er it go.
 But as for me, I wait for him
 Who waits me on life's farther shore ;
 For once again on earth I love
 No more, no more,—
 On earth again no more.

THE BLACK BIRD.

AT SUNSETTING.

Lonely singer, tell to me,
 What is it that aileth thee
 And makes thy song so dreary ?
 Tell me, am I right or wrong,
 Art thou singing sorrow's song ?
 Is thy heart a-weary ?

Dost thou hold within thy breast
 Longings of a wild unrest
 That never can be spoken ?
 Has some bird-angel of thy love
 Taken wing, the heavens above,
 And left thee here, heartbroken ?

How comes it that thy lonely lay
 Gives but to the dying day
 All its sweet sad singing ;
 And that thy music, gentle bird,
 Is silent, or but faintly heard,
 When all the woods are ringing ?

Say, does thy heart, like mine, but sing
 Of others' earthly suffering,
 And pity's accents borrow,
 That thou, to all the world unknown,
 May clothe a suffering of thine own,
 And soothe an inward sorrow ?

Oh sacred be the soul's regret :
 It brings the sweetest singing yet—
 Deeper than love's laughter.
 The highest bliss is incomplete
 That is not made more heavenly sweet
 By tears that follow after :

From secret sources strangely fed,
 The singer's heart is comforted
 Beyond this world's dreaming ;
 Behind earth's curtain of seen things
 He hears a voice that ever sings,
 And sees the flutter of glad wings
 Through darkest shadows gleaming.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

Summer is dead ! Last night the northern blast
 Smote into ice within her dewy eyes
 The light of life. And as her spirit past,
 The breaking morn, struck through with death's surprise,
 With passionate tears and burdensome sad sighs,
 Called her by name, and raised her fallen head—
 But called in vain ; too late !—Summer is dead !

Yes, she is dead that was so beautiful ;
 She that had love for ever in her face,
 And mirth that could betray the wisest fool
 To laughter,—She that filled so sweet a place
 In all our hearts,—has run her earthly race.
 All that is left of her on earth lies low,
 Waiting her winter winding-sheet of snow.

And now there is such silence in the air,
 It seems as if the pulse of all that is

Were stricken suddenly with mute despair,
 Knowing that she is dead ; and all things miss,
 In some blind way, their long accustomed bliss.
 Earth's voices, all—the winds, the waterflow,
 The song of all her birds—is hushed and low.

Silence upon the hills : and on the mere
 Motionless shadows of the silent trees ;
 If any wind there moves, it moves in fear,—
 A sharp short shudder, waking memories
 That fall like falling leaves upon a breeze,—
 So gently moving, it might be earth's sigh
 That so much loveliness should ever die.

So with thy sorrowing world we plead, O Lord !
 Because of joys that come but do not stay ;
 Our waiting hearts are sick with hope deferred,—
 Bright hope that turns to miserable clay,
 And gives us nothing but it takes away.
 Speed Thy good time, O Lord ! when all shall know
 The summer that shall come, and shall not go.

D E A T H I N Y A R R O W .

It's no the sax month gane,
 Sin' a' our cares began—
 Sin' she left us here alone,
 Her callant and gudeman.
 It was in the spring she dee'd,
 And now we're in the fa' ;
 And sair we've struggled wi't,
 Sin' his mother gaed awa'.

An awfu' blow was that—
 The deed that nane can dree ;
 And lang and sair we grat
 For her we couldna see.
 I've aye been strong and fell,
 And can stand a gey bit thraw ;
 But the laddie's no hissel'
 Sin' his mother gaed awa'.

In a' the water-gate,
 Ye couldna find his marrow—
 There wasna ane his mate
 In Ettrick Shaws or Yarrow.
 But he hasna now the look
 He used to hae ava ;

He's grown sae little buik
 Sin' his mother gaed awa'.

I tak' him on my back
 In ilka blink o' sun,
 Rin roun' about the stack,
 And mak'-believe it's fun.
 But weel he kens, I warrant,
 There's something wrang for a',
 He's turned sae auld farrant
 Sin' his mother gaed awa'.

For when he's play'd his fill,
 I canna help but see,
 How he draws the creepie stool
 Aye the closer to my knee ;
 And he turns his muckle een
 To the picter on the wa',
 Wi' a face grown thin and keen,
 Sin' his mother gaed awa'.

I mak' his pickle meat—
 And I think I mak' it weel ;
 And I warm his little feet,
 When I hap him i' the creel ;
 And he kisses me fu' couthie,
 For he downa' sleep at a',
 Till he hauds up his bit mouthie,
 Sin' his mother gaed awa'.

And then I dander oot,
 When I can do nae mair,
 And walk the hills aboot,
 I dinna aye ken where ;
 For my heart's wi' ane abune,
 And the ane is growin' twa,
 He's dwined sae sair, sae sune,
 Sin' his mother gaed awa'.

And now the lang day's dune,
 And the nicht's begun to fa',
 And a bonnie harvest mune
 Rises up on Bowerhope Law.
 It's a bonnie warlt this,
 But it's no for me at a',
 For a' thing's gane amiss
 Sin' his mother gaed awa'.

HUGH MACDONALD,

THE genial and talented author of "Days at the Coast," and "Rambles Round Glasgow," books showing fine descriptive powers, and an enthusiastic admiration of landscape scenery, was born in Glasgow in 1817. At a very early age he was apprenticed to the block-printing business. From his boyhood he was fond of country rambles, and in this way the education which he was not privileged to derive from books he acquired from nature. He also became acquainted with botany, and this knowledge stood him in good stead at a later period, giving a scientific tone and accuracy to what he wrote. Having saved a little money he opened a provision shop, but the venture did not succeed, and he returned to his trade. Being employed in Paisley, he travelled from Glasgow and back again—sixteen miles—after working twelve hours daily. During these journeys he improved himself by reading and reflection. He now began to contribute in prose and verse to the newspapers. These were mostly published in the *Glasgow Citizen*—a paper in which our poet's productions became popular under the name of "Caleb." During a visit to Edinburgh in the summer of 1846, he met with a kind reception from Professor Wilson, who commended his verses, and encouraged him to persevere in his literary aspirations. In 1849 he became sub-editor of the *Glasgow Citizen*, and here he commenced his "Rambles Round Glasgow." In 1855 he accepted the editorship of the *Glasgow Times*, and afterwards joined the literary staff of the *Morning Journal*, a daily newspaper started at Glasgow in 1858. In this connection he continued till his death, which took place in March 1860. His poetical works, with a

memoir, were, in 1865, published at Glasgow. His works have since gone through several editions. As a proof of the estimation in which Macdonald was held, a sum of £900 was raised by all sections of the community, and invested for behoof of his widow and children. As a journalist he was warm-hearted and kind, he was generous and prompt to acknowledge the merits of others, and he was among the first to recognise the genius of Alexander Smith. His poetry is calculated to foster and influence human feeling and affection, and all his productions evince fervid enthusiasm, keen observation, and fine taste. He could people ruined castles with their mail-clad warriors, and recite the hoary legends that clustered round their moss-grown walls. The varied book of Nature was to him a living teacher, and he drew in the inspiration of song with the fresh breezes of the hills, and was nursed to music by the free and joyous carol of the birds overhead.

In a beautiful edition of "Days at the Coast," published by Dunn & Wright, Glasgow, in 1878, the writer of a very interesting "Memoir" says:—"His introduction to literature as a prose writer were his famous letters in reply to the redoubtable George Gilfillan of Dundee, who, though himself an ardent admirer of "Colia's Bard," had been betrayed into an ill-advised attack upon the character of Burns. Though we canot claim for Mr Macdonald the literary genius of that dashing divine, it is generally conceded that on this occasion he found, in the Bridgeton Block-Printer, a 'foeman worthy of his steel.' Possessing keen powers of criticism, Macdonald could also bring to his aid sallies of wit and apt retort, which enabled him to inflict on his clerical opponent a crushing and signal defeat."

Like the Chinese, who regard it as little short of a calamity to be *blessed* with a family of girls, it is said that "Caleb" was greatly disappointed when

once and again his wife presented him with a daughter; but his joy was proportionately great when his arms at length embraced a son, whose appearance on the scene he thus graphically and yet humorously describes :—

THE WEE, WEE MAN.

A wee, wee man, wi' an unco din,
 Cam' to our bield yestreen,
 And siccán a rippet the body rais'd
 As seldom was heard or seen ;—
 He wanted claes, he wanted shoon,
 And something to weet his mou',
 And aye he spurr'd wi' his tiny feet,
 And blink'd wi' his een o' blue.

His face, which nane had seen before,
 Thrill'd strangely thro' ilk min',
 Wi' gowden dreams frae mem'ry's store,
 Of loved anes lost langsyne.
 A faither's brow, a mither's een,
 A brither's dimpled chin,
 Were mingled a' on that sweet face,
 Fresh sent frae a hand abune.

Oh ! soon ilka heart grew great wi' love,
 And draps o' joy were seen
 To trinkle fast o'er channell'd cheeks,
 Where streams o' wae had been.
 A welcome blithe we gied the chiel,
 To share our lowly ha' ;
 And we rowed him warm in fleecy duds,
 And linen like Januar snaw.

Our guidman has a way o' his ain,
 His word maun aye be law—
 Frae Candlemas to blithe Yule e'en
 He rules baith great and sma' ;
 But the howdie reign'd yestreen, I trow,
 And swagger'd baith butt and ben—
 Even the big arm-chair was push'd agee
 Frae the cosie chimley en'.

The guidman snoov'd aboot the hoose,
 Aye rinnin' in some ane's way,
 And aft he glanc'd at the wee thing's face,
 On the auld wife's lap that lay ;
 His breast grew great wi' love and pride,
 While the bairn was hush'd asleep,
 And a gush o' blessings frae his heart
 Came welling, warm and deep.

"I canna boast o' gowd," quoth he,
 "My wealth's a willing arm ;
 Yet health and strength and wark be mine,
 And wha shall bode thee harm ?
 To fill thy wee bit caup and cog,
 And gie thee claes and lair,
 Wi' joy and sweet content I'll strive
 Through poortith, toil, and care."

There's joy within the summer woods,
 When wee birds chip the shell,
 When firstling roses tint wi' bloom
 The lip of sunlit dell ;
 But sweeter than the nestling bird,
 Or rose-bud on the lea,
 Is yon wee smiling gift of love
 To a fond parent's e'e.

THE WEE PRIMROSE.

On a green mossy bank,
 'Neath a bonnie birk tree,
 By a burnie that danced
 To its ain voice o' glee,
 A sweet yellow primrose
 On March ope'd her een,
 Like wee starnies o' gowd
 In a bricht clud o' green.

O sweet sang the merle
 In the hour o' her birth,
 An' the lark tauld his joy
 Frae the lift to the earth ;
 While the wud-mouse peeped out
 Frae a grey lickened stane,
 To welcome the flower
 That bids winter begin.

Though March whusslit keen
 Through the cauld drapeless wud,
 The bonnie birk tree
 'Gan to smile an' to bud ;
 Sayin' summer is near,
 Since the primrose is come,
 Ill don my green kirtle,
 An' welcome her home.

The wee robin cam' there
 Wi' his sere-breasted bride,
 And they biggit their nest
 At the primrose's side ;
 An' sweet frae the birk tree
 He sang air an' late
 To soothe the wee heart
 O' his sweet clookin' mate.

OH KEN YE THE DELL.

Oh ken ye the dell where the hazel and birk,
 Like twa winsome lovers, lean couthie together,
 Where the red lippit rose scents the bonnie green mirk,
 And the violet blinks sweet as the e'e o' a mither ;
 Where the burn draps in faem ower the brown-breistit steep,
 Where the shilfa lilts blithe ower his slee-nested cleckin',
 Where the winds fauld their wings an' fa' gently asleep ?
 'Tis the lane leafy dell o' the yellow-plumed brecken.

O ken ye the dell where the first breath o' spring
 Gars the slaebuss bloom braw in his mantle o' siller,
 Where the summer loves best a' her treasures to fling,
 While the wee mirly birds a' are thrang pipin' till her ;
 Where the sweet laden'd hairst aft in pride sits her doon,
 A' her sheaves and her red cheekit apples to reckon,
 While the ripe berries purple her rich yellow goon ?
 'Tis the lane leafy dell o' the yellow-plumed brecken.

Gae fawn as ye will on the wealthy and great,
 We ne'er kent the gate o' the palace or castle,
 Stieve-hearted, unbending, we'll close wi' our fate,
 And gie the auld carlin a dainty bit wrastle ;
 But here we will kneel to the wild forest Queen
 On this green grassy dais that the sunbeams are flecking,
 For the fond serf o' nature our heart aye has been,
 And nature seems proud o' her yellow-plumed brecken.

THE LAND OF THE BRIGHT BLOOMING HEATHER.

Here's a health to the land of the mountain and glen,
 To the land of the lake and the river,
 Where the wild thistle grows in her rude, rocky den,
 Proud Freedom's stern emblem for ever.
 The land of the claymore, the kilt, and the plaid,
 The bagpipe, the bonnet, and feather ;
 Let's join heart and hand, all upstanding in pride,
 Here's the land of the bright blooming heather.

Here's a health to the land of the hero and bard,
 The birth-place of Ossian and Wallace ;
 The land of bright mem'ries, of brave hearts who dared
 Gory death in each cause Freedom hallows.
 The land of the eagle, the oak, and the pine,
 Where the free storms of heaven do gather ;
 Let's join heart and hand, all upstanding in pride,
 Here's the land of the bright blooming heather.

Here's a health to the land of the bannock and brose,
 The land of the sheep's head a nd haggis ;
 Of warm hearts to friends, and cauld steel to foes,
 When to battle they venture to drag us ;

The land of braw lasses and leal-hearted men,
 Where beauty and worth twine together ;
 Let's join heart and hand, all upstanding in pride,
 Here's the land of the bright blooming heather.

Here's a health to the land where we first saw the light,
 The home of our kindred and lovers,
 Whose sod yet shall screen us in death's gloomy night,
 As now many loved ones it covers ;
 May virtue and freedom stand firm by her side,
 Each dark weed that stains her soon wither ;
 Then join heart and hand, all upstanding in pride,
 Here's the land of the bright blooming heather.

THE TRYSTED HOUR.

The moon is in the lift, love,
 The stars are twinkling pale ;
 The blackbird's song has ceased to wake
 The echoes of the vale.
 The bat is on the wing, love,
 The dew is on the flower ;
 Then haste, and meet me here, love,
 It is the trysted hour.

The lily hangs her head, love,
 The daisy's closed her ee ;
 The modest violet folds her leaves
 Out ower the dewy lea ;
 The cushat's in her nest, love,
 The nightbird leaves the tower,
 Then haste and meet me here, love,
 It is the trysted hour.

Life were a starless night, love,
 A barren flow'rless lea,
 A vale of grief and care, love,
 Apart from hope and thee.
 Then, come, thou star of life, love—
 O ! leave, O ! leave thy bower,
 And haste to meet me here, love,
 It is the trysted hour.



JAMES RENTON

HAS frequently contributed humorous and descriptive sketches, both in prose and verse, to the *Bailie*, *Ladies' Own Journal*, and several Border newspapers. He was born in the parish of Rutherglen in 1841, and when he was only a few months old, his parents removed to Edinburgh. When twelve years of age he left school, and was for four years employed in the Edinburgh branch (North British Railway Station) of Messrs W. H. Smith & Son, publishers, London. In 1857 he entered the service of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Company as an apprentice clerk, and at present he has been employed for twenty-six years at a railway desk. For many years Mr Renton was an enthusiastic artillery volunteer, and he held the post of Battery Sergeant-Major when he resigned. He has written numerous very amusing and clever Scotch dialogues and comic character sketches, and the specimens of his muse submitted for our perusal show touches of genuine pathos, happy expression, and a kindly, cheerful, and hopeful spirit.

THE HIGHLAND TARTAN.

The tartan question is now o'er,
And every gallant Highland corps,
May don, as in the days of yore,
Its own historic tartan.

It was a base—a silly prank
Thus to destroy and thin our rank,
By taking from our brawny shank—
Our regimental tartan.

To execute such a rash change,
And thus our regiments disarrange—
Would be to Caledonia strange—
A solitary tartan.

But Scots quick to the rescue ran,
To frustrate the War Office plan,
And fix that each distinctive clan
Shall yet display its tartan.

Sir Colin Campbell knew his men,
From lowland town and mountain glen,
Could charge in single rank ; why then
Divest them of their tartan !

Sir Frederick Roberts, when afar,
And marching on to Candahar,
Gain'd for his troops a "special star"
Through two brave corps in tartan.

Let Scotchmen with united voice
Throughout the land shout and rejoice—
That soldiers shall maintain their choice
In wearing a clan tartan.

Our Highland costume we adore,
With feathered bonnet and claymore ;
So, Childers, interfere no more
With Scotland's garb of tartan.

THE YOUNG ASPIRANT.

Our little, dark, and bright ey'd boy,
With lightsome heart and full of joy,
Struts to and fro with his new toy,
And imitates the soldier.

A tiny drum, tensive and neat,
He ever takes delight to beat,
But never can sound a retreat,
So acts the British soldier.

A son of Mars he'd like to be,
And share their glories, but, ah me !
His tender heart fails yet to see
The hardships of the soldier.

Nor is our darling child aware,
Whilst he builds castles in the air,
The palm of vict'ry heroes wear,
Is grief to kin of soldier.

Meantime he trusts that he may grow
To manhood, and munitions know,
And the white feather never show,
But be a gallant soldier.

An' uniform with golden lace,
And forage cap his head to grace,
Is fancied, then with martial pace
He'll move off like a soldier.

Child-like, he ever will maintain
 That he must enter a campaign,
 War-medal, clasps, and star to gain,
 Then don them as a soldier.

So let all with our friend forbear,
 For he may wisely, and with care
 The helmet of salvation wear,
 And be a Christian Soldier.

MY FIRST PAIR O' BREEKS.

It's noo some thirty years or mair
 Since I was measured for a pair
 O' moleskin breeks ;
 I wore them till they were thread bare
 An' a' split up—I'll no say where,
 Far want o' steeks.

My gallowses, baith strong an' guid,
 Made frae the rin's o' braw Scotch tweed,
 Did weel, I wat ;
 They neeboured as true freen's should dae,
 But guess ye wha I got them frae ?
 Auld 'Whup the Cat,'

Wha inch-tap'd me fraa waist to fit,
 An' clipp'd the moleskin bit by bit
 To inak' a' gree ;
 Syne wi' a needle an' grey threed
 He rattled aff wi' tailor speed
 The breeks for me.

They very sun'e lost tint an' pile,
 An' lang afore the 'latest style'
 An' I lost taste ;
 But as they happit weel my legs
 I didna care a *fig*, my *fegs*
 I made the maist

O' them, though bagget at the knees
 An' worn wi' speelin' dykes an' trees,
 Or daein' brags.
 Washed, dried, an' mangled hae they been,
 An' clouted aft, ere they were gi'en
 Awa for rags.

An' mony hae I had sin' syne—
 Licht, dark, checked, strippet, coorse, an' fine—
 An' hope to see
 An' wear an' pay for a wheen mair,
 An' maybe hae a pair to spare
 Afore I dee.

TIM, THE NEWS BOY,

On a cauld winter nicht, when east winds were blawin',
 An' snawflakes frae grey clouds fast driftin' an' fa'in',
 A raggit wee laddie was anxiously tryin'
 To sell his newspapers wi' constantly cryin'—
 'The second edition, Sir, second edition,'
 Wi' pitiful accent an' plaintive petition,
 Wi' emphasis whiles, he wad cry in addition—
 'The *Evenin' Express*, Sir, the second edition.'

In Princes Street, close to the Waverly Station,
 He ply'd his gey humble, though honest vocation,
 Nae maiter the weather he there was implorin'
 On a' body passin' to buy wi' his roarin'—
 'The second edition, Sir, second edition,' etc.

His hands were benumb'd, an' his face a' begrutten,
 His auld worsted bannet was scarce worth a button,
 His toozie bit pow was as red as a carrot,
 An' aye he wad cry like a yammerin' parrot—
 'The second edition, Sir, second edition,' etc.

The claes he was cled wi' were threid-bare an' duddy,
 He was a'thegither a queer kind o' body,
 For aye whan a market was made he wad spit on
 The bawbee he got for mair luck, syne wad hit on—
 'The second edition, Sir, second edition,' etc.

The sleeves o' his jaiket wad staund a gude scrapin',
 An' every pooch in it was steeckless an' gapin',
 Although it was dootless ne'er for him intendet,
 It wadna be waur o' a gude wash, an' mendet.
 'But second edition, Sir, second edition,' etc.

His corduroy breeks yince belang'd to his faither,
 His big bulgin' waistcoat ne'er fitted him aither,
 An' as for his shoon they were owre big an' shauchlin',
 An' like his blue stockin's gey sair dune wi' trauchlin'.
 'The second edition, Sir, second edition,' etc.

A dizzen an' yin for a groat an' a bawbee,
 He got wi' a 'bill o' contents' to let a' see,
 His faither was deid, and his mither, puir crater,
 Gaed raikin' the buckets at nichts near the th'ater.'
 'The second edition, Sir, second edition,' etc.

Though coonted aye canny he kent o' a caiper,
 For whan he a penny got for the nicht's paper—
 A ha'p'ny he ne'er had to gie back the buyer,
 Sae gettin' to keep, he wad cry, an' faur higher—
 'The second edition, Sir, second edition,' etc.

The clock i' the Register noo finished chappin'
 The last hour but yin, sae this callant gaed stappin'
 Awa' to the High Street, gey wearied wi' haikin',
 An' groosin' o' cauld tae, an' croopit wi' craikin'.

'The second edition, Sir, second edition,' etc.

Ramshauchled an' rickety was the stair leadin'
 Up to the strae shake-doon he was muckle needin',
 But noo he is listed, an' mak's a gude sodger,
 An' nae mair attempts wi' newspapers the dodger.

'Nor second edition, Sir, second edition,' etc.



EDWARD HEBENTON,

EUTHOR of the following verses, was born at East Memus, parish of Tannadice, Forfarshire, in 1842. He was the youngest of a large family, and had, along with its other members, an early apprenticeship to toil. But a severe illness, the effects of which have clung to him through life, compelled him to seek employment more suited to his weak body. Accordingly, having acquired a fair education, he, in his seventeenth year, entered a solicitor's office. He served an apprenticeship to Mr Myles, solicitor, Forfar, and at present Mr Hebenton is a clerk in the Register House, Edinburgh. Copying legal documents is an occupation not calculated to foster the poetic faculty; yet it may interest the reader to learn that our poet's first attempt at verse-writing was inspired by a dispute which arose in the office between himself and a fellow-clerk. The entrance of a client prevented the dispute being carried on verbally, but his opponent was too keen a disputant to allow the matter to drop, so he scribbled his arguments in verse, and to these Mr Hebenton replied in a similar manner. Ultimately the controversy turned from the question originally in dispute to the qualities of the respective verses, and this new difference having been referred to the arbitration of another clerk in the office, he suggested that each should select a theme, write a

poem thereon, and send his verses to the Editor of the *People's Journal*, who would appraise their merit in the ordinary way. The suggestion was adopted, with the result that, while the verses by the opponent were relegated to the waste basket, Mr Hebenton's, according to the editorial verdict, "would have passed muster had they not been already over-stocked." This incited him to farther attempts, and now, for many years, his poems and songs and prose sketches have not merely "passed muster," but have been cordially received by the local press and other publications, and have found many admiring readers. His poetry is eminently reflective, and has a wholesome manliness of tone, has a fine rhythmical cadence, and is evidently the feeling of a true-hearted nature, and the breathings of a genuine poetic spirit.

THE STANDARD OF THE MAN.

As burst the shoots from Mother Earth
 When comes the vernal spring,
 So liberty uplifts her head
 When knowledge spreads her wing.

"The gowd is but the guinea stamp,"
 True hearts are more than kings ;
 And to the ages dim and dark
 None but the despot clings.

Uprise the toiling millions
 In their awakened might,
 To break their galling fetters,
 And claim their common right.

The world moves fast, but faster moves
 The tide of quicken'd thought,
 And each day sees undreamt of things
 To human knowledge brought.

Thus, as the wheels of time revolve,
 Man wakes from mental sleep,
 And reasons out with growing force
 Life's problems dark and deep.

And it is well ; for mind alone
 Must ever lead the van,
 And be—not crowns or coronets—
 The standard of the man.

LONE WERE THE WAY.

Lone were the way o'er life's dark hills,
 And hard, oh, hard the climbing,
 If down the rugged slopes no rills
 Flowed with the babbling joy that stills
 Our wearied souls' repining.

Lone were the way and sad the lot,
 And deep, oh, deep the sorrow,
 If for each heart there were no spot
 Where draughts of rosy hope are got
 To cheer the darksome morrow.

Lone were the way, no stars to guide
 Our weary feet when stumbling,
 If there were never by our side
 A heart to which we could confide
 The why our hopes are crumbling.

Lone were the way, had Providence
 Not made a wise division
 Of love, of hope, of joy ; and hence
 Amidst our woes we know still whence
 To seek life's full fruition.

NOVEMBER.

The few leaves that the woodlands show
 Are fading into brown,
 And idly swinging to and fro
 Till some strong, ruthless gust shall blow
 Them lifeless, whirling down.

The far stretch of the level plain
 Lies sodden, bleak, and bare,
 Except where fallow fields retain
 That verdure which the eident swain
 Disturbs not with his share.

Upon the hedge, unsheltered now,
 The berries ripe appear,
 The robins flit from bough to bough
 With feeble chirp, for well they trow
 The winter time is near.

Up in the sky the west'ring sun,
 Like an expiring ember,
 Scarce sheds a streak amidst the dun,
 Sure token that the year has run
 Into its bleak November.

SWEET MUSE.

Sweet as the sunbeam of an April day,
That smiles the storm-cloud from the skies away,
As sweet thy coming : for beneath thy smile
Life's darkest clouds lift from my path awhile.

Like some kind angel forth in pity sent
To cheer the heart with toil and trouble spent,
Thou com'st ; and at thy coming ev'ry care
Melts like the mist when breaks the morning fair.

When wakes Aurora from her eastern bed,
Her glances bright far to the west are shed ;
And 'neath their fire the king of darkness quails,
And speeds him from the hill-tops and the vales.

Thus doth the light shot from thy laughing eyes
Pierce through the gloom that thick encircling lies
About my heart ; and 'midst its clouds I see
That life has sweets for all—yea, e'en for me.

That life has sweets, though oft I've thought them dead,
And like the autumn leaves, when once they're shed—
The sport of ev'ry gale—a useless mass,
O'er which we mralize as on we pass.

But when, as now, athwart my path there gleams
At intervals a ray from Hope's stray beams,
Such ray can only have its source in thee,
Sweet Muse, that fills my soul with ecstasy.

THE POET'S KINGDOM.

When the restless hand of fancy strays o'er the silver chords,
And lab'ring thoughts would shape themselves in smoothly
flowing words ;

When the vision of soft beauty sets the poet's heart atrill,
And the throbings of love's passion all his inner being fill—
Then he would not change his humble lot e'en for a monarch's
throne,

Because he has a kingdom with a sceptre of his own,
And his subjects are the living words that at his wish combine,
And marshall forth in bright array and stately stepping line.

Ah ! what is earthly grandeur, and what is earthly power
To the music and the concord that the poet's kingdom dower !
Though they call them but the vapours of an overheated brain,
Whose heart-strings to their melody give forth no ans'ring
strain,

Though they scorn the poet's laurels whose souls have felt no
dearth

Of some higher, better things than the common things of earth ;
Yet be mine the wild-wing'd fancy that can all unfetter'd soar,
And I'll grudge them not the pelf or power they set so high in
store.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON

3S a poet whose mind appears to revolve in an atmosphere of reflective thought and piety, and his poems and hymns breathe Christian mindedness, and are penetrated by feeling and trustful spirituality. He is a native of Dundee, and the son of humble, God-fearing parents, who gave him a strictly religious upbringing—the slightest manifestation of the “Old Adam” always receiving solemn and stern rebuke. School-days being over, at the age of thirteen, he went to work in a spinning mill where his father was overseer, and in the course of a year or two he was promoted to the office—a small box set in a corner of the works. This employment, and the noise and greasy odour from the machinery, brought on sickness and continual headaches, and he had to give it up. He tells us at this time he envied the lot of those country people, with their bright eyes and ruddy fresh countenances, coming into town on market mornings. They seemed to come from some “happy land, far, far away”—a land of sunshine, of hill and dale, stream and wood, and singing birds. Such were the feelings of our young poet that he sighed for a country life.

After serving an apprenticeship to the grocery business, and some years as a clerk, he obtained a situation as a salesman in the beautiful village of Bankfoot, in the parish of Auchtergaven, Perthshire. Here the poetical spirit is from time to time stirred within him, and although, through the study of speculative works, he at one time was in danger of drifting away into the cold and dreary region of scepticism, he was brought to see his error, and now his writings, both in prose and verse, contributed to several magazines and newspapers, are full of pleasing thought, and are instinct with a poetical and devout spirit.

LABORE ET HONORE.

In the world's market-place,
 Idle to-day ;
Losing the heavenward race,
 Dreaming away.
Gird to thy task, undone,
Ere lost life's sinking sun ;
Fight till the victory's won,
 Up, and away.

What thy hands find to do,
 Do it to-day ;
Night—ah, how near to you,
 Work while you may—
Waits neither time nor tide ;
Every weight cast aside—
Folly, sloth, pleasure, pride—
 Up, and away.

Seed-fields of richest soil
 Call thee to-day ;
Heaven shall reward thy toil—
 Hear, and obey—
Harvest of golden grain,
Blessing for all thy pain
Verily, thou shalt again
 Up, and away.

Lose not the golden hours,
 Dreaming away,
While hell's dark, malignant powers
 Swell their array ;
Arm, arm, be brave and true,
Valiantly dare and do ;
Glorious reward for you—
 Up, and away.

Onward and upward then,
 Heavenward thy way ;
Angels shall guard thee when
 Entered the fray.
Fight for the golden crown,
Thine shall be bright renown ;
When laid thy armour down—
 On then, away.

INFANT PRAISES.

Hail to our Redeemer King !
Cheerfully we come to sing
Loud-voiced songs of praise to Thee ;
Hear our artless minstrelsy.

Joyfully we will proclaim
The matchless honour of Thy name ;
Echoing the songs above,
While we praise Thy wondrous love.

Thou art worthy to receive
All the glory we can give ;
Seated though on awful throne,
Thou our songs wilt not disown.

Thou did'st leave Thy throne on high,
And on earth did'st bleed and die,
Little children to redeem—
We will sing the wondrous theme.

Let our little anthems rise
Like sweet incense to the skies,
Blending with seraphic song,
Chanted by the heavenly throng.

As in days and years we grow,
While we sojourn here below,
Ever may we grow in grace,
Ever seek Thy blessed face.

Thine, in childhood we would be ;
Thine, when riper years we see ;
Thine, when drawn our parting breath ;
Thine, when closed our eyes in death.

Jesus, Saviour, Glorious King !
When in heaven Thy praise we sing,
Ours a loftier strain shall be,
Ours a nobler minstrelsy.

C O M E , H O L Y S P I R I T .

Hail, Spirit, pure and blest !
Thy glory let me see ;
A temple make within this breast,
And fit it, Lord, for Thee.

Come to create anew
My nature marred with sin ;
Oh, make me pure, and right, and true,
And beautiful within.

Darkness and doubt remove ;
Shed forth Thy holy light ;
Bring thy glad unction from above
To cheer my inward sight,

'Tis Thine to light my way
Through this dark world of woe ;

From Thy pure paths let me not stray,
My wayward will subdue.

Lord, I would be content,
What'er my earthly lot,
If with Thy holiness were blent
My every deed and thought.

Be Thou through changeful years
My Comforter and Friend ;
Then, when I quit this vale of tears,
I'll praise Thee without end.

T H E R E I S A L A N D .

There is a land where love eternal reigns,
A land of light and life beyond the skies ;
Full oft, when weary with earth's toils and pains,
I upward gaze with wistful, longing eyes ;
The while my dearest aspirations rise
Towards that blest haven of my soul's desire ;
For we inherit that which never dies ;
And ours those ardent longings which do higher
Than life's delusive dreams, or earth's vain shows aspire.

Here, all is Semblance ; there—Reality !
The tenure of our earthly life is brief ;
Yet man is born to immortality,
Though here he undergoes much pain and grief.
With death at last—God's message of relief—
For then corporeal ills are at an end,
Passive he lies, like to a fallen leaf ;
The immortal part of him has gone to spend
Its endless years ; but where ? Ah, this my thoughts transcend !

Come, blessed Hope, sure anchor of the soul,
Which enters into that within the veil ;
Come, Faith, and bear me on to my bright goal,
Though frail my bark, and tempest-torn my sail.
Nor shrink, my soul, to pass through death's dark vale,
Even there thou'l not be comfortless ; for He
Whom cruel hands for sins of thine did nail,
'Midst malefactors, to the accursed tree,
Shall lead thee to thy home—His beauty thou shalt see.



JOHN JOSEPH SMALE STEWART,

THE son of a soldier, and brother of the gifted poetess, Mrs Hyslop, sketched in our fourth series, was born about 1838 while his father was with his regiment in Ireland, but was brought up at Lochearnhead, where his father removed after leaving the army. He was a great favourite with his teacher, and they used to spend hours together reading and reciting poetry after the school was dismissed in the evening. His poetical sister was several years his junior, and the kindred spirits were deeply attached to each other. She was the companion of his rambles, and she speaks with pardonable pride of the time when he first confided to her the secret that he had "made a song." She looked upon him with other eyes, and dreamed of something great in store for her poet brother. At the age of sixteen he went to serve on Her Majesty's ship Cumberland, then under command of Captain Seymour, and after cruising for some time sailed for Bermuda, and thence to Halifax, Nova Scotia. He took part in the Russian War, and after being discharged, returned home, to find that his dearly loved mother's chair was vacant. After several voyages to various parts of the world, he took a farm in Australia, and for some years, along with a brother, was a successful farmer. He was seized with the "gold fever," sold his farm, and ultimately we find him a schoolmaster at Tamarara, near Hooker's Bay, where he has proved himself a successful and popular teacher. We have seen several specimens of Mr Stewart's poetical epistles,—a form of correspondence he generally adopts in writing home to his friends—and these are neatly expressed, very entertaining and instructive, and show the observant eye and warm heart. A vein of reflective melancholy runs through

many of his poems. These show him to be a keen and intelligent student of Nature, while his songs are musical and felicitous in sentiment.

THE LAY OF THE WAKAMARINA.

The thick mists of morning hung over the hill,
And the leaves were all wet with the yesterday's rain
That had swollen the river, and flooded each rill,
And had formed a hundred small pools on the plain ;
I stood by the Wakamarina, and gazed,
While turbid and dark it sped past me amain ;
With each surge of her billows methought that she raised
A voice that was ever thus heard to complain :

Oh, the day of my glory's for ever gone by,
For the stranger has come and has camped by my side,
And my flood is now tinged with a dark, muddy dye,
And gone is the beauty that once was my pride.
How transparent I roll'd ; Oh how cheerful and clear ;
How my waves rippled bright as I bounded along ;
And the birds of the forest down in me did peer,
As they wakened the wild woodland echoes to song.

Yes, the wild birds of night through the woods sent their cry,
And the pigeon here amorously coo'd to his love,
And sweet warblers went up day by day to the sky,
From the gay feathered tribes that then gladdened the grove.
But they've cut down the wide spreading boughs overhead
That made beauteous my path, as I slowly strayed on ;
Or on my brilliant brow, as I joyously played,
Mingled glimpses of shade with the beams of the sun.

Now far from my margin the pigeon has fled,
Or has fallen 'neath the ruthless destroyer's dread gun ;
They have torn up my banks, and they've rifled my bed.
And they riot around on the wealth they have won,
They have robbed me of treasure, of beauty, esteem ;
They have spoiled me of all that was dear to my name ;
Now I wander along—a dark, slimy, dull stream,
To hide in the arms of the ocean my shame.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

On the banks of the Ganges, far, far from the shore,
That claims for her costume the tartans he wore,
A soldier, all bleeding, had sank on the ground,
Where many a comrade lay dying around.
Pale, pale was his cheek, but it was not from fear,
For deep in his side was the mark of a spear ;
But the warrior, all wounded, forbore to complain,
Till he thought of the friends he might ne'er see again.

Is it thus ! is it thus ! Ah ! my race is then run ;
 Farewell, thou green earth, and thou bright setting sun ;
 Farewell to each hope that my heart had in store ;
 The morning may come, but 'twill find me no more.
 My father, farewell, and my mother, ah me !
 Oh ! mother, dear mother, I'm woeful for thee ;
 Fond hearts, but for ye I could die without pain,
 But I ne'er shall see you, nor Balquhidder again.

Ye scenes of my childhood, Balquhidder, farewell ;
 Adieu to the mountain, adieu to the dell ;
 My blessing is yours,—all I can bequeath,
 For no more, ah ! no more shall I tread on your heath.
 Farewell to the mist, the sunshine, the shade,
 Farewell to the rock, to the lake, and the glade ;
 They may send back their echoes to answer the strain
 That I never shall hear in Balquhidder again.

Dear father and mother, Oh weep not, nor sigh,
 We will meet in a happier realm on high ;
 Yes, I'll meet you again in a region of bliss,
 In a world that is brighter and better than this.
 Farewell then, dear parents, I'll see you no more,
 For my sufferings and sorrows will soon be all o'er ;
 In a far distant land I shall sleep with the slain,
 For I'll ne'er see my native Balquhidder again.

While thus musing he lay, he could hear from afar
 The tumult and din of the unfinished war ;
 He raised himself up, for now swelled on his ear
 The token of vict'ry, the loud British cheer :
 "Victory, victory, hurrah !" thus in answer he cried,
 Then, o'erpowered by the effort, fell fainting, and died ;
 The sun went to rest, and the night closed amain
 O'er the hero who'll ne'er see Balquhidder again.

O H, D O N O T S I G H .

Oh, do not sigh my darling, though the seas between us roll,
 Oh, do not sigh my darling, though the future's wrapt in
 gloom,
 Though the earth revolve between us, as it does 'tween pole and
 pole,
 There still is hope for other, and for happier days to come.
 The same sky still is o'er us, the same sun still shines above,
 And our nightly gaze may turn to the same moon's tranquil
 beam,
 Thy image still is in my heart, impressing marks of love,
 And my soul soars forth to visit thee in fancy's happy dream.

Though I wander o'er the ocean, still my heart is on the shore,
 Though the gale is howling round me, and the foam is on the
 sea,

As I listen to the billows, there is music in their roar,
 And my heart is ever happy, for my soul is still with thee,
 Though stern fortune may divide us, as our ship divides the
 foam,
 As the land divides the ocean, as the rock divides the stream,
 Yet still there is a time to meet, however far we roam,
 And still my soul will visit thee in fancy's happy dream.

THE FLOWER OF WANAKA.

Rough though Otago's breezes blow,
 A gentle plant they fan,
 As fair as any clime can show,
 To bless the eye of man.
 There ne'er in garden, or in bower,
 That mortal ever saw,
 Did grow a bonnier mountain flower
 Than grows by Wanaka.

Her step is noiseless in its fall
 As fairies in the dawn,
 She's kind as she is beautiful,
 And graceful as the fawn.
 It seems as Nature's richest dower
 Did fall by Nature's law
 Upon the bonny mountain flower
 That blooms by Wanaka.

Like music o'er the waters borne,
 Or like some beauteous bird,
 That loves to wake the summer's morn,
 Her gentle voice is heard.
 The lovely handwork of that power
 Who holds mankind in awe,
 Is the bonny, bonny mountain flower
 That blooms by Wanaka.

Oh, never may the worm of grief
 To thee its blight impart,
 Nor leave its track upon thy leaf,
 Its canker in thy heart ;
 May heaven its blessings on thee shower,
 And goodness ever draw
 Sweet incense from the mountain flower
 That blooms by Wanaka.



HELEN ANNA GRAHAM-YOOLL

FOR a very promising young lady artist. Although born in London of Scottish parents, she has spent the most of her years in Scotland—the family having returned to this country when she was quite an infant. At present they reside at Bonnington, near Edinburgh. For several seasons Miss Graham-Yooll attended classes at the School of Art in Edinburgh, and she has exhibited pictures in the Royal Scottish Academy. One of her works while exhibited there was greatly admired and praised by art critics, and was purchased by Lord Rosebery. She has also had pictures in most of the provincial exhibitions of Fine Art. For several years her poems and songs have appeared in the *Scotsman* and other newspapers. These have all the freshness and fragrance of Nature, and are characterised by a sweet flow of versification. It is pleasing to read her carefully-worded and smooth-running lines, as tenderly simple and natural as the songs with which the groves salute the morning sun. We have already given several examples of the sister arts loving each other, and making in one individual a happy combination. The poet and the painter draw from the same source; they both borrow from Nature, and communicate their stores by rules which are analogous. The same delicacy of feeling and taste guide them in the choice of subject and detail. A plant covered with dew, and illuminated by a bright ray of the sun provides pictures and images for both.

THUS FAR.

Great Nature everywhere hath duly set
 Fixed bounds o'er which the very freest may
 Not pass :—the ocean bounding on its way
 So vast—so free—so terrible, hath yet
 A firm "Thus far," 'gainst which 'tis vain to fret

Its restless waves :—the bird may soar until
 "Tis lost to the upgazing eye, but still
 Bird flight too hath a limit, and is met
 By its " Thus far " :—and we to whom there hath
 Deep longing for ideal—good been given,—
 Who know the stern " Thus far," upon earth's path
 To its attainment—wait for that pure Heaven
 Of perfect peace and joy which nought can mar
 Through God's great mercy which hath no " Thus far."

SPRING IS SO SWEET.

Spring is so sweet : there is charm in its promise,
 In Nature's pure freshness unsullied, unstained,
 A charm summer's brightest fulfilment takes from us,
 A little we lose 'midst the much that is gained,—
 For spring points us forward to joys that are coming,
 To sunshine and light that will gladden our way,
 While summer, flowers, fruit, bird-song, and bee-humming
 Tell in their rich ripeness of autumn's decay.

Spring is so sweet : there is grace in the budding
 Grey trees, with the delicate branches seen through,
 Grace lost when the after-wealth foliage flooding,
 Fills in the fret-work and hides heaven's blue.
 Then how we cherish spring's first golden primrose,
 Stooping to tenderly touch ere we pass,
 We would not pluck it, why even the queen-rose
 Has no charm like this one that gleams through the grass !

Spring is so sweet : in our life's early morning
 Is joy that we lose 'midst the knowledge of years,
 Joy that dies out as the rose-flush of dawning
 For life grows a problem, and doubtings and fears
 Soon touch us and wake us from youth's happy dreaming,
 And bid us arise in our strength and go forth
 To the world, where life's real from ideal-seeming
 Is far as south's point from the Pole of the North.

Spring is so sweet : in the hope of the winning,
 Is somewhat we lack 'midst the pleasure if won,
 Some touch of grace which we felt in beginning,
 Some hope unfulfilled when our best has been done ;
 Still let us earnestly strive for attaining
 All good and true, till, by God's mercy given,
 One day we find all we missed 'mid earth's gaining,
 Bright beyond dreams in the glory of heaven.

A SKETCH.

One sunny morn among the corn,
 While birds were gaily trilling,
 I stood upon this spot, and sketched
 The landscape which around me stretched,
 The canvas quickly filling.

'Twas nearly done, the fight half won,
 But yet it wanted something,
 I looked, and looked, but could not see,
 I wondered long what it could be—
 Ah ! then I saw the one thing.

For gazing there, where late 'twas bare,
 With nought but white road stretching,
 I saw you stand in sunshine bright,
 All full of colour, full of light—
 And swiftly I was sketching.

Your figure in, 'twas just the thing
 The scene had needed in it,
 To give it colour—make it strong—
 Just what it wanted all along,
 I saw it in a minute.

And now I too am needing you,
 To be life's light and treasure,
 My sweet ! my sweet ! to win your love,
 Oh that were bliss all bliss above,
 Beyond all thought and measure

NATURE'S FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

In the calm arc of heaven the fair moon is sailing,
 Pale mist softly dimming the light of her ray,
 For the wealth of her glory the Night-Queen is veiling
 In grief for the old year now passing away.

On the earth's barren bleakness the pure snow is lying,
 It gleams weirdly white 'neath the moon's tender sway,
 A cloud-woven shroud for the year that is dying—
 A shroud for the old year now passing away.

Over moorland and mountain the sad wind is moaning,
 Through forests grown bare in the gloom of decay,
 It wails, like a voice in the darkness intoning,
 A dirge for the old year now passing away.

For as shadows of night when the day-dawn is breaking,
 As wavelets that vanish in fairy-like spray,
 As a dream from the mind of a sleeper awaking
 So fadeth the old year now passing away.

And while clearly and sweetly the blythe bells are pealing,
 While voices sing "welcome New Year bright and gay!"
 Kind Nature is sighing with tenderest feeling
 "Farewell to the year that has now passed away."

A FRAGMENT.

Oh restless sea ! that moanest in the dim, grey light,
 With such a sad and dreary sobbing sound,
 What aileth thee that thou dost fret thy waves, until all
 white
 With passionate foam, they dash and beat themselves
 around
 This mighty precipice whereon I stand, and break
 Themselves, in very impotence of rage,
 Against the "Hitherto" of its great rocks, that quake
 Not at the wildest warfare they can wage.

Oh sea ! there is a note of almost human woe
 In thy sad voice, is it that human-like
 Thy striving is—that with all power to come and go
 O'er space immeasurable, thou yet dost strike,
 And lash thy waves to madness, 'gainst the one strong spot,
 The rock which still defieth thee in unmoved pride,
 Till all thy strength is unto thee as though 'twere not
 Is this thy crumbled rose-leaf ?—oh dissatisfied !

Is this what troubleth thee, oh sea ? or dost thou love,
 With vain but passionate love, yon fair frail
 Flower, that bloometh on the rock, so far above
 Thy reach, poor sea, that all thy strife cannot avail
 To satisfy thy longing love, and thou must yearn
 In vain, the while it bends its fairy bell,
 As fain to hear the music of thy voice, and learn
 The message that thy sad waves die to tell.

T W I L I G H T .

Now the mystical twilight is veiling,
 And lulling the world to sleep,
 Ere the monarch of night comes trailing
 His black robes up from the deep,—
 Trailing them over the face of earth,
 To live till another day has birth.

See the beautiful flowers are folding
Their perfumed petals to rest,
And each glistening blossom is holding
A jewel upon its breast,—
A dew-drop tear that was shed for day,
As sighing and fading it passed away.

Hark ! the silvery curfew is ringing
A chime from the old church tower,
And bird-voices are tenderly singing
A psalm to the even-tide hour,—
Oh sad and sweet is their twilight hymn,
While the shadow deepens and all grows dim.

And the myriad star-guard is keeping
Its sentinel watch on high,
O'er the world that in stillness is sleeping
Under the summer-night sky,
While a strange sweet calm reigns all around,
For the spirit of Peace the earth has bound.



WILLIAM COWIE,

EUTHOR of a number of descriptive and historical poems of considerable length and merit, and a talented and able prose writer, was born at Little Keithock, near Brechin. Having served in a lawyer's office he, nearly twenty years ago, went to Syracuse. We are informed that he was the first *foreigner* ever elected Clerk of the county of Onondaga, and that on his election he received the largest majority of votes ever given to any candidate for the office. He has filled this position since 1865, was Deputy-Clerk from 1871 to 1879, was Clerk-in-Chief 1880-82, and is now in the Titles Department of the office. In the midst of a busy life he occasionally finds time to court the Muse, and being a public-spirited and energetic citizen he writes pithy and thoughtful papers and sketches for the American press. From the specimens of his poetry we have

seen in local and other newspapers, we can gather that he writes with much delicacy and tenderness, and, when the subject calls forth, with occasional sparkling wit and cutting satire. The music of his songs is excellent—the smooth yet varied rhythm showing the true poetic ear.

MARY.

The smile that breaks on Mary's lips
 Is like the wave that woos the shore,
 When shadows wait on idle ships,
 And roses deck the fisher's door ;
 The snow-white shells whereon it curls,
 These are her teeth, but vain to seek
 In ocean's rarest caves for pearls
 To match the tint of Mary's cheek.

The light that wells in Mary's eye
 Is like the flow of some pure spring
 That, with no glimpse of Heaven's blue sky,
 In deep wood-shades unseen did sing ;
 Till once in wayward April's wane,
 While venturous flowers still fear'd to blow,
 A storm of wind and pelting rain
 Rock'd all the forest to and fro.

And when it passed, and warm and bright
 Again the sun the woods shone o'er,
 The tangled boughs that screen'd his light
 From that pure fount were seen no more ;
 And all its lucid depths were stirred,
 Its bubbling voice found new employ ;
 And in far sylvan nooks was heard
 Its song of gratitude and joy.

So when in Mary's eyes I looked
 When mine with love were brighter grown,
 His burning glance ne'er having brooked,
 No answer sparkled in her own ;
 But when, with stormful sighs and tears,
 My secret from my soul was riven,
 Ah, then ! as passed her shadowy fears,
 She to me turned the light of Heaven.

THE SHIPWRECKED MOTHER.

The sea was smooth, the wind was fair,
 The steamship plowed along :
 And from her deck, in ocean's air
 Rose up the voice of song.

Their willing cheeks the sea breeze fann'd,
 New life within them sprang ;
 To-morrow's dawn would show the land,
 And so they laughed and sang.

Behind them far were all their cares ;
 New sights would greet their eyes ;
 And fairer fields would soon be theirs,
 'Neath less relentless skies.
 So now, while sped the vessel on,
 The cheerful song did flow ;
 And all were happy there, save one—
 One bent in deepest woe.

Ah, well from her the tears may shower —
 Well may she sorely weep !
 And inly rue the luckless hour
 She trusted to the deep !
 Her baby boy, for whom, when once
 The severing sea was crossed,
 His waiting father's heart would dance,
 Was lost, forever lost !

Too strong for him the chill sea-mist,
 He pined from day to day ;
 And ere his careful mother wist,
 Her boy had passed away.
 And when Death pinched his little charms,
 And still she would him save,
 They tore him from her desp'rate arms,
 And sank him in the wave.

Ah, on the land had he but died !
 In some green nook been laid,
 Where oft at eve she might have hied,
 And in the stillness prayed,—
 Some little fragrant flower have set
 His tiny grave upon ;—
 She might have deemed her darling yet
 Not altogether gone !

But in that rude abyss to cast
 Her babe, though void of breath,
 Where only shrilled the cold sea-blast,—
 Ah, this was more than death !
 And so, while all around are glad,
 And jest in merry strain,
 This mother sits apart full sad,
 And keeps her with her pain.

Whence comes yon cannon's warning boom ?
 Whence that far-reaching cry ?
 Why flare these rockets through the gloom,
 Far up the murky sky ?

Alas ! on rocks the ship hath sped,
 She founders even now ;
 And Death, with eager arms outspread,
 Bends forward o'er the prow.

Ah, where are now those singers all ?
 See yon disordered crew !
 From side to side they rush and fall,
 Nor know they what they do.
 The thick'ning spray is o'er them driv'n ;
 Their hour of doom hath come ;
 And some are screaming loud to Heav'n,
 And some are swoon'd and dumb.

Reared up his head the awakening deep,
 As if to list the noise,
 Then on he plunged with foamy sweep,
 And raised his mighty voice :
 And wilder yet on board they call,
 As fiercer shocks the wave ;
 And only one among them all
 Seeks not herself to save.

Ah, why should she the rude sea fear ?
 Her he can scarce destroy ;
 This mother's life is hardly here,
 But yonder with her boy ;
 The billowing waves that mount the skies,
 Hoarse howling for their prey,
 They but behold her shut her eyes,—
 Her thoughts are far away.

And when the final moment comes,
 And in one skriek it ends,—
 One shriek that all the horror sums,
 As down the ship descends,—
 Full calm, while all around her rose
 The dire confusion wild,
 This mother clasps her hands and goes,
 Content to meet her child.

LOVE'S EXTRAVAGANCE.

That I'll not see thee, love, to-night,
 Nor yet until the far to-morrow
 Hath faded into dim twilight,
 Doth fill my foolish heart with sorrow.

When by thy side, and thy low voice
 Falls sweetly on my charmed ear,
 The longest hour too swiftly flies,
 The parting time is aye too near.

But when from thee I loathly go,
 With joy and sadness hand in hand,
 The lingering minutes seem to flow,
 As through the glass the slow, dull sand.

Yet are they not void of deep bliss ;—
 From the long hours I steal their pain
 With thinking on thy last fond kiss,
 The time when we shall meet again.

Oh ! if no sun made glad the day,
 And pale, meek Dian ceased to reign ;
 If vanished the broad, milky way,
 And all the twinkling, starry train—

I would not ask for sun or moon ;
 I would not mourn th' extinguished stars :
 Thine eyes to me would bring the boon
 Of light, behind a dungeon's bars !

If the dumb woods gave out no sign,—
 If when the voice of Summer spoke,
 No cone hung high on the tall pine
 And not an acorn on the oak ;—

I would not ask for songs or buds ;
 The first thy voice is everywhere ;
 And for the foliage of the woods,
 I'd take the wreaths of thy brown hair.

The flow'riest plain that lures the fawn
 Were drear and cold, wert thou away ;
 The stoniest hill—bleak at bright dawn—
 With thee, were robed in bloom for aye !



JAMES HYSLOP,

THE talented author of “The Cameronian’s Dream,” was born in 1798, in the humble abode of his maternal grandfather, George Lambie, with whom he was brought up until, very early in life, he went forth into the world to herd cows and tend a few sheep. The cottage in which he was born stood in the glen of the Crawick, on the Kirkconnell

side of the stream, not quite two miles from the ancient burgh of Sanquhar, so much renowned in Covenanting story. This is one of the sweetest pastoral districts in the south of Scotland—the green hills, and the graceful undulations of the surrounding country, with the many “wild traditioned” retreats where the heroic Covenanters sought for shelter in the dark days of persecution, making it a “meet nurse for the poetic child,” and its influence on the mind of James Hyslop was seen in all his after life.

When he grew up towards manhood he adopted the quiet and honourable calling of a shepherd; and though his early education had been scanty enough, yet, before he had reached the age of twenty, by self-tuition and, as opportunity presented itself, by attending evening schools, he had become not only an excellent English scholar, but had likewise acquired a good knowledge of Latin and French, as well as of Mathematics and Algebra.

When very young he tended his flocks at Dalblair, amid the deep solitudes of Glenmuir, passing from thence to Nether Wellwood, on the banks of the infant Ayr, at the eastern end of “the wild and lone Airsmoss”—

“Where Cameron’s sword and his Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone, where the heather grows green.”

With the history and traditions of the Covenanters, Hyslop had been made familiar from his youth up, and he therefore began early to draw the inspiration of poetry and of patriotism from the scenes with which he was surrounded, and his soul began to surge and to heave for an outlet in song. Some of his first pieces were, possibly, crude and unpolished enough, and have very likely been lost, as he had begun to write verse before he could very well handle the pen. Eagerly, however, he sought after

learning, and he was soon able to teach the children of the farmers and country lairds. In this capacity he was engaged at Cranberry in the parish of Auchinleck. In 1819 he went to Greenock, where he opened a school, which, however, proved unsuccessful, and, for a short time, he returned once more to his native wilds.

In 1821, the poem upon which his fame principally rests—"The Cameronian's Dream"—appeared in the *Scot's Magazine*, and attracted wide attention, the late Lord Jeffrey being one of its admirers.

In 1825 the poem was revised and republished as by "A Muirkirk Shepherd." Previous to this he had become a regular contributor to the *Scot's Magazine*, both of poetry and prose. Dr Muirhead, the editor, thought that, henceforth, the sphere of Scottish poetry must be very contracted; but Mr Hyslop, in one of his spirited letters to the editor, with a more just conception of the subject, says:—"Had you spent as many Sabbath-days among the Scottish peasantry as I have done, I daresay you would join with me in thinking that there is yet an extensive field for the cultivation of a higher order of poetry than much that has ever yet appeared in our language. It is certain that the subjects of some of our most admired Scottish poems are far from being exhausted. To mention one particular instance: how different a poem would Burns have produced had he carried the spirit of 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' into the morning of his *Sacramental Sabbath*? The poem would certainly have appeared to as much advantage, and the respectability of the Scottish character and religion might, perhaps, have been more indebted to him; as it is, however, he has left abundant room for the display of future talent, and, I think, it is much to be wished that some mighty genius, equal to the task, would step forward and mingle at once the social and the religious feelings

of the Scottish peasantry in the poetry of our native land. While such subjects remain unsung, shall it ever be said that the poetry of Scotland is susceptible of no farther improvement? Our bosoms have often trembled with delight at the soft melting music of the Scottish harp when struck by the hands of a powerful master; but we shall never be sensible of the highest power of its heart-melting melody till its wild notes be sounded in concert and unison with the songs of Zion."

In his fine poem "The Scottish Sacramental Sabbath," Mr Hyslop gave excellent proof of the correctness of his views on the subject of Scottish poetry, for the poem, which is in the same measure, and only a little longer than "The Cottar's Saturday Night," would have done no discredit to Robert Burns himself, being vivid and striking as a picture, beautiful and true in its descriptive parts, and earnestly pious in its spirit.

In 1821 our poet was appointed teacher on board the man-of-war Doris, which was going on a cruise of three years to the coast of South America. On his return home he went to London, taking with him letters of introduction from Lord Jeffrey and others of the Edinburgh Literary Magnates, to J. G. Lockhart, Joanna Baillie, and Allan Cunningham. He was kindly received by them, and through their influence was appointed one of the parliamentary reporters for the *Times*, and afterwards headmaster of an Academy near the city. All the while, however, it was the dearest wish of his poetic soul to be able some day to return and build a cottage in his native vale of Crawick, and to be independent enough to spend his time in the pursuits of literature.

In the autumn of 1827, through the influence of Lord Spencer, he was appointed tutor on board the man-of-war ship Tweed, then bound for the Cape of Good Hope. Full of hope he sailed away from his native

isle, but, ah ! never to return, for, on her way out, the vessel called at the Cape de Verde, when a party of fifteen landed and remained all night on the island of St Jago. On their return to the ship they were seized with fever, and within two days eight of them, principally officers, died of the malignant disease, on 5th December, 1827, and "the literary world" has long lamented that one of these was James Hyslop, "the Muirkirk Shepherd."

Hyslop's poetry is very unequal, and while some of his productions are full of fire, fervent, elegant, and vigorous, others, particularly his longest poem, "The Cameronian's Vision," which describes the martyrdom of John Brown of Priesthill, is dull and prosaic, though written some six years after "The Cameronian Dream." In only a single stanza can true poetry be said to be found. It, however, is truly beautiful. Alluding to the time when the saintly men of the Covenant had to fly for safety to the mountains and moors, he says :—

" For in cities the wells of salvation were sealed,
More brightly to burst in the moor and the field ;
And the spirit which fled from the dwellings of men,
Like a manna-cloud reigned round the camp in the glen."

Some of his lyrics, however, are spirit-stirring and grand, while others have all the dreamy, half-delirious sweetness, and nameless dream of first unequalled love !

It is strange that the works of one so talented have not yet been collected and given to the world. There is now, however, we are informed by Mr A. B. Todd, to whom we are indebted for the particulars of this sketch, the near prospect of this being done by the Rev. Peter Mearns, of Coldstream, a native of Muirkirk, and a gentleman of first-rate literary gifts, and of fine poetic tastes. Mr Mearns has also prepared a life of the poet, which will be prefixed to his works,

and Mr Todd says that " having been favoured with a perusal of it in MS., I can unhesitatingly pronounce it to be a model biography, and one of deep and entralling interest."

LET ITALY BOAST.

Let Italy boast of her bloom-shaded waters,
 Her bowers, and her vines, and warm sunny skies ;
 Of her sons drinking love from the eyes of her daughters,
 While freedom expires 'mid their softness and sighs.
 Scotland's bleak mountains wild,
 Where hoary cliffs are piled,
 Towering in grandeur, are dearer to me !
 Land of the misty cloud—
 Land of the tempest loud—
 Land of the brave and proud—land of the free !

Enthroned on the cliff of the dark Highland mountain,
 The spirit of Scotland reigns fearless and free ;
 While her tartan-folds wave over blue lake and fountain,
 Exulting she sings, looking over the sea :
 "Here on my mountains wild
 I have serenely smiled,
 Where armies and empires against me were hurl'd ;
 Throned on my native rocks,
 Calmly sustained the shocks
 Of Cæsar, and Denmark, and Rome, and the world.

When kings of the nations in council assemble,
 The frown of my brow makes their proud hearts to quake ;
 The flash of mine eye makes the bravest to tremble,
 The sound of my war song makes armies to shake.
 France long shall mind the strain
 Sung on her bloody plain,
 While Europe's bold armies in terror did shiver ;
 Exulting 'midst fire and blood,
 Then sang the pibroch loud,
 'Dying, but unsubdued—Scotland for ever.' "

See at the war-note the proud heroes prancing,
 The thick groves of steel trodden down in their path ;
 The eyes of the brave like their bright swords are glancing,
 Triumphant riding through ruin and death.
 Proud heart and nodding plume
 Dance o'er the warrior's tomb ;
 Dyed with blood is the red tartan wave ;
 Dire is the horseman's wheel,
 Shivering the ranks of steel ;
 Victor in battle is Scotland the brave !

THE SCOTTISH SACRAMENTAL SABBATH.

The Sabbath morning gilds the eastern hills,
 The swains its sunny dawn wi' gladness greet ;
 Frae heath-clad hamlets, 'mang the muirland rills,
 The dewy mountains climb wi' naked feet,
 Sniffin' the daisies droukit wi' the weet ;
 The bleating flocks come niblin' doon the brae,
 To shadowy pastures screen'd frae summer heat ;
 In woods where tinglin' waters glide away,
 'Mong holms o' clover red, and bright brown ryegrass hay.

His ewes and lambs brought carefu' frae the height,
 The shepherd's children watch them frae the corn,
 On green sward scented lawn, wi' gowans white.
 Frae page o' pocket psalm-book, soil'd and torn,
 The task prepared assign'd for Sabbath morn,
 The elder bairns their parents join in prayer ;
 One daughter dear, beneath the flowery thorn,
 Kneels down apart, her spirit to prepare
 On this her first approach, the sacred cup to share.

The social chat, wi' solemn converse mix'd,
 At early hour they finish their repast ;
 The pious sire repeats full many a text
 Of Sacramental Sabbaths long gone past.
 To see her little family neatly dress'd,
 The carefu' matron feels a mother's pride ;
 Gi'es this a linen shirt, gi'es that a vest ;
 The frugal father frowns their finery chide ;
 He prays that Heaven their souls may wedding robes provide.

The sisters, buskit, seek the garden walk,
 To gather flowers, or watch the warning bell ;
 Sweet-William, danglin' dewy frae the stalk,
 Is mix'd wi' mountain daisies rich in smell,
 Green sweet-briar sprigs, and daisies frae the dell,
 Where Spango shepherds pass the lane abode,
 An' Wanlock miners cross the muirland fell ;
 Then down the sunny winding muirland road,
 The little pastoral band approach the house of God.

Streams of my native mountains, oh ! how oft
 That Sabbath morning walk in youth was mine ;
 Yet fancy hears the kirk-bell sweet and soft
 Ring o'er the darkling woods o' dewy pine ;
 How oft the wood rose wild, and scented thyme
 I've stoop'd to pull while passing on my way ;
 But now in sunny regions south the line
 Nae birds nor broom-flow'r's shade the summer brae,—
 Alas ! I can but dream of Scotland's Sabbath day.

But dear that cherished dream : I still behold
 The ancient kirk, the plane-trees o'er it spread,
 And seated 'mong the graves the old and young,
 As once in summer days for ever fled.
 To deck my dream, the grave gives up its dead :
 The pale precentor sings as then he sung ;
 The long-lost pastor, wi' the hoary head,
 Pours forth his pious counsels to the young ;
 And dear ones from the dust again to life are sprung !

Lost friends return from realms beyond the main,
 And boyhood's best beloved ones all are there ;
 The blanks in family circles filled again ;
 No seat seems empty round the house of prayer.
 The sound of psalms has vanished in the air,
 Borne up to heaven upon the mountain breeze ;
 The patriarchal priest, wi' silvery hair,
 In tent erected 'neath the fresh green trees,
 Spreads forth the Book of God with holy pride, and sees
 The eyes of circling thousands on him fix'd.
 The kirkyard scarce contains the mingling mass
 Of kindred congregations round him mix'd,
 Close seated on the grave stones and the grass.
 Some crowd the garden walls ; a wealthier class
 On chairs and benches round the tent draw near ;
 The poor man prays far distant ; and alas !
 Some seated by the graves of parents dear,
 Among the fresh, green flowers let fall a silent tear.

Sublime the text he chooseth : " Who is this
 From Edom comes ? in garments dy'd in blood,
 Travelling in greatness of his strength to bless,
 Treading the wine-press of Almighty God."
 Perchance the theme, that Mighty One who rode
 Forth leader of the armies clothed in light,
 Around whose fiery forehead rainbows glowed,
 Beneath whose tread heaven trembled, angels bright
 Their shining ranks arranged around His head of white.

Behold the contrast. Christ, King of Kings,
 A houseless wanderer in a world below,
 Faint, fasting by the dreary desert springs,
 From youth a man of mourning and of woe.
 The birds have nests on sumner's blooming bough,
 The foxes on the mountain find a bed ;
 But mankind's Friend found every man His foe ;
 His heart with anguish in the garden bled ;
 He, peaceful, like a lamb, was to the slaughter led !

The action-sermon ended, tables fenc'd,
 While elders forth the sacred symbols bring ;
 The day's more solemn service now commenced,
 To heaven is wafted on devotion's wing,

"I'll of salvation take the cup, I'll call
 With trembling on the name of Zion's King ;
 His Courts I'll enter, at His footstool fall,
 And pay my early vows before His people all."

Behold the crowded tables clad in white,
 Extending far above the flowery graves ;
 A blessing on the bread and wine-cup bright,
 With lifted hands, the holy pastor craves.
 The summer's sunny breeze his white hair waves,
 His soul is with the Saviour in the sky ;
 The hallow'd loaf he takes and breaks, and gives
 The symbols to the elders seated nigh,
 "Take eat the bread of life, sent down from heaven on high."

He in like manner also lifted up
 The flagon filled with consecrated wine,
 Memorial mournful of His love divine,
 Then solemn pauseth ;—save the rustling pine
 Or plane-tree boughs no sounds salute mine ears ;
 In silence pass'd, the silver vessels shine
 Devotion's Sabbath dreams from bygone years
 Returned, till many an eye is moist with springing tears.

Again the preacher breaks the solemn pause.
 Lift up your eyes to Calvary's mountain—see,
 In mourning veil'd, the mid-day sun withdraws,
 While dies the Saviour bleeding on the tree.
 But hark ! the stars again sing jubilee,
 With anthems heaven's armies hail their King
 Ascend in glory from the grave set free ;
 Triumphant see him soar on seraph's wing,
 To meet his angel hosts around the clouds of spring.

Behold his radiant robes of fleecy light
 Melt into sunny ether soft and blue ;
 Then in this gloomy world of tears and night
 Behold the table He hath spread for you.
 What though you tread affliction's path ?—a few,
 A few short years your toils will all be o'er ;
 From Pisgah's top the promis'd country view—
 The happy land beyond Immanuel's shore,
 Where Eden's blissful bower blooms green for evermore.

Come here, ye houseless wanderers, soothe your grief,
 While faith presents your Father's lov'd abode ;
 And here, ye friendless mourners, find relief,
 And dry your tears in drawing near to God.
 The poor may here lay down oppression's load,
 The rich forget his crosses and his care ;
 Youth enter on religion's narrow road,
 The old for his eternal change prepare,
 And whosoever will, life's waters freely share.

How blest are they who in His Courts abide,
 Whose strength, whose trust, upon Jehovah stay ;
 For he in his pavilion shall them hide
In covert safe when comes the evil day.
 Though shadowy darkness compasseth His way,
 And thick clouds like a curtain hide His throne,
 In brighter worlds his wisdom shall be shown,
 And all things work for good to those that are His own.

And blessed are the young to God who bring
 The morning of their days in sacrifice ;
 The heart's young flowers, yet fresh with the spring,
 Send forth an incense pleasing to His eyes.
 To Me, ye children, harken, and be wise ;
 The prophets died, our fathers died—where are they ?
 Alas ! this fleeting world's delusive joys,
 Like morning clouds and early dews, decay ;
 Be yours that better part that fadeth not away.

• • • • •
 And some are seated here, mine aged friends,
 Who round this table never more shall meet ;
 For him who, bow'd with age, before you stands
 The mourners soon shall go around the street.
 Below these green bows, shadow'd from the heat,
 I've bless'd the Bread of Life for three score years ;
 And shall not many mould'ring 'neath my feet,
 And some who sit around me now in tears,
 To me be for a crown of joy when Christ appears ?



JOHN NELSON,

NE of the oldest Scotch residents at Syracuse, was born at Dunning, Perthshire, about 1810, and is as thorough a Scotchman to-day, after a forty years' residence in America, as he was the day he left Caledonia. Mr Nelson went to Syracuse in 1840, and for many years followed the occupation of a carpenter and house-builder, and he now lives on a competence amassed by a long life of hard work.

He has a good ear for music, and there is scarcely a song of his native land of any merit which he does not know and sing with feeling and power. For many years he was the life of Scottish gatherings at Syracuse. Mr Nelson has long contributed musical verses to the newspapers in praise of the tartan, the heather, and kindred subjects.. While crossing the Atlantic on a visit to Scotland, he wrote a stirring song, from which we give the following lines:—

We're going o'er the ocean, to lands of high renown,
To see each hill and valley, each hamlet, tower, and town,
To see the scenes that blessed our eyes in our youth's early day,
Ere we began to know the world, and wander far away.

Success unto our gallant ship, her officers and crew,
And may we soon see Glasgow, and Scotland's mountains blue;
And when we leave our noble ship, we'll cheer the Anchor Line,
Then off to meet the friends we left in the days of Auld Lang Syne.

THE VALLEY OF THE EARN.

Scotland, wi' thy hills sae mony,
Silent glens, and wimpling burns,
Scotland, wi' thy haughs sae bonnie,
Still to thee fond memory turns.

Momories tipped with golden tints,
Ere I trod life's miry way,
Limpid streams, and dewy lawns
That glittered in life's morning ray.

I can see my native valley,
As on Keltie's heights I stand,
Glowing in the summer sunset,
Radiant as a fairy land.

There's not a knoll, nor pleasing hollow,
Where my young feet were wont to rove,
But what's enshrined in mem'ry's landscape,
Like a ne'er forgotten love.

And the green hills dance before me,
Laughing in the month of June,
Flowers and heather gang thegether
Wi' the wild bee's humming tune.

I can see my native Dunning
Running o'er its stony bed,

Hastening on to join the Earn,
Where in youth sweet sports I've had.

Every grassy bank remembered,
And so is every well known stone,
Where the speckled trout I grop'd for
In the days that's lang syne gone.

And Duncruib, I love to linger
Round thy old walks and parks so green,
And dream my boyish dreams again,
When love and hope endeared each scene,

And wander round thy streets, O Dunning,
And gambol o'er my old play grounds,
Or view thy church and old gray tower,
Among the graveyard's lowly mounds.

I enter now my father cottage,
I see my mother in her chair,
My brothers and my sisters greet me,
I hear my father's fervent prayer.

And now the evening shadows gather,
I've seen the sun's departing ray ;
It burnished up old Dupplin's towers,
And shone on birks of Invermay.

It glinted on the braes of Gask,
It purpled Earn's dark blue stream,
It shed a glory 'mang the groves,
Where "Nairne" used to muse and dream.

O, pleasant land, O fruitful vale,
I see thy fields of waving corn,
The fragrance of thy summer flowers,
Upon the evening breeze is borne.

The blackbird sits upon the bough,
And sings to Heaven his parting lay ;
The craik and beetle bee unite,
And saftest gloaming shrouds the day.

O Nairne, Queen of Scottish song,
Thy "Land o' Leal" falls on mine ear,
As if an angel's harp sent forth
Its dulcet music, soft and clear.

The poet's song, the flowers and birds
That wont to charm in youthful prime ;
Your echoes float around me still,
Sublimely o'er the sands of time.

I know this land is fair and young,
And kindly voices greet mine ears ;
But Scotia, we have parted been
By the wild waves for thirty years.

Yet still I love thee all the same,
 And my last wish to heaven shall be,
 May choicest blessings still be poured,
 My country, upon thine and thee.

And on thy banks, my beauteous Earn.
 Thy sunny banks so fair and high,
 While calm descend life's evening shades,
 There let me live, there let me die.

Near the murmur of thy waters,
 By thy wavelets ever bright,
 I could lay me down in peace,
 And calmly bid the world good-night.

ODE TO ONONDAGA.

O Time, with thy sunshine and shadow,
 How swiftly thy years have rolled on ;
 I have lived in this beautiful valley
 Till I find that my life's nearly gone.
 Yet a truce with this thinking and thinking
 Of what the dark future may bring,
 For I'll sing thee a song Onondaga,
 Be't the last that I ever shall sing.

O June, with thy green leaves and roses,
 A heart's glowing welcome to thee,
 For now I can climb up Dunedin,*
 The gorgeous landscape to see.
 O lake, with thy blue rolling waters,
 O city, so young and so fair,
 O vale, with thy trees and green meadows,
 And hills, how enchanting ye are.

When the dark night closed scowling around us,
 On the storm tossed Atlantic I have been,
 I've stood among crowds in great cities,
 And far foreign lands I have seen.
 The river, the cataract, and mountain,
 Forgetting I'd leave all behind,
 While visions of fair Onondaga
 Unbidden would rise in my mind.

When war with its wildest commotions
 Went stalkng abroad through our land,
 Thy sons left thy hills and thy valleys
 To fight at their country's command.
 There are graves scattered over Virginia,
 There are memories of dark Tennessee,

* The name of a knoll on Mr Nelson's property.

And dreams from the camp fires of Lookout,
Of loved ones and dear homes in thee.

I'm no poet to sing of thy maidens,
No painter thy landscape to draw ;
No botanist to tell of thy flowers,
No critic to find out a flaw ;
But in thee I've been healthy and happy,
I wish it were only life's spring ;
So I owe'd the a song, Onondaga,
Be it the last that I ever shall sing.



MARION MACPHAIL.

We do not bring this blind poetess before the world as a literary prodigy, like Dr Thomas Blacklock the poet, or Prescott the historian, both of whom were also blind; but for meek resignation to her painful lot, for unobtrusive, sincere piety, and undoubting and unquestioning faith she is a bright example in an age of rationalistic leanings and disturbing doubt.

Born in the beautiful village of Dundonald, in the west of Ayrshire, on 15th August 1817, she was early brought under religious impressions by the influence of her humble, pious father, who died when she had arrived at the age of thirteen. Owing to some disease of the eyes and head, she lost both sight and hearing. Till then she had been remarkable for her beauty, of which she became a little vain. When gazing on her face as reflected in the lade which flowed through the factory at the bridge of Weir, where she was then employed, she would say to herself, "there's not a prettier face in all the village." It is her full belief that God has afflicted her in the way He has seen fit to do, "to cure her of that vanity which might have led her far astray."

After leaving the hospital, she resided for a time at the village of Doura, a little way from the town of Irvine, and afterwards in that busy seaport, living by herself, and able not only to do her own household work, but even to perform the work of a laundress. Lately she has gone to reside in Glasgow, and there she passes much of her time in prayer, and in the perusal of her Bible (in raised characters), as has been long her custom. Although she has been deaf for many years, "she can still speak correctly, and with musical intonation." In her darkness and loneliness she has long taken pleasure in composing verses, which are all of a religious kind, and although none of them display much of the *afflatus* of

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,"

still, considering her circumstances and want of education, they are surprising productions.

In 1882 a little volume of her "Religious Poems", was published by Mr Charles Murchland, of Irvine, prefaced by a most interesting and well-written "Account of the Life and Trials of the Authoress," by the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, D.D., Glasgow.

S U B M I S S I O N .

Whate'er my God shall choose for me,
I know 'tis for the best ;
Although the world should from me flee,
In Jesus I am blest.

And now these mortal eyes of mine
To present things are dim ;
But still with me His candle shines,
And I am safe in him.

These mortal ears are also closed,
Close-barred to sense and sound ;
But I my trust in Thee repos'd,
When I my Saviour found.

When earthly friends and comfort fail
To cheer this heart of mine,

Lord, let me not my lot bewail,
And let me not repine.

I need not seek Arabia's sand,
In search of pearl or palm ;
I go to my Immanuel's land,
The land of Gilead's balm.

Enduring treasures there to find,
And there from sin set free,
My soul shall in His likeness shine,
Who shed His blood for me.

With patience, then, a little while
I'll wait His high command ;
For He doth cheer me on my way,
And bears me by the hand.

O draw me closer, Lord, to Thee ;
Hide me beneath Thy wing,
Until Thy heavenly courts I see,
And of Thy glory sing.

J E S U S .

He is my Husband, Shepherd, Friend,
The Saviour I adore,
Who by His daily providence
Hath made my cup run o'er.

He is my sight and hearing too,
My bright and morning star,
And by the glory of His light
I see my home afar.

For this is not my resting place
When earthly days are done ;
There is a home prepared for me
Beyond both star and sun.

Lord, when at last my hour is come
To leave this world of strife,
O take my feeble, dying hand
And lead me into life.

T H E B I B L E .

Holy Book ! be my companion,
While I walk this vale of tears ;
Be my chart to yonder mansion,
Where I'll live through endless years.

Source of sweetest consolation !
Blessings from thy pages flow ;
Thou canst cheer the broken-hearted—
Thou hast balm for every woe.

Fountain pure of truth and knowledge,
Daily will I drink of thee,
Till I reach the crystal river—
Till my Saviour's face I see.



WILLIAM MACINTOSH, M.A.

WILLIAM MACINTOSH is a native of Aberdeen; where he was born in 1854. His education at the Grammar School and University was afterwards supplemented by travelling on the continent. It was intended that he should study for the ministry, but this idea was abandoned. Mr Pitman, of Bath, invited him to become his secretary, and the invitation was accepted. This was in 1874. The situation, however, did not prove congenial, and after a few months' residence in England he returned to the north, and taught for a short time in a country school, studying meanwhile for the Government Teachers' Certificate Examination, which he passed in due course.

In 1875, Mr Macintosh became Assistant Master in the Upper School of Madras Academy, Cupar Fife, where he remained till 1878, when he was appointed Headmaster of Inchmarlo Public School, Banchory-Ternan. During the same year he was also elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, of which Prince Leopold is President. After being four years at Inchmarlo he removed to the banks of the classic Tweed, and he is now Principal of Maitland House, Kelso, an establishment for the

board and education of young ladies, and which is of excellent reputation as a select high class school.

Mr Macintosh was an ardent advocate of spelling reform, and contributed papers to various short-hand magazines and periodicals. He also for some time conducted a shorthand magazine, called the *Literary Enterprise*. In 1880 he published "Through Doubt's Dark Vale, a few Thoughts on the Being of God in Relation to Modern Difficulties," in 1881 a "History of Scotland in Rhyme," with notes, &c., which is becoming largely used in schools—a work of a very attractive nature, the lines being short and easily committed to memory, while the notes are skilfully arranged, and exceedingly compact and important. He has also contributed a number of translations from the German poets, and there is announced for publication a volume of these translations entitled "Echoes of Song from the German Fatherland." Our poet has also in preparation a volume of lectures and sermons, which have been delivered from various pulpits.

Mr Macintosh's prose works are evidently the result of much careful research and enlightened thought. As remarked by one of his critics, "they manifest not only an extensive acquaintance with the theological thought of the age, but with its poetic literature." This might also be said of his poems. They combine deep-hearted Christian earnestness with smoothness of versification. His views of life are sound and healthy, and all his productions are evidently the offspring of a cultured, earnest, and loving nature. The samples we give of his "translations" also evince fine taste and accurate scholarship.

O SLEEP, MY HEART.

From the German of Ruckert.

O sleep, my heart, in peace !
 The weary eye-lid of each flower
 Has felt the night's refreshing power.

O sleep, my heart, in peace !
 While all life sleeps, yon wakeless moon
 Is now God's eye in night's still noon.

O sleep, my heart, in peace !
 From fear and grief set free : who fends
 Great worlds, o'er one heart also bends.

O sleep, my heart, in peace !
 Faith-fortressed thou from evil dreams,
 While hope shines down in joyous gleams.

O sleep, my heart, in peace !
 If death this night should thee o'ertake,
 In the sunny land beyond thou'l wake.

SUMMER.

Sweet Summer, fair daughter of Spring,
 Laden with hope which flowerets bring :
 We saw thee coming day by day,
 We saw thee lingering by the way ;
 Thy glorious advent now we see,
 And grateful hearts are greeting thee.
 The bursting buds are beauteous flowers,
 The pale blue sky no tempest lowers—
 All Nature is rejoicing.

Her dress is one of emerald hue,
 And flowers begemmed with silv'ry dew,
 Upon her breast in clusters grow,
 All varied as the heavenly bow.
 The daisy wee and lily fair
 With others vie in beauty there ;
 The blushing rose love tales conceals,
 Yet maiden-like her love reveals ;
 Th' auricula, with crystal eye,
 Weeps : Love is false, yet not am I ;
 Of rich, deep thoughts the pansies tell,
 On which the poets love to dwell—
 On all the sun throws glory.

Bright birds make love on every spray,
 The merry linnet tunes his lay,

And warbles forth his meed of praise
 To Him who gives these golden days ;
 The blackbird's blithesome song I hear,
 The echoes sounding far and near
 Declare the songster's power to trill
 A song of love or praise at will ;
 The heavenly dowered nightingale
 Enchants the wood and charms the vale ;
 Th' inspiring lark soars through the skies—
 Ambitious bird, to win some prize—
 Thrilling the vaults of heaven.

Sing on, sweet birds, while summer's nigh !
 Shine glorious sun, and glad each eye !
 Sweet flowers diffuse your fragrance now,
 For soon your stately heads must bow.
 Sing love, shine love, and love diffuse ;
 Sing truth, shine truth, and truth transfuse ;
 Sing sweetest peace to every mind—
 Love, peace, and truth to all mankind !
 Hail, triune of a royal line,
 Long may your virtues purely shine !
 Love, peace, and truth twine round each heart,
 Like loving sisters, loath to part.
 Come, trinity of hope divine,
 And to thyself all hearts incline !
 O come and ease the soul's unrest !
 O come and calm the troubled breast !
 All nature sings, yet man is sad ;
 Dispel the gloom, each heart make glad !

S P R I N G.

O ne'er, methinks, does Nature look
 So lovely as in yonth,
 Fresh from the great Creator's hands,
 With childhood's stamp of truth.

See bursting buds among our feet,
 And softening skies o'erhead,
 And feathered fairies all around
 Arise as from the dead.

As one, with liberal hand and free,
 Her bounteous gifts might fling,
 So, maiden-like, thus trips along
 The gracious form of Spring.

She decks the leafless trees with buds,
 And stirs the mountain streams,
 And woos the early flowers to life
 With sunshine's fitful gleams.

She whispers hope for future days,
 And strength for years of strife,
 And faith and love, man needs so much,
 To smooth his chequered life.

And could we read her story well,
 And watch the shadows pass,
 From morning clouds, now dark, now light,
 That steal along the grass.

The shade and sunshine of our life
 Are limned by Nature there,
 Its joys and sorrows, radiant hopes,
 Its clouds of dark despair.

And as the Spring clouds glide along,
 And pass beyond our view,
 O do they not suggest to us
 The life that's ever new ?

And fairer as they farther stretch
 In heaven eternal throned,
 O do they not reveal to us
 Unending life beyond ?

O LOVE AS LONG AS THOU CANST LOVE !

(From the German of Freiligrath.)

O love as long as thou canst love !
 O love with fervour deep !
 The time will come, the time will come,
 When o'er a grave thou'l weep.

O with affection's sacred fire,
 Let thy heart ever glow,
 And when one heart beats true to thine,
 Let thine with love o'erflow.

To him who opes his breast to thee,
 Leal-hearted ever be,
 And turn each hour of his to joy,
 Thus make his sadness flee.

Guard well thy tongue—an unkind word
 Is oft unthinking said—
 O God ! it was not meant for harm,
 Yet through his heart it sped.

O love as long as thou canst love !
 O love with fervour deep !
 The time will come, the time will come,
 When o'er a grave thou'l weep.

Thou'l kneel upon the new-made grave,
 With breaking heart and weep—
 Ah ! nevermore thou'l see that friend,
 Who sleeps his last long sleep.

Thou'l cry : “ O Love, look down and see
 Who weeps here at thy grave—
 O God ! it was not meant for harm,
 Forgiveness, O I crave !

Alas ! he cannot see nor hear !
 Forever from thee riven !
 The oft pressed lips will never say
 The past was long forgiven.

Yes, he forgave thee long ago,
 But hot tears often fell,
 For thee, and for thy thoughtless word,
 But hush ! he sleeps—’tis well.

O love as long as thou canst love !
 O love with fervour deep !
 The time will come, the time will come,
 When o'er a grave thou'l weep.

I THINK OF THEE.

From the German of Matthisson.

I think of thee,
 When nightingales'
 Sweet songs pervade
 The leafy glade—
When are thy thoughts of me ?

I think of thee
 Where twilight folds
 Her evening wings,
 By shady springs—
Where are thy thoughts of me ?

I think of thee
 With strange sweet pain,
 With longing fear,
 With burning tear—
How are thy thoughts of me ?

O think of me,
 Till we are one,
 In heaven's fair home—
 Where'er I roam,
 I'll think alone of thee.

JOHN WILLIS MASON,

BORN in Edinburgh, is the author of many sketches of places of historic interest, both in prose and verse, as well as of lengthy and well-sustained poems of a philosophic and reflective nature, which evince considerable force and beauty. After attending several of the best schools in his native city, Mr Mason completed his education in England. In his young days he was an ardent and receptive reader, and thus founded his strong and lasting love of literature. His writings have appeared in magazines and newspapers chiefly within the last fifteen years, but he commenced his literary efforts, about 1850, when a mere boy. He then suddenly shone out as an *author* in one of the Edinburgh papers, greatly to the astonishment of his mother and family, who began to look upon him as a kind of genius, and to hope, of course, that he would soon equal Burns or Shakespeare, or "baith," as a quaint old lady relative rather sarcastically remarked at the time. He is a devoted and intelligent lover of Nature and art, and he has visited almost every beautiful place in Scotland and England. Mr Mason resided some twelve years in England, and at present leads a quiet, retiring life amongst his books, flowers, and birds, and in the midst of the beautiful and varied scenery around Edinburgh. As he says, "he has a million of magnificent coloured photographs (eye stereoscopes, he calls them) of cathedrals and castles, hill and dale, sea, and moorland, and mountain, stored up within his memory, and ever present at will to his love and contemplation." Every thing he writes bears evidence of a cultivated intellect, a contemplative mind, and pleasing powers of expression.

BONNIE BONALY.

O Bonnie Bonaly is bonnie I ween,
 Sae bonnie wi' hills in their purple and green ;
 Braw bonnie wi' heather, and bonnie wi' burn,
 And bonnie, oh bonnie, whaurever ye turn.

Sae bonnie its mountains, and bonnie its trees,
 Sae crystal its water, and caller its breeze ;
 And bonnie the rocks, and the bonnie red steeps,
 Oh bonnie the hills in their grand swelling sweeps.

Sae bonnie wi' gowans like snow on the dell,
 And bonnie wi' thyme and wi' bonnie blue bell ;
 And bonnie the whaup and the grouse when they rise
 Wi' a whistle and birr to the bonnie blue skies.

And bonnie the sunlight that glints on the wold,
 And bonnie the gorse wi' its bloomin's o' gold ;
 And bonnie the red and the purple and grey,
 Where the bonnie wee burnie rins wimplin' away.

And bonnie the sheep and wee lambies at play,
 In ilka green howe and on ilka green brae ;
 And bonnie the birdies that skim through the blue,
 And whistle Bonaly sae bonnie to you.

And bonnie the sunsets in opal and gold,
 Ben-Ledi, Ben-Lomond, in ruby enrolled ;
 And bonnie the twilight like silver on high,
 And a pale yellow ocean all round in the sky.

And bonnie the tempest that broods in the west,
 And climbs up the sky and each far mountain crest ;
 Oh bonnie the black cloud and bonnie the flash,
 When the lightning and thunder leap out in a crash.

And bonnie the winter, oh bonnie the snow
 That whitens the mountains and a' doon below ;
 And bonnie the fir-trees when, naked and torn,
 They toss oot their branches and wrestle the storm.

Yes, Bonnie Bonaly is bonnie, I ween,
 A' bonnie wi' mountains, gold, purple, and green ;
 Braw bonnie wi' heather, wi' gorse, and wi' burn,
 And bonnie, oh bonnie, whaurever ye turn.

A PLOUGHMAN'S ELEGY.

Here lies an honest ploughman, who thro' life
 Served God and country, loved his home and wife ;
 Brought up his children well, in truth and love,
 And now hath gone to dwell in fields above ;

His spirit kind, is perfected and blest,
While here his body sleeps in peace and rest.

He lived as worthy ploughman
All his life. Day, eve, and morn,
He tilled the earth, and did this vale adorn
With crops of waving wheat, of golden corn ;
He heard the lark, the swallow, and the dove,
Yea, all the birds, which do discourse of love,
Sing praises to the Master Husbandman above.

He drove the harrow and the plough,
The roller and machines, for fifty years ;
With courage and endurance he did bow
His strength upon the soil, 'mid sun or rain.
He gave his labours for the precious grain.
Others ploughed seas profound,
But he, with patient skill,
Drew long and silent furrows all around
The fields beside this hill.
He loved each spreading field ;
He joyed to see them generously yield
Their rich inheritance of green and gold,
In grain which bursted forth an hundred fold ;
His labours thousands fed,
But gave him only life and homely bread.

His horses were his pride, and well he loved
With them to plough, to climb the open hill
And stretching lea, to mark the glistering earth,
The chasing clouds, the sunbursts glad between ;
To see the changeful aspects of the hills,
Now grey, or blue, or green, or touched with mist,
Or glowing heather's purple amethyst ;
To hear the twittering swallows fly around,
To note the trees with golden buds abound,
With fairy greens, and still more sober tints,
Till autumn changed to russet, gold, and red,
And winter snow enshrouded all as dead,
While robin piped his solitary song,
The sole survivor of the tuneful throng,
From snow-encrusted trees, which one short night
Had changed to coral forests of delight,
As if Queen Mab had built her fairy bower
Of frosted silver in a magic shower.

And so John ploughed, clod braked,
Sowed, harrowed, rolled,
Drew furrows long, " set up " his furrows oft,
As boy, and youth, and man, still growing old,
In converse with God's creatures manifold,
Until we counted, as his yearly marching,
Five hundred miles beneath God's azure arching ;

So that in fifty years he thus had driven
 Round all the world, upon his road to Heaven.
 Our sailors are ship-carried oft that way,
 But our brave ploughman walked it day by day.

And thus John lived and laboured, as few can,
 Till he approached the limit of life's span,
 Near seventy years allotted unto man,
 Without the illness of a single day,
 Until his strength did suddenly give way :
 He felt his life was ebbing, nearly done,
 His long and noble labours, like the sun
 Round all the vast equator, now had run.
 He "lowsed" his horses, lowsed for the last time,
 Took to his home awhile in calm decline,
 As sinks the valiant sun into his rest,
 In all the glories of the glowing west ;
 He said "Good-bye" to children and to wife,
 And God, the Master "lowsed" his worthy life.

GOOD NIGHT.

I last bade thee "Good night,"—the last of three—
 I said "Good night" to two, but felt it all to thee ;
 Why did I speak thee last ? but that thy word,
 "Good night," might to me carol like a bird
 Upon my homeward way. Was it absurd ?
 Nay, dearest one,—to me what sweet delight,
 If each glad day could end with thy "Good night."

THE TEACHER.

I saw a florist bending o'er the earth,
 In patient toil, with loving hand and brain,
 Till his glad soul broke out in songs of mirth
 To see the bright reward of all his pain.

For of the many flowers he loving tended,
 A few expanded to resplendent bloom ;
 While one had tints so rare and finely blended,
 It sprang immortal from its earthly tomb.

And thus the Teacher trains His human flowers,
 With awful sense of shaping souls divine ;
 Watching each blossom ope its mental powers,
 Till all in beauty or perfection shine.

Then the Great Master stretches forth his hand,
 "This flower is not for time, but lives for ever ;"
 And so He lifts it to the shining land
 Of the bright angels and the crystal river !

TAM O' SWANSTON.

Lines on the stone statue of Tam o' Shanter (or Tam o' Swanston) at Swanston House, on the Pentland Hills, near Edinburgh. The statue is supposed to be by Forrest, the self-taught sculptor; and its foot, which had been broken off by some children climbing upon it to have a shuggy-shee (or shaggy-shoe), was repaired on 3rd October 1882.

Here Tam o' Swanston stands alane,
And tak's his sneeshin on his stane,
And bids ye welcome to his hame,
At cosy, sunny Swanston.

He sits for years and years thegither,
He heeds nae frost, nor wind, nor weather,
But *thinks* and gazes oot for ever,
Frae kind and couthy Swanston.

For ever, in the sun or storm,
We see his braid and buirdly form,
Wi' left hand grippin' mull or horn,
Aneath the trees at Swanston.

His richt hand rests above the ither,
Wi' thumb and finger pinched thegither,
To haud his snuff, or tak' anither,
To please his neb, at Swanston.

He'll crack on everything by turns,
On craps or pigs, on cheese or churns,
Or spout I screed frae Robbie Burns,
Frae aff his throne at Swanston.

Wi' roond Scotch bannet on his croon,
Braw siller buckles on his shoon,
As Covenanter, he sits doon,
At rare auld-fashioned Swanston.

Like Scottish laird in cut o' claes,
Fine breeks and garters he displays,
Lang-knitted hose to hap his taes
Against the cauld at Swanston.

An' richt aneath his foremaist foot,
His wee "Mons Meg" is peepin' oot,
Aye ready ony rogues to shoot,
Or gliff the crows at Swanston.

On stormy nichts he mak's a mane,
Wi' grief his kind heart's turned to stane,
For a' his cronies deed and gane,
Frae bonny braes o' Swanston.

Sic sorrows cut him to the bane,
Tho' petrified he feels the pain,

And sae he sits fu' sad and lane,
And sometimes *greets* at Swanston.

For when the awfu' tempest wakes,
And to its roar the mountain shakes ;
When Aller-muir is screaming loud,
Wi' head and shoulders in the cloud :
When bairnies by the cottage fire,
In terror crouch around their sire ;
In fearsome nights, when sheep are bleatin',
When snaw, and rain, and hail are sleetin',
Then auld wives cry, " Puir Tam is *greetin'*
For a' his freends," at Swanston.

Some weans climb'd up his foot and knee,
In hopes his foot wad wag awee,
But Tammy kicked it aff wi' glee,
And spilt the weans at Swanston.

For he was deep in meditation
On sheep and kye, and botheration,
And kindly thochts o' Scottish nation,
On his high brae at Swanston.

He thocht o' lairdies like himself',
Wha for their honest freedom fell,
As Rullion's bluidy green can tell,
An' no far aff frae Swanston.

The wives and weans were sair put oot,
To find that Tam had cast his foot ;
It amait turned them inside oot,
For love o' Tam o' Swanston.

They brocht the mason doctor in,
To feel his pulse and mend his skin,
To stick a plaister on the shin
O' puir auld Tam o' Swanston.

Jock chloroform'd puir Tammy's heed,
Gin he should yell or muckle bleed,
Then poulticed on his foot indeed,
Wi' fine cement at Swanston.

Jock used carbolic acid too,
To growe the flegsh quite clean and new ;
'Twud anti-septic ony soo,
If soos there were at Swanston.

Three cheers for that maist skilfu' slater,
Wha acted as the surgeon cratar',
He's fitted on the foot like natur',
To crouse auld Tam o' Swanston.

We propp'd the foot up wi' a log,
 Then gie'd him plenty broth and prog,
 And finished up wi' glass o' grog,
 To warm his wame at Swanston.

Hurrah for Tam ! he didna feel,
 He didna bleed, he didna squeal,
 And noo he's hale frae heed to heel,
 At blithe and bonny Swanston.

Three cheers for Swanston's Seven Ladies,
 To guard auld wives and little maidies,
 And a' the men, and boys, and babies,
 Sae grand at Scaur o' Swanston.

Hurrah for Swanston and its sclithers,
 Its bonny lasses, canty mithers,
 Where honest folk a' live like brithers,
 In happy, loving Swanston.



JOHN REID,

RAILWAY DETECTIVE, was born in 1838 at Glengairn, near Balmoral Castle. On receiving a limited education, he left the Glen, joined the Aberdeen city police, and afterwards the Leith police force. About fourteen years ago he became one of the detectives in the service of the North British Railway Company, at Glasgow, which office he has held ever since. Mr Reid frequently appears in the "Poet's Corner" of several newspapers. He seems to possess inherent poetic fancy, and while several of his poems and songs are on ennobling soul-stirring historical themes, treated with power and spirit, he sings warm and tender fire-side lilts in couthie Doric, and with such natural power as must find responsive echoes in the Scottish heart.

The following is a pleasing and graphic description of a rural lodging-house, kept by kind-hearted auld

Lauchie Broon. A motley group is seated round the ingle cheek, brawny tinkers are making horn spoons and tin kettles, while some are playing the bagpipes, and others are singing :—

Can I forget the beggar bodies,
Wi' mealy bags and torn duddies,
And some o' them wi' carts and cuddies
 On the green,
Or campit in the birken woodies,
 They might be seen.

They cam' frae a' the country roon,
To quarter wi' auld Lauchie Broon,
Mony a stoot an' sturdy loon,
 And beggar rare,
Auld Lauchie thocht it aye a boon
 To hae them there.

They sat them roon' the ingle cheek,
Half hidden 'mang the smoke and reek,
And collie, puir beast, pat and sleek,
 Lay at their feet,
For news they hadna far to seek,
 Nor sangs so sweet.

While Lauchie, wi' his silvery hair,
Would sit him in his muckle chair,
Wi' bonnet back an' forehead bare ;
 That furrowed brow
O' Lauchie was a sicht so rare,
 Wi' his white pow.

THE OLD MILLER OF LAGGAN.

The sun had just peep'd o'er the dark hill of Lary,
And chill was the breeze of that bright summer morn,
The muir cock did cower 'mong the dew on the heather
As I mused on the past all alone and forlorn.

The linnets were singing their morning's sweet chorus
 To the song of the laverock far up on high ;
And I heard the rush o' the clear mountain torrent
 As it rolled along with a deep moaning sigh.

A roebuck was bounding to the greenwood of Mulloch,
And the hares were retracing their steps to Belno ;
While an eagle was soaring high high above Maamie,
 And far in the distance the mountains of snow.

All nature was smiling on that clear summer morning,
 The wild flowers were blooming in every green vale ;
 But oh, alas ! how still was the valley,
 As I mused on the silence which there did prevail.

I gazed on the Laggan with its old mill dismantled,
 The hopper was silent, the mill wheel was still,
 The carlew's scream I heard in the distance,
 And the bleat of the lambkins far up on the hill.

The sluices were broken, the mill lade had vanished,
 And the green grass grew at the old miller's door ;
 The house was all hush'd in the deep gloom of silence,
 There was no welcome voice for the wandering poor.

I looked on his workshop, ah, then all in ruins,
 But which still bore the trace of the old miller's hand ;
 Time had not defaced the marks of his chisel,
 Nor the hot iron stamp the mark of its brand.

But the miller was gone, yes, alas, and for ever,
 And the old mill which knew him, shall know him no more,
 A green grassy mound marks the spot where he slumbers,—
 The miller has gone to a far distant shore.

A LEGEND OF KING CANMORE.

I stood when a boy on the green peaks of Morven,
 And mused on the scene spread forth to my view ;
 The sun was descending o'er the snow caped Ben Aven,
 And rays of bright gold on its summits he threw.

Calm was the evening, still was the mountain,
 And deep was the silence in corry and glen ;
 All tumult was hush'd in the stillness of nature,
 So far from the strife and confusion of men.

How peaceful and still was the green tinted meadows,
 Where Dee's rushing torrents rolled on to the sea ;
 The ploughboy had ceased from his toil and his labour,
 And the milk maid her song on the far distant lea.

I mused in deep silence on the shores of Loch Canmore,
 Asleep far beneath in its silvery sheen,
 Where the Dane and the Saxon rushed on to the combat,
 From the dark moor of Dinnet to the top of Culbleen.

Great was the slaughter of Norsemen and Saxon,
 Their bodies lay thick on the heath covered plain ;
 The wolf from his lair crept forth to the banquet,
 And the eagle looked down on the field of the slain.

The heather was dyed with the blood of the Saxon,
 And the gore of the Norsemen lay thick on the field,

The noise and the din and the carnage of battle,
And the clash of the broad sword on helmet and shield.

The wild cry arose that the Saxons were vanquished,
And scattered in flight 'mong the braes of Cromar,
And Malcolm the King on his war horse fast flying
Past steep Craigendorrach, and dark Lochnagar.

Onward he fled through the night's howling tempest,
Through Mar's royal forest and Dee's rushing stream ;
The foam from his bridle was lost in the darkness,
And the fire from the hoofs of his war horse did gleam.

The stag on Craigcunnich bounded through the dark heather,
And the Highlander woke from his sweet pleasant dream;
The roebuck sprang up in the thick wooded forest,
And the nightbird so doleful and eerie did scream.

Ever onward and onward through the gloom of the valley,
To Mar's ancient castle ever onward he fled ;
He was safe from the slaughter, away from the carnage,
And far from the field of the wounded and dead.

How changed now the scenes on the shores of Loch Canmore.
The drawbridge lies mould'ring beneath the dark wave ;
The fortress is gone and the monarch is absent,
And still is the sleep of the Norsemen so brave.

The shepherd lies dreaming on the brow of the mountain,
When the "peesweep" and plover sweep o'er the dark heath ;
Does he see a dim vision of armies approaching,
Or warriors asleep in the valley beneath ?

How peaceful the sleep of our once Danish foemen,
Their bodies lie mould'ring at the foot of Culbleen ;
The dark heather waves o'er the graves of the Saxon,
And a fair Danish princess is heir to our Queen.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD OF DALFAD.

O, cease thy warbling little bird,
Sweet linnet cease thy lay,
And rest awhile on yonder branch,
While here my footsteps stray.
For there beneath the green wood tree,
Where thou hast made thy home,
There sleep the calm and peaceful dead,
There, in the silent tomb.

And there, 'mid crumbling walls decayed
With moss and bracken clad,
There is Clanalpine's resting place,
In the churchyard of Dalfad.

No sculptured monument is there,
 Nor angel's drooping head,
 No marble pillar marks the place
 Of the great and mighty dead.

A mountain slab from yonder crag,
 Of plain and rude design,
 With sand-glass dimly traced thereon,
 To mark the flight of time.
 And on the slab, though roughly cut,
 The letters still are seen,
 Of the ancient name Macgregor changed
 To that of Greirseen.

And in that hallowed grassy mound,
 With head towards the east,
 The tombstone with its cross, proclaims
 The ashes of a priest—
 The ashes of that holy man,
 Now mixed with kindred clay,
 Entombed beneath that grassy mound,
 Till judgment's final day.

All human life is but a span,
 The span, alas, how short,
 The priest, the peasant, and the king,
 Must one and all depart.
 O, cease thy music, minstrel sweet,
 Thy song doth make me sad !
 O, let me muse in silent thought,
 In the churchyard of Dalfad.



JOHN M'DIARMID.

THIS would seem as if the unsurpassed scenery which surrounds Dumfries, with its stirring historical associations, tended much to arouse the poetic sympathies and to fan the poetic fire which lie latent in the bosoms of many of her sons, or of those who had settled in her midst; for strangely enough, as we have before remarked, the editors of her three most able and best-conducted newspapers were all at one time poets. These were Thomas

Aird of the *Herald*, William M'Dowall of the *Standard*, and John M'Diarmid of the *Courier*—the subject of this notice. Of these highly-gifted and truly representative men, Mr M'Dowall now alone remains to us in the land of the living; but both by his fresh and charming poetry and his vigorous and graceful prose, he still most worthily maintains the high literary character of the “Queen of the South,” as Dumfries has not inappropriately been called.

John M'Diarmid was born in Edinburgh in 1790, his father being the Rev. Hugh M'Diarmid, minister of the Gaelic Church, Glasgow. His school days over, he, for a short time, acted as clerk in a counting house in the city of his birth, and afterwards obtained a responsible situation in the Commercial Bank there.

Fond of literature, he early began to contribute articles and poems to the magazines. In his twenty-sixth year, with two other literary friends, he started the *Scotsman* newspaper, leaving, however, the city at that very time to edit the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, which, in his hands, became one of the most popular and successful provincial newspapers in Scotland. In 1837 it became Mr M'Diarmid's own property. All along, however, he devoted himself to a more enduring kind of literature, writing excellent lives of the poets Cowper and Goldsmith, and compiling and writing numerous contributions for “The Scrap Book.” In 1830 appeared his “Sketches from Nature,” a charming, racy work. He also wrote a life of William Nicholson, the wandering Galloway poet, and contributed a capital account of the burgh to “The Picture of Dumfries.” His poems were never published separately, but were from time to time contributed to several magazines.

Mr M'Diarmid died at Dumfries in 1852, in the sixty-third year of his age, and all the south of Scotland mourned his loss, for he was widely known, and was beloved by all who knew him. He was the

friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott in the closing years of that great man; and he was also the friend and valued adviser of the widow of Robert Burns, and at her death he became her executor.

As a literary man, Mr M'Diarmid was ready and acute, rather than profound. He possessed an unfailing fund of anecdote, and his wit and humour were always fresh, racy, and flowing. Mr William M'Dowall, whom we have already referred to, in his inimitable "History of Dumfries," thus refers to Mr M'Diarmid as an editor and a *littérateur*:—"It was not the bare news itself, abundant as that was, which made the *Courier* so popular; but it was the style of the composition—so easy, quaint, and mellifluous—that helped to make it a general favourite. Mr M'Diarmid was a thorough master of the literary amenities. His style was usually quiet, playful, and florid; and it was so frequently the fitting vehicle of droll stories regarding prodigies in the earth, air, and waters, or in the fertile fancy of the editor, that the paper became famous for its wonderful paragraphs, and was eagerly read by all lovers of the marvellous." Having the kindest of hearts, he was the truest of friends; and though his niche in the Temple of Fame may not be very lofty, it is in the highest degree honourable, and it is all that he ever aspired to, for his desire and ambition were more to be useful and to do good in his day than to secure for his memory any lasting renown. The following most touching story, which we quote from Mr M'Diarmid's memoir, by his sons, shows the true character of the man, and the kindly acts which it was his delight to perform:—"About eighteen years before his death a poor wandering female, carrying a baby in her arms, begged a night's lodging at a farm house not far from Dumfries. She was sheltered in an outhouse, and in the morning the mother was found cold in death, and the

living infant still clinging to her bosom ! His heart was touched by such a tale. He related it simply and affectingly, and in the London papers it met the eye of a lady of rank, then mourning the loss of an only daughter. She made inquiry if the little orphan was a female, and this happily being the case, she determined at once to adopt it. Though names were carefully concealed, that the child might never, in after life, learn its origin, the most respectable references were given to the parish authorities, who gladly gave up the child ; and being carried to London, she was baptised into the Church of England with much ceremony, and became one of the members of a fashionable family ! ”

E V E N I N G .

Hush, ye songsters ! day is done ;
 See how sweet the setting sun
 Gilds the welkin's boundless breast,
 Smiling as he sinks to rest ;
 Now the swallow down the dell,
 Issuing from her noontide cell,
 Mocks the deftest marksman's aim,
 Jumbling in fantastic game :
 Sweet inhabitant of air,
 Sure thy bosom holds no care ;
 Not the fowler full of wrath,
 Skilful in the deeds of death—
 Not the darting hawk on high
 (Ruthless tyrant of the sky !)
 Owns one art of cruelty
 Fit to fell or fetter thee,
 Gayest, freest of the free !

Ruling, whistling shrill on high,
 Where yon turrets kiss the sky,
 Teasing with thy idle din
 Drowsy daws at rest within ;
 Long thou lov'st to sport and spring
 On thy never-wearying wing.
 Lower now 'midst foliage cool,
 Swift thou skimm'st the peaceful pool,
 Where the speckled trout at play,

Rising, shares thy dancing prey,
 While the treach'rous circles swell
 Wide and wider where it fell,
 Guiding sure the angler's arm
 Where to find the puny swarm ;
 And with artificial fly,
 Best to lure the victim's eye,
 Till, emerging from the brook,
 Brisk it bites the barbed hook ;
 Struggling in the unequal strife,
 With its death, disguised as life,
 Till it breathless beats the shore,
 Ne'er to cleave the current more !

Peace ! creation's gloomy queen,
 Darkest Night invests the scene !
 Silence, Evening's handmaid mild,
 Leaves her home amid the wild,
 Tripping soft with dewy feet
 Summer's flowery carpet sweet,
 Morpheus—drowsy power—to meet.
 Ruler of the midnight hour,
 In thy plentitude of power,
 From this burthen'd bosom throw
 Half its leaden load of woe.
 Since thy envied art supplies
 What reality denies,
 Let thy cheerless suppliant see
 Dreams of bliss inspired by thee—
 Let before his wand'ring eyes
 Fancy's brightest visions rise—
 Long-lost happiness restore,
 None can need thy bounty more.

M Y F A I T H F U L S O M E B O D Y .

When day declining gilds the west,
 And weary labour welcomes rest,
 How lightly bounds this beating breast
 At thought of meeting somebody.
 My fair, my faithful somebody,
 My fair, my faithful somebody ;
 When sages with their precepts show,
 Perfection is unknown below,
 They mean, except in somebody.
 Her lovely looks, sae kind and gay,
 Are sweeter than the smiles of day,

And milder than the morn of May
 That beams on bonnie somebody.
 My fair, &c.

'Twas but last eve, when wand'ring here,
 We heard the cushat cooing near,
 I softly whispered in her ear.
 " He woos, like me, his somebody."
 My fair, &c.

With crimson cheek the fair replied,
 " As seasons change, he'll change his bride ;
 But death alone can e'er divide
 From me the heart of somebody."
 My fair, &c.

Enrapt I answer'd, " Maid divine,
 Thy mind's a model fair for mine ;
 And here I swear I'll but resign
 With life the love of somebody."
 My fair, &c.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

I cannot weep, yet I can feel
 The pangs that rend a parent's breast ;
 But ah ! what sighs or tears can heal
 Thy griefs, and wake the slumberer's rest ?

What art thou, spirit undefined,
 That passest with man's breath away,
 That giv'st him feeling, sense, and mind,
 And leav'st him cold, unconscious clay ?

A moment gone, I look'd, and, lo !
 Sensation throb'd through all her frame ;
 Those beamless eyes were raised in woe ;
 That bosom's motion went and came.

The next, a nameless change was wrought,
 Death nipt in twain life's brittle thread,
 And, in a twinkling, feeling, thought,
 Sensation, motion,—all were fled !

Those lips will never more repeat
 The welcome lesson conn'd with care ;
 Or breathe at even, in accents sweet,
 To Heaven the well-remembered prayer !

Those little hands shall ne'er essay
 To ply the mimic task again,
 Well pleased, forgetting mirth and play,
 A mother's promised gift to gain !

That heart is still—no more to move,
 That cheek is wan—no more to bloom,
 Or dimple in the smile of love,
 That speaks a parent's welcome home.

And thou, with years and sufferings bow'd,
 Say, dost thou least this loss deplore ?
 Ah ! though thy wailings are not loud,
 I fear thy secret grief is more.

Youth's griefs are loud, but are not long ;
 But thine with life itself shall last ;
 And age shall feel each sorrow strong,
 When all its morning joys are past.

'Twas thine her infant mind to mould,
 And leave the copy all thou art ;
 And sure the wide world does not hold
 A warmer or a purer heart !

I cannot weep, yet I can feel
 The pangs that rend a parent's breast ;
 But, ah ! what sorrowing can unseal
 Those eyes, and wake the slumberer's rest ?



ROBERT WRIGHT HAY,

EUTHOR of many well-conceived and admirably wrought-out poetical effusions, was born of Scotch parents at Sandhurst, Australia, in 1861. Failing health necessitated the return of his mother, along with her children, to Scotland in 1869. The family settled at St Andrews, and Robert received his early education at Madras College, where he was said to be "an all-round good scholar, always dux in English classes." When thirteen years of age he

was apprenticed to a chemist, and remained at that business during six years. He, however, always had an ardent wish to become a minister, and spent his spare time in studying with a view to entering college when circumstances made that practicable. The occupation of these spare hours was pleasantly varied by an occasional indulgence in humble exercises of the Muse—the results appearing in local newspapers bearing the *nom-de-plume* "I.O.G.T." Even then, these productions gave excellent promise—a healthy moral, and at times deeply religious tone underlying each of them, while there was ever present the evidence of the thoughtful reader, the careful student of language, the intelligent observer of natural beauties, and the ability to describe in verse the fair scenes of Nature.

At the age of nineteen, our poet went to Edinburgh, where he obtained a situation as clerk in a wholesale warehouse, with the privilege of being allowed leisure to attend classes at the University. Under this arrangement, Mr Hay has, at the time we write, almost completed his Arts curriculum. Attending classes and clerking during the day—from nine till eight—study had to be confined to the late evening, or rather early morning hours. Mr Hay informs us that his mother died three months after he had entered college. As it was a wise providence which took her, it was a kind providence which delayed the taking—for the thought of gratifying *her* by the success which seemed possible was the main incentive he felt to face the difficulties which appeared to beset the prosecution of University study simultaneously with work of another kind. Notwithstanding such disadvantages, he has taken a good position in his classes. During Professor Blackie's last session in the Greek classes he exchanged poetical greetings with the genial Professor, and he gained a prize for poetical composition ; and

was third prize essayist in Professor Masson's class of Rhetoric and English Literature.

Thus have been created many excellent productions in verse and prose that have appeared in *Chambers's Journal*, the *Fifeshire Journal*, the *People's Friend*, &c. Mr Hay has a vivid yet chaste imagination, ease and felicity of expression, and human-hearted pathos. His verses address themselves to lofty purposes, and are calculated not only to awaken a glow of patriotism and sympathetic feeling, but of elevated thought and pure religion.

LOVE IN ALL.

Name the leaves on all the trees ;
 Name the waves on all the seas,
 All the flow'rs by rill that blow,
 All the myriad tints that glow,
 Winds that wander through the grove—
 And you name the name of Love ;
 Love there is in summer sky,
 As in light of maiden's eye.

Listen to the countless sounds
 In the wind that gaily bounds
 O'er the meads, where, on the wing,
 Bright bees hum and linnets sing ;
 Pat of raindrop, chat of stream,
 Of their song sweet love's the theme ;
 Love there is where zephyr skips,
 As in breath of maiden's lips.

In the west, mild evening glows ;
 Angel fingers fold the rose ;
 Silvery dews begin to fall ;
 Crimson shades to shadow all ;
 Holy Nature veils her face ;
 Earth is lost in heaven's embrace—
 Love is in an hour like this,
 As in guileless maiden's kiss.

Go where, through the voiceless night,
 Trips fair Luna's silver light ;
 Hear of Nature's pulse the beat,
 Like the tread of unseen feet ;
 See from out the lambent north
 Shimmering arrows shooting forth :
 Love is in a meteor's start,
 As in throb of maiden's heart.

Love's the essence of all things ;
 'Tis from love that beauty springs ;
 'Twas by love, creation first
 Into glorious being burst :
 Veiled in maiden's form so fair,
 I do worship thee in her,
 Spirit sweet—all else above—
 Love is God, since God is love !

AT THE WINDOW.

I am resting by the window,
 In this little room of mine ;
 Gazing thro' the tangled branches,
 That about the casement twine.

'Tis a simple, homely picture
 That engages all my thought,
 Yet each tint upon the canvas
 Seems with hidden beauty fraught.

Here a gate is idly swinging
 In the wind, and close beside
 A gnarled old oak, with branches
 O'er the green outstretching wide,

A single bird is flitting
 All about the good old tree ;
 And blue hills gleam in the distance—
 This is the most I see.

Ah ! once when thus a-dreaming,
 How I grumbled at my fate,
 And my feeble will was restless
 As that weary, vexed gate.

My mind was full of yearnings
 'Mong yon blue hills to be free :
 And my wild thoughts led me thither,
 As the lone bird left the tree.

But I found the sky was farther
 From the hill-top than I thought :
 And, tho' weary with much seeking,
 Nothing nearer that I sought ;

And I learned, as new-born longings
 Came my wayward heart to fill,
 Of the wine of discontent, the more
 You drink, the more you will.

So I'm resting by the window,
 And the bird is in its nest,
 And my heart has sweet contentment,
 And the creaking gate's at rest.

TOLD TO THE MISSIONARY.

Accident ! Yes, to be sure it was, though I see by the curl on
 your lip
 That another word swims on your thoughts the while, that your
 tongue hasn't courage to grip ;
 Out with it ; 'twill be best if you do, for nothing my blood can
 stir,—
 Tho' I'm weak, to be sure, and you are my friend,—as the
 thought that is thought against her.

Well, forgive me, sir ; I'm hasty, I know, but I've heard it so
 often said
 That 'twas fudge to talk about "accident," tho' 'twas kindly to
 the dead ;
 And that other word,—I won't mention it,—has been used as
 what ought to be ;
 And it's cruel, you know, to both of us, though it wrongs her
 more than me.

Tell you the tale ? Well, yes, I will, tho' I've vowed ne'er to
 tell it again,
 How she fell on the level-crossing, and was killed by the London
 train ;
 And you promise me that you will not laugh if I blubber and
 whine a bit,
 For we drinking men have hearts, you know, and hearts that
 are sometimes grit.

Well, Nance was as sweet and tidy a lass as e'er blessed a poor
 man's life,
 And myself was of all the chaps I know least worthy of such a
 wife,—
 I'm honest you see, for I know my faults, and there's nothing
 now to win,
 But much to lose, if your Gospel's true, by trying to hide one's
 sin.

We'd been married some years, and a chubby boy grew up by
 Nance's side :
 She couldn't see much in me to love, but he was his mother's
 pride,
 And the wean and the home were kept by Nance, for I hadn't a
 thought to spare
 From the cards and the pub., while my love was spent and my
 money too down there.

I'd been drinking three weeks, and Nance hadn't work, and the victuals were wearing done,
 When the cruel fever came into our street, and seized on our little son ;—
 (That's his picture there ; he was three years old ; don't you think him a pretty child ?
 He's Nance all o'er ; that's her lip, her eye, her dimple too when she smiled.)

Well, she watched by his cot while the fever grew, and his cheek was hot and red,
 Till the moment came she had dreaded long, when he wakened and asked for bread,—
 She'd starved herself that the loaf might last, but now she must bear the cry
 Of her darling for bread that she could not give, and had not a copper to buy.

'Twas more than a mother's heart could stand, and she thought of me down there,
 While a copper or two that I spent on drink the life of my child might spare,—
 God pardon me, sir,—and she left the wean (how hard for her to do that)
 And hurried down, through the chilly night, to the sign of the Golden Bat.

I'll never forget how my bosom swelled, as I saw her through the smoke
 Come into the room where we sat at cards, and how like a wife she spoke ;
 There was never a taunt, nor a harsh word said, but she begged as a mother, "Bill,
 Spare me a copper for bread, you might, for Neddy's so hungry and ill."

And I would if I'd had it, I bet you sir, but the last was gone hours before,
 And I wouldn't beg tho' I'd drink off my chums—I'd vowed that o'er and o'er,—
 So I gave her a curse instead, poor child, and she left, looking haggard and pale,
 And the next I heard she'd been killed on the line by the London limited mail.

What brought her there ? 'Twas her grief, you think ? No it wasn't, I tell you again,
 But the level-crossing was short-cut home, and she hurried to reach the wean,
 She guessed what the awful hunger meant when her darling cried for bread,
 And she feared, lest weeping for mother and food, he might weep his little heart dead ;

And then, as she crossed the rails her eyes were blinded with tears like rain,
 And she couldn't see the lights in time of the ramping London train,
 And it crushed her dead,—tho' it wasn't her will 'neath the grinding wheels to fall ;—
 God sent that train, if your preaching's true, and 'twas kindly after all ;

For Neddy was gone ere she reached the inn, and, crushed on the rail, she met
 The angel whose pillow on earth her tears an hour ago had wet ;
 She never knew the loss of him, and that was her greatest fear,
 And mother and child met up in Heaven ere they'd kissed good-bye down here.

.

That's years ago, and I know what you think,—Why didn't I then reform ?
 But tell me, sir, did you e'er see a ship that could tack in the teeth of a storm ?
 And hadn't I then a storm to brave, such a storm as comes to few ?
 And I tell you if drink laid the sorrow on, it helped me to bear it too.

But I'm dying now, and of life beyond the grave you've come to tell,
 And it's hard that the sin which estranged us here should divorce us there as well ;
 Pardon for prayer is given, you say, and, although I don't quite see how,
 If you'll prop me up I'll pray a bit—it's time to believe it now.

'TIS THEN I'D CHOOSE TO DIE.

It is recorded of Mrs Hemans, the author of that lyric gem, "The Voice of Spring," that, writing to a friend on an occasion of bereavement, she said :—" Poor A. H. is to be buried to-morrow. With the bright sunshine laughing around, it seems more sad to think of ; yet, if I could choose when I would wish to die, it should be in spring—the influence of that season is so strangely depressing to my heart and frame.' As a strange coincidence, Mrs Hemans died in the spring of 1835.

" I'd choose to die when the gentle spring
 Is lighting the fields with green,
 When the air is full of her quickening breath,
 And the wind is scarce so keen ;
 When the shoots wake up from their winter sleep,
 As the zephyrs hum a strain ;
 When the rills are loosed from their icy bonds,
 And the wild-flowers come again.

As Nature starts into newer life,
 My soul with her would rise
 From the shadowy walks of this wintry clime
 To the beams of its native skies,
 To that life which lasts through an endless spring,
 Where the young flowers fear no blight,
 Where the morn ne'er reaches the fuller day,
 And the full day knows no night.

I'd choose to die when the sky is fair,
 And the virgin earth is glad,
 For then 'tis most that I feel my loss,
 And know that my heart is sad :
 'Tis then that I value this bleak life least,
 And could quit it with ne'er a sigh,—
 Ah, yes!—if a mortal may dare to choose—
 'Tis then I would wish to die !"

'Twas a kindly fate that heard thy wish—
 Dear heart that scarce seemed sad,
 As its lays gushed forth like living streams,
 And made life's lone paths glad ;
 The wished-for spring was not waited long,
 Ere its flowers had o'er thee grown,
 Tho' scarce so fair as the fadeless gems
 That thine own deft hand hadst sown.



A N D R E W H A M I L T O N .

WAS born at Motherwell, in the parish of Hamilton, in 1855. He left school when fifteen years of age, and after assisting his father for some time in the hiring department of his business, he went to Glasgow, where he served three years to Messrs Arthur & Co., the well-known wholesale warehousemen. While there he met with an injury, and had to return home. Mr Hamilton is presently studying for the Church. He has written much that is excellent in prose and poetry—many of his poems and lyrics having appeared in the newspapers and magazines. These indicate a tender and loving mind,

easy and flowing rhyme, and felicitous language. The following is natural and touching—

O W H Y M A U N I D E E ?

O why maun I dee, mither,
 O why maun I dee,
 When the wee birds are warbling
 On ilka bit tree,
 And the fairies sae bonnie
 Are thinking o' me?
 O why maun I dee, mither,
 O why maun I dee?
 When the spring time is tripping
 Over meadow and lea,
 And the skylark is sighing
 Sae waefu' for me,
 O why maun I dee, mither,
 O why maun I dee?
 When the swallows are fleeing
 Across the blue sea,
 And the river is longing
 To ramble wi' me,
 O why maun I dee, mither,
 O why maun I dee?
 When the bonnie wee lambkins
 Are gamboling sae free,
 And the shepherd is waiting
 To pipe unto me,
 O why maun I dee, mither,
 O why maun I dee?
 Could grim death no be tempted
 To let me abee
 Till the spring and her children
 Had charmed me awee?
 O why maun I dee, mither,
 O why maun I dee?
 O thou springtime sae bonnie,
 O earth fu' o' glee,
 O Thou God of all goodness,
 O why maun I dee?

MOTHER.

A flower of thy beauty
 Is wanted in Heaven,
 To border a garden
 That's called Forgiven.

CHILD.

O then I maun dee, mither,
 O then I maun dee,

Tho' the birds and the river
 Are calling on me !
 But its maybe to tell me
 Christ's fairer to see.
 O, yes, I maun dee, mither,
 O, yes, I maun dee, ~~and~~
 For the angels are waiting
 Wi' chariots for me ;
 But tell them I heard them
 Ere death set me free.

B E G G A R W E A N .

I'm comin', mither, comin',
 A wee beggar lassie said,
 As 'mang the freezing snowflakes,
 Her wee wasted form she laid,
 And kissed it for its pureness,
 Ere her bed on it she made.

Yes, I'm comin', for I'm lonely,
 Since ye gar'd me dry my e'e,
 And bade me cease my sabbin',
 For ye wer'na gaun to dee,
 But fa' asleep believing
 In the God o' charity.

Yes, I'm comin', mither, comin',
 For I hae nae lips to kiss,
 Nae frien' to hap my puir wee feet,
 Or to cheer my lonliness,
 Nae broken-hearted mither
 In my murmuring not to bless.

Yes, I'm comin', mither, comin',
 Tho' you'll hardly ken me noo,
 I ance was blythe and bonnie,
 Had form surpassed by few,
 But I'm paler than the snowflakes,
 And my form ye scarce can view.

Yes, I'm comin', mither, comin',
 For I've no to tarry here,
 Tho' the stars shine just as brightly,
 And the moon shines just as clear,
 A puir wee beggar lassie
 May not welcome in the year.

O, I winner when they find me
 If they'll shed a single tear,
 And ca' me puir wee lassie,

As they place me on my bier,
Or wish that they had been by me
When the angel-death drew near.

O, I winner if they'll mind me
When the snowflakes 'gin to fa',
And ilka hedge and hamlet
In white is buskit braw,
If they'll mind the beggar lassie
On sicna nicht was taen awa'.

O, I winner if they'll kiss me,
As they would their ain loved child,
And hope the Shepherd found me,
That I wisna rinnin' wild,
But to my Heavenly Father
Had ere death been reconciled.

But, I'm comin', mither, comin',
That sinless land to see,
Whar nae beggar lassie's hungered,
Nae beggar lassies dee,
Whar a door's aye keepit open
For beggars like to me.

Ay, I'm comin', mither, comin',
Yon bright heavenly crown to gain,
That faith has promised to me,
Tho' a puir wee beggar wean,
For I read it in the Bible,
That for me the Lamb was slain.

THE SNOWDROPS.

O pretty, pretty snowdrops,
The best beloved of spring,
Would I possessed a thousand reeds,
Thy praise alone I'd sing.
You seem so joyful ever,
Know not what 'tis to sigh ;
With you there is no doubting,
No painful dread to die ;
No searching after pleasure,
No punishment for sin ;
No nature prone to evil,
No lustful heart within ;
No eye that dares to covet,
No spirit basely vain ;
For pretty, pretty snowdrops,
God made you free from stain.
But, pretty, pretty snowdrops,
Of this I may be sure—
If God could make thee perfect,

He too can make me pure ;
 He too can wash me whiter,
 Than ever snowdrop seen,
 Or life is not worth living;
 I'd rather flower have been,
 To know no other pleasure,
 But sip the morning dew,
 Than man with all his learning,
 And all his virtues too.

O ! W A E ' S M E.

IN MEMORIAM—LADY HAMILTON, DALZIEL HOUSE.

Oh, wae's me, wae's me, wae's me, was a bonnie birdies sang,
 The warl's grown mair sinfu', or we've dune some grievous wrang ;
 For the messenger o' heaven cam' slippin' by last nicht,
 And took awa' my lady to the land o' endless licht.

Oh, wae's me, wae's me, wae's me, but her friends will miss her
 sair,
 The aged, and the widow, and the orphan, and the puir ;
 For the morning never woke her, nor the evening bade her rest,
 But she aye kept mind the weary, the burdened, and distressed.

Oh, wae's me, wae's me, wae's me, here baith nicht and day I'd
 sing
 A mournfu' lay o' sorrow, if my lady back 'twould bring ;
 But this would be denied me, sae I'll hae to droop and dee,
 For, wantin' her loved presence, life is nought ava to me.

Oh, wae's me, wae's me, wae's me, could a puir wee birdie cry ?
 This sad, sad heart that's breaking would ne'er let my een be
 dry ;
 For the kind, kind soul that loved us, and gave us of her store,
 Will never, never feed us as she fondly did before.

Oh, wae's me, wae's me, wae's me, but this sorrow's hard to bear,
 Mair than we are divining, ay, far mair than we're aware ;
 For when the winter cometh, wi' its keen frost and its snaw,
 We'll no can keep frae minding that oor lady's far awa'.

Oh, wae's me, wae's me, wae's me, would nae ither ane hae dune
 To swell the mighty chorus in the holy choir abune ;
 For its cost us mony a sorrow, its cost us mony a sigh,
 To part wi' a' we kent o' love beneath the bright blue sky.

Oh, wae's me, wae's me, wae's me, but I'm unco lone this nicht,
 I canna see ayont me, for my sorrow dims my sicht ;
 My path has grown mair dreary, and my stay o' life has fled,
 For the only heart that loved me is numbered with the dead.

Oh, wae's me, wae's me, wae's me, when the summer time comes
roon',

My sang will be less blithesome, and my singing oot o' tune ;
The rose will fail to charm me, and the dewdrap fail to bliss,
For death has dried the spring and source o' a' my happiness.



JOHN THOMSON LEVENS

JS a native of Saltcoats, Ayrshire, where he was born in 1862. He early lost both his parents — his father dying at Havannah, Cuba, in his second, and his mother at Saltcoats, when he was in his fourteenth year. He went to London in 1876, completed his education at one of the metropolitan schools, and subsequently served with the London School Board as a pupil teacher. Mr Levens afterwards acted as an assistant teacher at Barrow-in-Furness, and left that town in 1882 for St Andrews, where he attended the first years' classes at the United College. He is presently a student at Glasgow University. In the English Literature Class, 1883, he stood first rank as an essayist, and the theme for English verse in the same session being "some object of natural scenery," Mr Levens' poem on "Ailsa Craig" was judged by Professor Nichol as the best. It is altogether a vigorous poem, and contains many very musical lines and fine analogies—

And thus it greets the trav'ler's eyes,
As 'mid the restless waves it stands,
Like those great pyramids that rise
In silence over Egypt's sands.

Or like an ocean-fortress planned
By Nature's mighty architect,
And set to sentinel the land,
To guard, to strengthen, and protect.

Its bulwarks are of living rock,
 Its walls of adamantine stone ;
 Oft have they stood the tempest's shock,
 And all its host of waves o'erthrown.

When the grim storm-king from the north,
 Careering on the flying breeze,
 The legions of the winds calls forth
 To battle on the wintry seas.

Round Ailsa's rock their war they wage,
 While clouds of foam and sea-spray fly,
 And o'er the wind's and water's rage
 Crashes dread Heaven's artillery.

Yet are there times when Nature wakes
 Her wind notes in their sweetest key ;
 And round the stern old rock there breaks
 The laughter of the summer sea ;

And white-winged ships go sailing by,
 While on their decks the seamen stand,
 Who hail the crag with joyous cry
 As herald of their native land.

The feathered fishers of the deep
 Have chosen Ailsa for their home,
 And in their thousands flock its steep
 And columned cliffs like flakes of foam.

From Ailsa's crag an earthly star
 Shines o'er the Firth with steady beam,
 And cheers the sailor, when afar
 His eyes are gladdened by its gleam.

May no disaster e'er eclipse
 Or dim the brightness of its ray,
 Long may it shine to guide the ships,
 And light them on their pathless way.

Mr Levens commenced to scribble verses almost as soon as he could hold a pen, and by his tenth year he had quite a collection of poems, mostly in the ballad style, and all dealing with war and battles. He was an insatiable bookworm, drank deeply of history, and read the works of Scott, Burns, Byron and Longfellow, but Scott was his favourite. When about thirteen years of age he made a bold effort to

write a romantic poem on the Battle of Drumclog, after the style of Sir Walter. We have seen fragments of this poem, and it contains many well expressed and poetically rendered historical incidents, with evidence of rich fancy and vivid imagination. Besides poetry, Mr Levens has written much prose — essays, sketches, criticisms, &c., to educational journals and newspapers. He possesses a mind that can appreciate whatever is beautiful or sublime in nature, and he invariably expresses his feelings with much ease and sweetness.

THE LAST LAY OF THE MINSTREL.

Before my brow was scarred by age,
 Before my locks were pale,
 While yet my eye was clear and keen,
 While yet my form was hale,
 My harp, whene'er I touched its chords,
 Attuned its music to my words ;
 But now it hath one sound alone,
 And every chord sends forth a moan.

Once it was like a living thing,
 And thrilled beneath my hand,
 Yea, and it seemed to know my touch,
 To know and understand.
 We sang—my harp and I—with glee,
 The songs of love and chivalry ;
 But now it hath one sound alone,
 And every chord sends forth a moan.

They cry, “ Ho, minstrel, sing of war,
 Come, tune thy true harp well,
 Sing glorious deeds and knightly faith,
 How heroes fought and fell.
 Sing, minstrel, and thy scrip shall hold
 Full many coins of ruddy gold !”
 I strike the harp—one sound alone
 Comes forth in answer—’tis a moan.

They shout, “ Then sing a merry lay,
 Strike that good harp of thine,
 Sing loud of jest and joyous feast,
 Of wassail and of wine.
 Sing well, old bard, and for thy pains
 The grape’s rich blood shall flood thy veins !”

I touch the harp—one sound alone
It gives in answer—'tis a moan.

They say, "Then choose a gentler theme—
Sing of the power of love,
That power which makes the warrior fierce
As gentle as a dove.
Sing sweetly, minstrel, and thy name,
Linked with thy lay, shall live in fame."
I touch the harp—one sound alone
Comes forth in answer—'tis a moan.

In vain. My life of song is o'er,
My hand hath lost its skill,
And soon my voice, now weak with age,
Will be for ever still.
One boon I ask. Upon my breast,
When in the grave I'm laid to rest,
Place ye my harp—there, dark and lone,
We'll lie in peace and cease to moan.

THE FISHER'S WIFE.

I.

"The sun is like a bloodshot e'e,
Scowling atower the Arran hills ;
The eerie soughin' o' the sea
My breast wi' sad foreboding fills.

The snell win' blaws the smoorin' faem
Amaist as hie's the thack-broon carey,
Then, Ronald, bide ye safe at hame,
An' dinna lea' your faithfu' Mary.

I dreamed a fearfu' dream yestreen :
I dreamed the sea was turned to blood,
An' dead men's heads wi' unsteeked een
Gaped at me frae the gruesome flood.

O, dinna cast your nets the day !
O, let the smack lie in the quay !
Gif ye sud sail, there's nougnt but wae
An' poortith for the bairn an' me.

II.

O, what can helpless women dae,
Whase men are fishers on the sea,
But pray an' greet, an' greet an' pray,
An' seach the deep wi' wistfu' e'e ?

I canna see his red-sailed smack,
 The "Mary" (for its ca'd for me),
 An' dark an' darker glooms the rack,
 An' louder maens the weary sea.

III.

O, that my heart wad break in twa,
 Wad break in twa an' end my wae !
 For what is life when he's awa' ?
 An' age o' nichts without a day.

An' will I never see him mair ?
 An' will he no come back to me ?
 O God, be kind : I dinna care
 To leeve, in mercy let me dee !

My burning grief has scorched the tears
 Frae oot my een : I canna greet.
 An' O, I dreid the coming years,
 The lane fireside, the empty seat !

Wee Ronald, happit in the bed,
 Is sabbin' saftly in his sleep ;
 He's faitherless, an' I'm unwed,
 For O my luve lies in the deep !

The tangle an' the lang sea weed
 Mix wi' the curls o' his hair ;
 Stark are his hauns, cauld is his heid,
 Still is his heart, to beat nae mair.

An' I am noo a widowed wife :
 Sour is my lot, sair is the blow.
 O that the Lord had spared his life,
 An' rather laid my ain heid low ! "

HYMN TO THE WIND.

Mysterious spirit-pinioned wind !
 Whence dost thou come, where dost thou go ?
 What unseen country hast thou left behind ?
 What mystic region seekest thou to find ?
 Let mortal know.

Dost thou, O Wind, rove through eternal space,
 Unfettered and at liberty ?
 Or art thou chained to this small planet's face,
 To run in chafing wrath thy fleeting race,
 Till the end be ?

Art thou what vision-seeing bards declare—
 The living breath of God on high ?
 Or can it be that demons of the air

Impel thee forth in fury from their lair,
With shrieking cry ?

How fickle and inconstant, Wind, thou art !
At rest and peace abiding never ;
Anon thy scorching simooms on us dart,
Or icy breezes chill us to the heart,
And make us shiver.

How merciless art thou ! wild revelry,
Holding in state where'er thou roam ;
Thou fiercely swoopest on the placid sea,
Tearing his hoary mane in fiendish glee,
Until he foam.

Yet often thou dost veil thy dreadful powers,
And glidest cool in tuneful breeze,
Ambrosial with the scented breath of flowers,
Borne by soft zephyrs from sweet southern bowers,
O'er tranquil seas.

Since with our newborn globe thou first did'st play,
What awful changes must thou know
Empires and kings have had their little day,
Have like a melting vapour passed away,
Thou still dost blow !

Hear, unknown wind ! O, hear our last appeal !
Some knowledge of thyself impart ;
From mystery's book remove the magic seal,
To man thy hidden destiny reveal,
Tell what thou art !

Thou wilt not—then with thee we dare not chide,
Nor further seek to know thy form ;
That secret with th' Almighty doth abide,
With Him who on thy unseen wings doth ride,
He rules the storm.

LOVE LASTS FOR A Y.E.

Though the ocean, deep an' braid,
Roll between us, dinna think
That the chain our love has made
Can be broken, link frae link.

Dinna think our love maun dee,
Though in diff'rent lands we bide ;
Love is braider than the sea,
Love is deeper than the tide.

Thought is swifter than the wind,
 An' my thoughts aye fly to thee ;
 For I left my heart behind,
 An' where the heart, the thought will be.

A TRYSTING SANG.

The sun has set ayont the hill,
 The gloaming's come an' gane ;
 The birds ha'e ceased their notes to trill,
 An' left the forest 'lane.

The mune shines fair, the starlets peep,
 The dark'ning clouds atween ;
 The west wind sings the waves asleep—
 The flowers ha'e closed their een.

Calm'is the night, an' ilka thing
 Whispers o' peace an' rest ;
 Then why am I still lingering,
 Tired Nature's only guest ?

It isna that the fairy scene
 Has ower me cast a spell,
 'Tis no to list the breeze, I ween,
 Gang soughin' doon the dell.

Nor yet to watch the great ships pass
 Across the mune-lit sea ;
 But 'tis to meet my ain dear lass,
 Wha's aye proved true to me.

Oh ! she is fairer than the mune
 That shines sae sweet on high,
 An' brighter than the stars abune
 That spangle a' the sky,

An' purer than the bonniest flower
 That buds on bank or brae—
 Or blossoms fair in lady's bower
 Whaur scented breezes play.

The mune an' a' the stars maun set
 When day dawns ower the sea ;
 The flowers maun fade,—but I'll ne'er let
 Her image fade frae me.

'Tis noo the longed-for hour, and she
 Will keep her tryst wi' care ;
 She kens the mair o' her I see
 I lo'e her aye the mair.

TO THE LUTE OF LYRIC POETRY.

Translation from Horace—Book I., Ode 32.

They summon us. If e'er 'neath leafy shade
 Thou at my touch has sportive lyrics played,
 Whose notes may live this year and many more
 Prompt, O my lute, a lay of Latium's shore.

Thou, first attuned by him of Lesbia's isle,
 Whose dauntless soul at war's alarms could smile,
 And when his bark, by wave and storm tost long,
 Was safely moored, would cheer his heart with song

And hymn the praise of Bacchus, god of wine,
 Of lovely Venus, and the Muses nine ;
 Of Cupid, ever by his mother's side,
 And Lycus, young and fair, dark-tressed, dark-eyed.

O, shell, the ornament of Phœbus ! meet
 To grace the feasts of Jove. O, solace, sweet
 Of care and trouble—unto me give ear,
 When duly calling thee, be kind and hear !



MARGARET YOUNG.

MISS YOUNG, The Hermitage, Broughty Ferry, is a lady who takes a warm and substantial interest in philanthropic and charitable institutions, and she has dedicated her Muse to sweet and tender effusions on behalf of the Mars Training Ship and other institutions, missionary effort, &c. Many of her poems have a practical bearing in this way, and in all that she writes she aims at embodying some truth that is well calculated to do good.

Her father, at one time a merchant in Glasgow, was the eldest son of a solicitor in Orkney, whose father owned a small property called the Vale of Rackwick. A story is told of Captain Cook, on his last voyage, with his officers, being hospitably entertained at her grandfather's house. Returning,

after the lamented death of their chief, Mr Young was invited by the officers of the vessel to select any article he fancied from the cabin as a memorial of the great discoverer. He chose a beautiful set of dark blue china tea cups similar to some now in use at afternoon tea. Her maternal grandmother, Jane Watt, was a descendant of the Robertsons of Struan (or Strowan), a Highland family who took a prominent part in the Rebellions of 1715 and '45, and who, with her husband, James Duncan, merchant, Dundee, resided at Castlehill, a pleasant house then commanding a beautiful view of the river Tay. It was built on the rock where, in early times, stood a strong castle, the large clumsy-looking key of which was long in the family, but latterly was handed over as a relic of antiquity to the Dundee Museum. This house became the residence of the late Right Rev. Alexander Forbes, Bishop of Brechin. Here Miss Young, who was the sixth child of a family of seven daughters and two sons, spent part of her childhood. On the death of her father in Glasgow the family returned to Dundee, and in 1849 they removed to The Hermitage, Broughty Ferry.

Being a delicate child, Miss Young's education was carried on at home with the help of teachers. She was particularly fond of pencil drawing, and occasionally wrote scraps of poetry, which, with the exception of one or two pieces, never saw the light. Through the earnest Christian teaching of an aunt, who was a lady foremost in every good work, Miss Young early became interested in the Gospel, and was soon enlisted in various branches of Christian enterprise and usefulness. A gratis evening school, organised for the benefit of mill girls whose education was then very deficient, engrossed so much of her time and thoughts that poetry was quite abandoned. Indeed, she felt that she would never be able to

write anything for the public eye; and it was not till she removed to Broughty Ferry that she resumed the pen. Finding much pleasure in this occupation, she wrote piece after piece in rapid succession. Many of the shorter poems appeared in the *Courier and Argus*, the *Dundee Evening Telegraph*, the *Dunfermline Press*, &c.—the larger ones, such as “Night,” “The Bass Rock,” “Livingstonia,” “The Believer’s Peace,” &c., being tastefully printed for private circulation, and for bazaars and other charitable objects. Indeed, all her productions are full of deep and tender human sympathy. In her own words—

“And wheresoe’er their flight hath been
I’ve found the gems of truth,
And sought, in Poesy’s wreath, to weave
Those gems of priceless worth.”

In 1883 Miss Young printed anonymously a neat little work entitled “Night : and Luther’s Revelation of the Day Star,” an historic and astronomic sketch; also, in the same year, a handsome volume, “Echoes of the True,” by “M. Y.”—

“Softly, on the listening ear,
Fall the ringing echoes clear
Of the vanished past ;
And the eyes that keenly see
Guess the things that yet may be
By the shades they cast.”

This volume contains many beautiful verses on patriotic, missionary, philanthropic, and other subjects, together with a number of sonnets that were commended by the Rev. Dr J. Murray Mitchell and other competent authorities. Her longest and most ambitious poem is “Loch Lomond in a Calm,” which, as with all her thoughts, gives evidence that she holds sweet converse with the beauties of Nature and the sublime teachings of Scripture. They are the

conceptions of a highly accomplished and devout mind, breathed in genuine poetry, and redolent of true Christian feeling.

THE PEACE OF THE HEARTH.

The merry bright sunbeam when kissing the sea
Exhales from its bosom the sweet healing dew
That, nightly distilling on forest and lea,
Refreshes the verdure and brightens each hue.

So love's beaming glances will kindle anew
The affection that slumbers unseen in the heart,
And words kindly spoken, e'en though they be few,
Will cheer the dull hour and new gladness impart.

Cold looks and cross words, like the bleak winds that blow,
Will seal up the fountains of innocent mirth ;
Yea, e'en like the tempest, they fiercer may grow,
And shatter the peace that should reign round the hearth.

When wild winds are warring no dew-drops are seen,
And cloudy skies scantily yield the soft rain,
'Tis the bright starry heaven, deep, blue, and serene,
That showers on the earth the pure treasure again.

Then carefully cherish the peace of the hearth,
Let gentleness rule by the light of her smile,
And silently love's healing dews will flow forth,
And life's graver cares in a measure beguile.

Oh, beware of the cup that lends fire to the tongue,
That can blight the fair home, and extinguish its joys,
From the pleasures it yields direst sorrows are wrung,
And the hope that can gladden, it surely destroys.

A LULLABY.

O innocent babe ! like a rosebud that sleeps
Secure in its green leafy bower,
Till kissed by the sunbeams, and nourished with dews,
It spread forth a beautiful flower.

Sleep on, O my darling ! more fondly caressed,
Aye cherished and cradled with care,
Soon motherly smiles will awake in thy heart
The love that is slumbering there.

What thought of thy soul hath awakened that smile,
That flits o'er thy face like a ray,
That silently steals from the slumbering cloud
O'ershading the face of the day !

O ! was it the glance of a cherub's bright eye,
 As o'er thee he fluttered his wings ?
 Or was it a dream—a sweet vision of joy
 Evoked by the song that he sings ?

Grow on, Bud of Being, and bloom like the rose,
 Life's garden to bless and adorn,
 No blight pale thy cheek, nor bedim thy bright eye,
 No cloud overcast thy fair morn.

Rise soon, in thy heart, the sweet Day Star of peace,
 To lead thee the heavenward way ;
 No treacherous gleam, like the desert's false glow,
 Allure thy feet from it to stray.

Still basking in sunbeams that never grow dim,
 And drinking in heavenly dews,
 Bloom on, ever blessing, and blest, till afar
 Thou shalt blossom in fadeless hues.

• • • • •
 Deep veiled is the future from love's anxious gaze,
 No hand may the curtain upraise ;
 But whate'er be thy part in life's drama to fill
 Be a note in the chorus to praise :

In the melody sweet of the undying psalm
 That rolls on its swelling acclaim
 Of glory, salvation, and honour, and power
 To the ever blest Name of the Lamb.

VOICES FROM THE ORPHAN HOME.

Launched on Life's dark sea of sorrow,
 Early on compassion thrown,
 Father's, mother's tender glances
 Our young hearts have never known,
 But the stranger's thoughtful pity
 Kindest care for us have shown.

Placed us in this airy refuge
 That o'erlooks the spreading Tay,
 Charming with his changeful beauty,
 Soothing with his song alway :
 Tiny barks and stately vessels
 Flitting by, by night and day.

Oh, the splendour, when unclouded
 Sunbeams with his wavelets play !
 Weaving, 'mid their jewelled brightness,
 Paths where angel feet may stray.
 Ah ! if in Life's Sun we're basking,
 We shall brighter shine than they.

Watch we oft the golden glory
 Veiling in the violet west,
 And the crescent waxing silvery,
 As grey even dons her vest—
 Hour when Fancy's fairy dreaming
 Soothes each ruffled thought to rest.

'Mid its calm, oft ocean's murmur
 Sounding from the sand-bound bar,
 Where his breakers vent their fury,
 Though of tempests borne afar,
 Warns us that the storm still mustering
 Hastens on his cloudy car.

Then, when rings his shout appalling,
 Through the wild bewildered sky,
 And the rocks beneath are ringing
 With the roughening revelry,
 Calm, we bless the hearts who, gracious,
 Heard our helpless infant cry.

Saved us from the wilder tossings
 Of the world's tumultuous strife,
 From its whirlpools of temptation,
 From a dark, untutored life,
 Where our tiny ray had vanished
 'Mid the many evils rife.

Taught us here to know the Father
 Who for orphan children cares,
 And, in humble adoration,
 To lisp forth our feeble prayers,
 Through the Son, whose tender pleading
 God the Father ever hears.

Holy Jesus ! Saviour mighty !
 Lamb of God for sin once slain,
 Who for us, 'mid Calvary's darkness,
 Bowed Thy head in grief and pain,
 Healer now of sin and sorrow,
 Thou our Priest and King dost reign.

Give us hearts to love Thee ever,
 Make us shining beams of grace,
 Shedding sweetly through the darkness
 Calm reflections of Thy face,
 Brightly, like yon warning beacon,
 Pointing to the port of peace.

Oh ! when from this home of blessing,
 Through the world we wend our way,
 Guard us 'mid its scenes alluring,
 Lest in fatal paths we stray.
 Star of Morn ! bright o'er us shining,
 Lead us on to perfect day.

SUNRISE.

How sweet the first dim, quivering ray of light
 That shoots athwart the dappling sky ; ah, well
 We know to brighter hues it soon will swell,
 Soon floods of violet, crimson, amber bright,
 Will pour their glories on our ravished sight.
 Till, 'mid th' orient blaze, shall glowing rise,
 In legal robes, the monarch of the skies,
 And pale the splendours heralding his might :
 Awakening earth to tune her matin lay,
 And pour from peak and tower, from river, sea,
 And dewy plain the light that on them streams,
 So rise, oh ! brighter Sun of th' endless day !
 Dissolve our night, and robe us gloriously
 In thy pure vivifying, quenchless beams.

OUR KING.

We have a King—a Brother throned on high,
 Creation's sceptre to his hands is given,
 And well He rules all things in earth and heaven,
 Himself th' eternal bond of unity,
 And healer of Creation's ceaseless sigh ;
 Mute atoms serve, and lauding hosts obey
 With joy his high behests ; more gladly they,
 To earth on lowliest mission, willing, fly,
 And serve us here for whom He fills yon throne—
 For whom, ah ! strange ! once crowned with mocking thorn,
 He died to rescue from a doom forlorn—
 Yea, lived and died for us that we might own
 The matchless grace, and, sheltering 'neath His wing,
 Share glory and life eternal with our King.

THE SONS OF THE COVENANT.

Scotia, binding Freedom's gems
 On her thoughtful brow,
 Breathed o'er Heaven's gifted charter
 Many a solemn vow.

Brave and true her sons unfurled
 Oft the Banner Blue,
 While for Jesus' Crown and Covenant,
 Ready swords they drew.

And if worsted in the fight,
 Never could they yield,
 Still in savage wilds upbearing
 Faith's unshivered shield.

There from deep secluded glens
 Rose the solemn psalm,

Voice of prayer, and words of healing,
Breathing Heaven's calm.

Till the trooper's deadly shot
Scared the trembling throng ;
How can trampled Caledonia
E'er forget the wrong ?

Moorland's heath, and bleak hillsides,
Dull sequestered caves,
Show the spots where patriot martyrs
Found dishonoured graves.

And by Solway twin-names live,
Where its waters blue
Crept, in cold embrace, o'er matron
And o'er maiden true.

Sea-girt dungeons held the brave—
Noblest of our race—
There immured but for declaring
God's exceeding grace !

Long oppression strove to quench
Scotia's cherished light,
And to wield the sceptre scorning
Many a sacred right.

Till, on wings of light and love,
O'er the waters sped
Freedom's champion bold, and, awe struck,
Baffled tyranny fled.



JAMES LINEN

BEONGS to the interesting group of Scottish-American poets. Although widely known among his countrymen in the United States, and associating in his later years upon terms of greater or less intimacy with a few men of prominence in New York, the facts of his life are, to a great extent, enveloped in uncertainty. According to the best authority now obtainable his casual acquaintances were many, his friends few.

James Linen was born at Kelso about the year 1815. Having learned the trade of a book-binder, he went abroad, while yet comparatively young, and pursued his calling for some time in the city of New York. From a careful comparison of dates, it seems probable that he was infected with the gold-fever which fired the "argonauts of '49," and pushed his way westwards. At anyrate we find him in California, working for a time at his own trade, and subsequently engaged in the liquor business. Whatever his life there may have been, this long period, extending to twelve or fifteen years, is one upon which he afterwards deemed it fit to observe an almost unbroken silence. He divulged little or nothing available for lighting up the blank darkness resting upon the years of his prime. He subsequently returned to New York, and there he owed much to the friendship of a countryman named Gibson, a painter and architect, and to William Cullen Bryant. The latter had previously opened the columns of his paper, *The Evening Post*, to Linen, and may be said to have been the first man of any distinction who encouraged him in poetical composition. He published four volumes, but it is very improbable that these were remunerative. Linen then tried the lecturing platform, choosing as his subject "The Poets and Poetry of Scotland," but did not reap much success. Bryant presided at his appearances in New York City, and did what he could to help the man he had chosen to befriend, but our poet had few of the qualities to win public favour. The matter of his lectures is said to have been good, but he travelled over well-known ground, and his style of delivery was not at all striking. Apart from what he may have made out of this venture, he devoted much of his time to push the sale of his published works. In that also he did not receive much encouragement, and he must undoubtedly have keenly felt what was sober truth, that his life had, upon the whole, been a

series of troubles. He seemed at times to find partial compensation in what were, in a small way, social successes. Among the best of these were his speeches at the dinners of the New York Burns Clubs. For a brief space he led a precarious existence, gradually darkening, and utterly cheerless, relieved only by the friendship of Mr Bryant and Mr Gibson.

In 1852 Mr Linen published a volume entitled "Songs of the Seasons," dedicated "to the poet who was the delight of my youth, and to the man who had been the friend of my riper years"—William Cullen Bryant. In 1865 he published "Miscellaneous Writings in Prose and Verse," and shortly thereafter "The Golden Gate, with Illustrations and Historical Notes"; while in 1873 (the year of his death) he issued a handsome volume entitled "Later Poems and Songs," written between 1865 and 1873, also dedicated to his friend Mr Bryant, from whom during forty years he had received many kind favours of a "social and literary character," and who had "smiled approvingly on his earliest poetic efforts."

He died in poverty early in 1873, and his poems alone tell that he ever lived.

Mr Bryant, in an obituary which appeared in the *Evening Post*, spoke of him as a true poet. So much may be said with perfect safety. Like that of many more of the poets of Scottish birth, his genius was essentially lyrical. His verses flow smoothly and musically, and with not a little force and passion. He struck no chord of deep feeling, no note to which the hearts of men respond. Yet there are frequent instances of a remarkable beauty of form. His Doric, considering his long residence abroad, is pure, and his glowing word-pictures of hillsides, with purple heather 'neath the pure Highland sunshine, and his graphic sketches of rural life and character as he knew them in "bonny Scotland," should be ample excuse for a few minor shortcomings in the want of polish

and finish. His style, and the reach of his poetical thought, may be estimated from the following selections :—

DONALD AND LUCY.

“Awa’ wi’ sic havers, blithe Donald, awa’,
 An’ talk na to me o’ your haudin’ sae braw ;
 For what gars ye think o’ a lassie like me,
 Wha has naething, ye ken, but a leal heart to gie ?
 Ye praise the red roses that bloom on my face,
 An’ tell me I look like an angel o’ grace ;
 But a heart that is pure is better than a’,
 For beauty’s a flower that sunē wither’s awa’.”

“Come, geck na me, Lucy, ye ken unco weel
 Nae havers I tell ye, but speak as I feel ;
 I care na for tocher, I’ve gat rowth o’ gear,
 What mair need we want then, sweet Lucy, my dear ?
 Oh ! think na the beauty that blooms on the skin
 Could e’er blin’ my een to the jewel within :
 So, noo, winsome Lucy, come, come, e’er we part,
 An’ say that ye’ll gie me your hand an’ your heart.”

She spak’ na a word, but looked dowie an’ wae ;
 Her heart it was fu’, she had naething to say ;
 The gallant young Donald, a clansman o’ pride,
 Bore aff on his fleet steed his beautiful bride.
 The saft summer gloamin’ was just setting in,
 An’ mantlin’ wi’ shadows the bleak Highland bin,
 When Murray, the flower o’ the Clan o’ that name,
 Reached safely wi’ Lucy his braw mountain hame.

I FEEL I'M GROWING AULD, GUIDWIFE.

I feel I'm growing auld, guidwife—
 I feel I'm growing auld ;
 My steps are frail, my een are bleared,
 My pow is unco bauld.
 I've seen the snaws o' fourscore years
 O'er hill an' meadow fa',
 And, hinnie ! were it no for you,
 I'd gladly slip awa'.

I feel I'm growing auld, gudewife—
 I feel I'm growing auld ;
 Frae youth to age I've keepit warm
 The love that ne'er turned cauld.
 I canna bear the dreary thocht
 That we maun sindered be ;
 There's naething binds my poor auld heart
 To earth, gudewife, but thee.

I feel I'm growing auld, gudewife—
 I feel I'm growing auld ;
 Life seems to me a wintry waste,
 The very sun feels cauld.
 Of worldly frien's ye've been to me
 Amang them a' the best ;
 Now I'll lay down my weary head,
 Gudewife, and be at rest.

THE WINTER SONG OF THE SHEPHERD.

Far out-ower the cauld muir, an' laigh in a howe,
 By a deep shenagh thro' whilk a burnie rins down,
 Weel shielded frae storms by a heather-croun'd knowe,
 My sma' biggin' stan's, wi' a fale-dyke aroun'.

What tho' down the lum-heid the flauchters fa' in,
 An' fizz for a jiffie whare het the peats lowe,
 Snaw may drift, an' winds sough aroun' the bleak bin,
 The plooman o' care never furrows my brow.

The trees are a' leafless, the forests a' bare,
 The flowers are a' withered, an' winter is here ;
 The bonnie wee robins my hameley meals share,
 That hap to my shielin', an' think na o' fear.

I hae peats in the yard, an' hay in the mow,
 An' dizzens o' eggs that the chuckies hae laid ;
 A guid thumpin' kebbuck, a' soun' yet I trow,
 Save holes that some wee thievin' mousie has made.

The sheep in the fauld fin' eneuch for their mou',
 Ne'er toom is the draff-pock for Bessie, the yad ;
 My aumrie's weel stockit, my meal-buist is fu'—
 What mair needs a body to mak' the heart glad ?

There's Davie, the herd, the fluffy bit callant,
 Wi' no a bane doxie aboot him ava,—
 He'll blaw on the pipes, or croon an auld ballant—
 The lang nichts o' winter slip blithely awa'.

Fornent the peat-neuk, on a clean bed o' strae,
 The puir thing contented as ony lies doun ;
 He's up in the morning afore screich o' day,
 The image o' health—for his sleep has been soun'.

There's the collie forbye, my best frien' o' frien's,
 There's nae dog that wouffs half sae tentie as he ;
 Like mysel', for nae pampered bicker he griens,
 An' mornin' and nicht tak's his crowdie wi' me.

When sheep loup the dykes, or rin aff frae the lave,
 Quick as stoure in a blast he's at their bit fuds ;
 When cauldly snaw-wreaths wad sune gie them a grave,
 To spare them out-owre the moss muirland he scuds.

The whaup braves the storm, the peesweip cries its name,
 An' aff to its covert the pairtraik may flee,—
 Sae, true to my nature, I naething mair claim
 Than Providence kindly has ettled for me.

About braws an' siller I ne'er fash my thum'—
 They breed yed an' cares that I downa weel ken ;
 It's clear as the peat-reek that gaes up the luin,—
 If thriftie, the maist o' folk aye mak' a fen.

The spring-time will come, an' warm sunshine will bring
 The ice-lockit burnies flow gushin' an' free ;
 The heather will bloom, and the sweet linties sing,
 An' aff to the schaws a' the robins will flee.

Syne summer will come, clad in raiment o' green,
 The ewes an' their lammies will bleat on the lea ;
 The woods choral ring whare noo winter is seen,
 An' gladness smile sweet on my wee hut an' me.

WHEN FREEDOM AN EXILE FROM FOREIGN LANDS CAME.

When Freedom an exile from foreign lands came,
 Soon hill, grove, and valley rang loud with her name ;
 War's shrill-sounding bugles forth summoned our sires
 To fight for their country, their altars, and fires.

Hope's star, that gleamed dimly, shines constant and clear,
 No foes on our borders now hostile appear ;
 No war-worn and weary their slain comrades weep,
 The sword's in its scabbard, and there let it sleep.

Our commerce thrives briskly, our sails stud the sea,
 Our flag it waves proudly, to shelter the free ;
 With hearts beating grateful, and plenty in store,
 We welcome the stranger that comes to our shore.

As falls the dew gently on mountain and lea,
 So fall Heaven's blessings, Columbia ! on thee :
 Thy sons, like thy eagles, no foe can enslave,
 Thy daughters weave garlands to honour the brave.

The arm be quick blasted, and withered the hand,
 That treason would scatter throughout our wide land !
 The tree that bears blossoms so rich and so fair,
 Oh ! who would e'er rudely its branches impair !

THE POET'S MISSION.

Beneath the poet's wandering feet fair flowers for ever spring,
 And o'er the poet's thoughtful head sweet birds for ever sing ;

He tunes his harp to stirring strains, in all things beauty sees,
And music weird and wild he hears in every whistling breeze.

Though wrestling with his passions strong, his thoughts soar
upward still
To spheres beyond all human ken, where fancy roams at will ;
His keen eyes scans creation o'er, and finds a peaceful home
In every star that glitters bright in yonder sapphire dome.

With flowers he decks the arid waste, and drinks from desert
springs,
And o'er the face of nature rude a robe of beauty flings ;
He worships on the mountain-tops, and, kneeling on the sod,
With hands upraised, all prophet-like, he communes with his
God.

He frowns on kings and hireling tools who smile at guilty
Wrong,
He holds up high to public scorn proud knaves in deathless song ;
And while he pleads in earnest tones for honours to the brave,
His burning words strong fetters melt that bind the bleeding
slave.

From Truth the poet never swerves, and firm by Freedom stands,
And scorns the shield of tyrant flags in dark, down-trodden
lands ;
But while he humbly worships God, and bows to laws divine,
He tears the mask from canting priests who kneel at Error's
shrine.

While Reason stands in boundless wastes, bewildered, lost, and
dumb,
Swift to the bard'sceptive mind bright visions trooping
come ;
He wanders through the orbs of space, sees worlds on worlds
arise,
Where dimly Faith in silence points to realms that Doubt denies.

His kingdom is the human heart, in which he rears his throne ;
His subjects are the passions wild that due allegiance own.
No monarch that holds regal sway, and wears a jewelled crown,
Can ever crush the poets rule, or drag his empire down.

LIZZIE LAIRD.

The plague on Lizzie Laird, for my heid has ne'er been soun'
Since her twa pawkie een gae my puir heart sic a stoun' ;
Oh ! I canna see her face, nor pass her cottage door,
But feelin's strange come ower me I never felt afore.

The little coaxin' smatchet, I wish I ne'er had seen
The roses on her dimpled cheeks, the glances o' her een ;
They've tint my very heart, an' thrown ower me sic a spell,
I feel like ane bewitched, for I dinna feel mysel'.

Gif it 's no a stoun' o' love, what else then can it be ?
 An' why should I lo'e Lizzie, if Lizzie lo'es na me ?
 The wee bit teasin' cuttie, sae winsome an' sae kind,
 Why should I allow a doot to harbour in my mind ?

I ken her heart is warm, an' I ken her love is true ;
 It shines oot clear as truth in her bonnie een o' blue :
 Through the journey o' my life how happy shall I be,
 When wedded to my hinnie, O Lizzie Laird, to thee.

On the same bink at the schule our lessons we wad learn ;
 I then was but a callant, an' she was but a bairn ;
 Cauld will be this heart o' mine ere I forget the days
 When youngsters we wad wander aboot our native braes.

I think I see the laverock up frae the clover spring ;
 I think I hear the mavis an' linties sweetly sing ;
 When my Lizzie, little doo ! without a thocht o' sin,
 Cam' skippin' ower the green fields to spier if I wis in.

Aft in youthfu' rapture, when wild flowers were in bloom,
 The wee birds' nests we'd herry amang the gowden broom ;
 Or wad aiblins hawk for bikes in laughin' summer glee,
 An' a' the treasures steal o' the honey bumble bee.

Oh, fu' weel I mind the time, awa doon by the schaws,
 Bare-fitted we wad toddle to pu' the slaes an' haws ;
 An' for berries aften dander oot-ower the mossy fells,
 Where hums the muirland bee, and where bloom the heather-bells.

Since I'm nae mair a callant, nor Lizzie mair a bairn,
 I fain wad oot o' Nature's buik a manly lesson learn ;
 But what gars me be sae blate, an' feel sae muckle shame
 To ask my ain sweet Lizzie to change her maiden name ?

Noo, what to say to Lizzie I, coof-like, downa ken ;
 I've got a snug wee cot, wi' a cozie but an' ben ;
 I hae but little haudin', yet what I hae I'll share
 Wi' my bonnie Lizzie Laird, the fairest o' the fair.

THE BUNCH OF HEATHER BELLS.

As on thy stem a thousand bells
 In fragrant beauty hing,
 So, round my auld time-withered heart
 Sweet recollections cling.
 Thy bells to me have tuneful tongues
 That ring auld Scotia's praise,
 And hallow'd thochts come rushing back
 To scenes o' bygane days.

Ere thorns o' care grew in my heart,
 I lap ower mossy dykes,
 Whaur heather linties sing their sangs,
 And bumbees build their bykes.
 I've wandered ower the weary waste,
 And seen it wrapt in snaw,
 Heard lammies bleat on purple moors
 Whaur scented breezes blaw.

O bonnie bunch o' blooming bells !
 My heart wi' rapture thrills,
 While thus I hail thee as a friend
 Fresh frae my native hills.
 Thou'rt red and strong wi' moorland health,
 And, when compared wi' thee,
 The painted flowers o' tropic lands
 Are sickly things to me.

O golden days o' joyous youth !
 What transports sweet are mine,
 When mem'ry thro' the mist o' years
 Glints back on auld langsyne.
 Oh, for ae blink o' Scotia's glens,
 Her mountains wild and bare ;
 Bound by the ties that canna break,
 My heart still lingers there.



ELIZABETH ALLISON

WAS a native of Dunfermline, a town which has had many votaries of the Muse from the days of Henryson down to the present. She was born in 1824, and in her youth had the misfortune to become lame, which perhaps made her love reading with greater relish, though it did not damp the vivacity of her disposition. Before she was out of her teens, she began business on her own account as a dress-maker, and this she successfully carried on during her life—keeping “house an’ hauld” for herself and sisters, and battling through life with sturdy independence. At the same time she diligently cultivated her talent

for song, and week after week she sent to various newspapers many fine poems under various signatures.

Although a true child of song, when urged to publish a volume she invariably declined, as she imagined this would be courting criticism, from which her gentle and sensitive spirit shrank. Nevertheless, many of her productions were admired among all ranks. Her verses, if not bold and striking, are full of refined thought, neatly and sweetly expressed, and brimful of love, through which there runs for the most part a touch of sadness which adds to their pathos.

For twelve years she was confined to bed, yet when not entirely prostrated by suffering she managed her business, and composed verses up to the time of her death, which took place in 1880. Since her death, her poems have been arranged for the press; but whether they will be published or not depends chiefly on the people of Dunfermline, whom she loved so well, and to whom most of her touchingly tender verses were dedicated. They should be widely known, and we hope soon to see them in book form. We think her name is entitled to a high place among modern minor poets. Some of her pieces have a charm and melody that give her memory claims to a still higher place.

TO THE DEPARTED WINTER.

O, we're blithe noo and glad ye're awa', auld carle,
Wi' feathers in your bannet o' the snaw, auld carle,
And your coat, tho' far frae new, never preed a drap o' dew,
But is aye bedeck'd wi' facings o' the frost, auld carle.

There's a lichtsome lassie coming after you, auld carle,
With her lap fu' o' gowans wet with dew, auld carle,
And the blossoms in her hair are worth thoosand pounds and
mair.

For she gan them frae the King that dwells abune, auld carle,

O, sae hinnied are the kisses o' her mouth, auld carle,
That we a' believe her birth-place is the south, auld carle,
And she leaves us in the fa', but she's sure again to ca',
And we laugh to see her chase ye awa', auld carle.

There's no a droopin' burnie in the land, auld carle,
 But will nod its head and tak' ye by the hand, auld carle,
 And auld age wi' tearfu' e'e looks to her wi' muckle glee,
 For she mends a' the ills done by thee, auld carle.

THE WORLD IS GOOD.

Who says the world is dark ? 'Tis he
 Who hath no eye, no soul to see
 The glorious flood of light which falls
 In golden grandeur through the chinks
 Of yonder paradisal walls.

Who says the world is cold ? 'Tis he
 Whose heart hath never thrilled with glee,
 As fond hearts do, which tho' apart
 Can meet the loved one far away,
 And weepingly subdue his smart.

Who says the world is bad ? 'Tis he
 Who dares with God to disagree.
 And why ? for he is wiser far,
 And fain would tell him when to light
 The morning sun or evening star.

Who says the world is sad ? 'Tis he
 Who thinketh God sent misery,
 And will not tend or watch the flowers
 Which bloom to bless and make us glad,
 When drenched with cold, unwelcome showers.

Who says the world is poor ? 'Tis he
 Whose soul is shrunk with poverty,
 And cannot feel how sweet and dear
 The whisperings from the angel land
 Which tell us earth to heaven is near.

Who says the world is false ? 'Tis he
 Whose social powers but ill agree
 With all the true and beauteous things
 Which spring from earth to soothe and bless
 Man, in his dark imaginings.

Who says the world is good ? 'Tis he
 Who owns our Father true to be,
 Who, when he had creation viewed,
 Whilst resting from his wondrous works,
 Saw, and declared them " very good."

LONG AGO.

Beautiful Long Ago !
 O'er thee I sigh as o'er my dearest dead ;

And though thou'rt far away, I keep for thee
 A spot to rest my head.
 Where is it thou art gone?
 For sure am I thou'rt far away from this ;
 Yet not so far that thou canst sing to me
 A lay of bygone bliss.

Bewitching Long Ago !
 How thou hast haunted me I cannot tell ;
 And when I would forget thee, then doth peal
 Thy merry music bell,
 My soul, with glad surprise,
 Doth drink, and drink, the sweet enchanted stream,
 Which glads the weary heart, and brings the calm
 Of which we dreamers dream.

Soul-soothing Long Ago !
 With willing hand I turn thy pages o'er,
 In search of solace, which thy mystic pen
 Hath writ of childhood's lore ;
 Not that its wreath of flowers
 Lay on my brow in undisturbed repose ;
 Nay ! then I learned to know that cankerworms
 Creep 'neath the budding rose.

Yet, golden Long ago !
 I keep with care the old and trusty key,
 Which opes the treasury of jewelled shells
 I gathered from the sea ;—
 The sea of other years,
 Whose merry wavelets sung so sweet a song,
 That whilst we listened, Time, with silent sail,
 Had hurried us along,

And left us far away,
 Like exiles, on a bleak and sterile strand,
 Looking with longing eye and yearning soul
 Towards their native land.

HER BRIGHT BOY'S CAP.

[In a bale of promiscuous clothing recently received in Manchester for distribution among the distressed operatives, from some place, the name of which is not given, there was found a boy's Scotch cap. In the cap was a letter, addressed—"For an orphan or motherless boy." On opening the letter, a shilling was found enclosed, and the following touching epistle:—"May the youthful wearer of this cap meet its late owner in Heaven. He was beautiful and good, and was removed by an accident from this world to a better. A weeping mother's blessing be on the future wearer of her bright boy's cap. November 22, 1862."—*Manchester Guardian.*]

Wilt thou wear a Scottish cap, my boy ? though 'twas not made
 for thee,

I'm sure 'twill shield thy matted locks from winter's boisterous glee ;
 'Twas made to screen a darling head from the summer's burning sun,
 Though I thought the brightest of the two was the head it shone upon.

Its owner lives, but needs it not ; for his home is 'yond the sky,
 Where tears no more can dim the light of the deepest hazel eye,
 Through which a noble soul e'er looked into a mother's heart,
 To see the love-links twining there, of which it formed a part.

I give it thee, thou orphan boy, for thou'rt but a lonesome thing,
 Like to a weed which fingers rule from summer bouquets fling,
 Unmindful that a wee wild weed looks up to drink the dew,
 As greedily as cultured rose, or violet robed in blue.

'Tis a little cap I offer thee, and trifling it may seem,
 But never can'st thou know, my boy, nor guess, nor wildly dream
 How oft my bleeding heart poured forth a torrent of its woe.
 Ere I folded for the hundredth time the gift to let it go.

No boy but he whose mother lies in her cold and peaceful grave
 Shall wear it, lest, like mine, he look so gentle, good, and brave ;
 For I would not that another looked as proudly on her child,
 Lest, like me, she might awaken in an agony as wild.

I'll love thee, little orphan boy, though thy face I've never seen ;
 But when fancy brings my loved and lost, pray do not come between—
 For it's but a fleeting moment I can revel in the bliss
 Of pressing on his lips and brow a love-bewildered kiss.

I will not tell thee, orphan boy, the name my loved one bore,
 'Twould mar its beauty were the throng to breathe it lightly o'er ;
 But perchance thy mother sees him now, and blesses in her joy
 The little head whose bonnet warms her wee bare-headed boy.

So wear my simple offering ; for, simple though it be,
 'Twas He who hears the ravens cry who bade me send it thee ;
 And smile, dear boy ! the orphan's night His love can change to morn,
 For He tempers oft the very wind when bleating lambs are shorn.

TO THE WINTRY WINDS.

I love the weird wild songs
 Which winter singeth in my native glen,
 No help he seeks from harp of foreign string,
 No aid from merry men.

He singeth—none can tell
 The avenue which leadeth to the hall
 Whence music boundeth, if the clouds of Heaven
 But bid it rise or fall.

I love thee, Wintry Winds,
 So bold art thou, so musical and free,
 That oft have our forefathers of the dell
 Stood still to list to thee.

In mournfulness or mirth,
 We love to hear the music of thy voice,
 So quaint, so ancient, echoing the glee
 Of childhood's merry noise.

Where are the caverns whence
 The King of Storms doth pipe so long and loud ?
 Methinks the charms of thy song doth say,
 In yonder looming cloud.

The borders of our burn
 Are laden with the spoil of wintry war ;
 Soft summer yields her treasures to the gale
 Which whistles from afar.

The bosom of our vale
 Thou stirrest with thy wild though pleasing strife ;
 And wee brown leaves they dance with might and main
 As if they teemed with life.

When day is o'er the seas
 With those we love, but never more may see,
 Ah, then, we think of them when round the hearth
 We sit and list to thee.

Thy moan among the trees
 Doth seem a wail above the early dead ;
 Thy murmur 'mong the leafless branches sigh—
 Where are the loved and fled ?

Thy voice along the dell,
 Like phantom's midnight howl in haunted hall,
 Fills us with awe, which, while we love the same
 We'd tremble to recall.

The chariot which comes
 With thee to close the portals of the year,
 Reveals to us the glory of the King
 Who lives in yonder sphere,

Where tempests never blew,
 Where autumn never sighed, nor winter wept,
 Whence came the voice which calmed wild Galilee,
 On which our Saviour slept ?

DEATH AT THE PALACE.

He calls at the hut, and he calls at the hall,
 The haughty and tyrant king ;
 But yestereven the bell of St Paul
 At the midnight hour was heard to ring :—
 He has called at the Palace,
 And taken its lord from his silken bed,
 Nor heeded a kneeling Queen ;
 But spurned her tears as she wept and pled,
 And wrapped her love 'neath his gloomy wing,
 And fled from the Palace.
 A wondering people heard with dread
 The toll of that midnight bell ;
 And they sighed for the living, and wept for the dead,
 While their hearts refused to believe the knell
 Of death at the Palace.
 Many a prince and many a peer
 Hath called at that princely gate ;
 But twenty summers and winters drear
 He tarried, but would no longer wait
 To call at the Palace.
 He sought no gem from the royal crown,
 He hath a crown of his own ;
 But his sword was drawn, and with visor down,
 He proudly stepped from his elbon throne,
 And called at the Palace.
 And he said, “ O, Queen, I have come to try
 Whose sceptre most power shall prove ; ”
 And she wept, for she knew that her King on High
 Had sent him away with this message of love
 To leave at the Palace.



ROBERT BURNS THOMSON,

GRANDSON of Robert Burns, inherits much of the poetical genius of the immortal bard, of whom he says in a poetical epistle to Colonel Burns —his first attempt at *crambo*—written more than forty years ago :—

“ But ah ! he’s gone ! that heart lies cold and dead,
 And far through heaven the mighty spirit’s sped,

O ne'er on earth shall minstrel's harp be heard
 Like thine, my grandsire—
 Scotia's heaven-taught bard.

May Moses' meekness fill your breast,
 And Job's sweet patience yield you rest ;
 And be the strength within your crest
 O' mighty Samson.
 Such are the wishes, rudely dres't,
 O' yours, Rab Tamson."

However, as Hugh Macdonald, in his delightful "Rambles Round Glasgow" says, our poet's "sense of manly independence makes it quite unnecessary for him to desire that his bonnet should be hung on his grandfather's pin." In a letter to a worthy *Bailie* friend he says :—"I have never cared to try it except when the vision, or the impulse, came so strong that I could not resist it. The fact is, that with me, my brain has always been so weak that when a fit did come on I forgot everything else; and I found that if I meant to do my duty to my employers and my family, I would require to treat the feeling as one would treat a thief whom he caught in the act of rifling his pockets. Another reason for shunning it was the fact that I don't think I could ever have done anything at all worthy of the sacrifice. My gift, compared to that of my unhappy grandfather, is like comparing a molehill to a mountain, a preen to Nelson's monument, auld Peggy Lumsden's cuddy to Robin Wilson's horse. Peggy said that if her's was only a cuddy it was a guid cuddy, while Robin's horse ate mair meat, an' as for wark, the cuddy wasna sae far ahint it."

Our readers will be interested to learn something of one who is not only of poetic descent, but who stands in the relation of grandson to our great national poet. For some of the particulars here given we are indebted to an article in "Men You Know" from the racy columns of the *Glasgow Bailie*, as well as to what the genial and talented author

of "Rambles Round Glasgow" tells us of the subject of our sketch.

Mrs Thomson never knew her mother, but she found a kind and affectionate substitute in Mrs Burns. After being nursed two or three years in Edinburgh, her mother having died soon after her birth, she was taken to her father's home in Dumfries, where she was brought up along with his other children. She had faint recollections of her father, who was wont to take her on his knee and fondle her affectionately, and she remembered vividly the imposing ceremonials attendant on his death and funeral. She continued to live with Mrs Burns, and spoke of her under the endearing appellation of mother, until her marriage with Mr Thomson, who was then a soldier located with his corps in Dumfries.

We have thus seen that Jean Armour in a time of supreme distress passed into motherly relationship with her husband's child by Ann Park—"Anna of the gowden locks," niece of Mrs Hyslop, landlady of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries—with a tenderness surpassing even the tenderness of woman. "Betty," as she was familiarly termed, settled down at Pollokshaws—John, on completing his term of service in the militia, returning to his original trade of weaving. She soon got involved in the cares of a family which she had to bring up under circumstances trying enough to even her thrifty, independent, and cheerful nature. Mrs Burns, till her death, continued to manifest her motherly affection for Mrs Thomson, who closed her lengthened pilgrimage at Crossmyloof in 1873, when she had reached 82 years. Keeping up poetical affinities, one of Mrs Thomson's eight children is now the wife of David Wingate, the well-known and much esteemed minor poet, noticed in the second series of this work.

Robert Burns Thomson is "Betty's" second, but eldest surviving son. Born in 1817, when a mere

boy he was compelled to assist his father at the loom, but having a soul above treddles, he found an opportunity of entering Thornliebank Works as a tenter. Here, with a small wage, he not only incurred the responsibilities of matrimony, but contrived to give himself much practical knowledge of music, and added to his income by becoming "precentor o' a kirk." Leaving the 'Shaws, he kept on his way with credit and honour, and rose to be manager of a large mill. He subsequently set up in business as a mill furnisher, and he is now enjoying a well-earned retirement, much admired and esteemed by a wide circle.

"R. B. T.," as he is familiarly known among his friends, is said to have been, when in his prime, the "counterfeit presentment" of him whose name he bears. Nor is the resemblance only physical. He possesses, in a considerable measure, the same vigorous intellect, and broad wit, combined with a keen sense of independence, while in the sister arts of poetry and music he is no mean proficient. Altogether the scion is worthy of the noble stem from which it sprung. His humour is pithy and jovial, as witness the following from "Rattlin' Tam":—

What ails a' the folk noo at Rattlin' Tam ?
They lauch an' they joke noo at Rattlin' Tam ;
I'm sure, when a wean, he was saft as a yam,
An', tho' dull, was aye kindly, oor Rattlin' Tam.

He ne'er could thole smilin' tho', Rattlin' Tam,
It aye raised the bile in oor Rattlin' Tam ;
Sae his mither wad gloom when she ca'd him her lamb,
For she weel kent the likin's o' Rattlin' Tam.

He's a hamely-like body, oor Rattlin' Tam,
As dooce-like's a cuddy, oor Rattlin' Tam ;
An' for a' his great pairts, his hale heid's but a clam.
Phrenology ! fiddle ! read Rattlin' Tam.

But Death had a word for oor Rattlin' Tam,
An' he ca'd wi' his sword on oor Rattlin' Tam ;

He wanted a stick to patch up his cairt tram,
An' he's aff an' awa' wi' puir Rattlin' Tam.

Many of his verses show the born poet—combining homely illustrations of country life with a pathos and tenderness that stir the heart, an enthusiastic love of nature, and a cultured ear in the music of his rhythm that evince the true poetic mind. We have been favoured with a sight of a packet of his letters—many of them poetical—to friends, and these are full of quaint touches of Scottish humour, delightful specimens of our vernacular language, and abound in incidents and anecdotes grave and gay. From what he calls “The Flae Affair,” in a letter with a packet of sweeties to his sister in Australia, he says:—

May they stir gentle thochts o' auld haunts an' auld hames,
Till the curtain o' mem'ry faulds saftly aside,
An rapt fancy re-peoples oor auld ingle side ;
Whan oor faither sat readin', an' mother men't claes,
Or deep doon 'mang the blankets she howkit for flaes ;
An' a better auld hunter ne'er pat on her specs
Than oor mother ; ye'll mind hoo she nippit their necks,
An' hoo when she saw ane her een kin'lt up,
An' her haun grew as soople's the crack o' a whup,
An' her spittle-wat finger gaed doon like a dert,
Then a rub an' a squeeze, and in twa gaed its he'rt.
O' were they a' leevin' that mother has slain,
Proud Russia's battalions shou'd taunt us in vain ;
For twa bagfu' sent o' them, I vow by the law,
Thro' the rest o' their lives they'd dae naething but claw.

The following is touchingly pathetic. Our poet was on his way home one winter Sunday night at the time of the Crimean War, when he had what douce Davie Deans would have called a “singular oot-poorin' o' the speerit.” He says, “I got a ‘bit gliff’ o’ inspiration, the like of which I never felt either before or since. I had been singing at an evening sermon in Crossmyloof. It would be about ten o’clock—a beautiful night. The moon was up in all her glory. The large black clouds were rushing over

her in all the hurry of the wintry blast. While standing admiring the wild grandeur of the hour, I thought I heard the voice of a child mingling with that of the wind. I stepped into the middle of the street to listen, when I heard the sound of feet. They turned out to be those of a woman with a child in her arms, who came and passed me; and just as she did so, the child said something to her which I could not interpret, till the woman said—‘Ay, ay, daddie’s awa’ at the war.’ The hour, the scene, and the words set me a-thinking. I did not sleep much that night. Next day I was equally troubled and moody. I went about my work haunted by such visions of suffering as kept my eyes half-blind with tears the whole day, and I could not get rid of the feeling for some days after I had thrown it together in the following form :—

MY DADDIE’S AWA’ AT THE WAR.

Oh, cauld comes the blast ower the deep wavin’ woods,
 An’ eerie the howlet’s wild cry,
 An’ fast flees the moon ‘mang the dark driving clouds
 As they rage o'er the wild wintry sky ;
 Yet the birds safely sleep in the laigh bending trees,
 An’ the beasts hae their dens in the scaur ;
 But mither and me noo hae nae place to stay,
 For my daddie’s awa’ at the war.

That nicht, e'er we left our wee house in the glen,
 As I lay in her bosom sae true,
 I heard the deep sabs o' her puir breakin' heart,
 While her tears fell in show'rs on my broo.
 I grat sair mysel', for she spoke in her dreams
 O' a cap wi' a croun an' a star ;
 An' her breath cam' sae short that I thocht she wad dee,
 An' my daddie awa' at the war.

Oh greet nae mair, mither, for sune he'll come hame,
 An' he'll tak' us again on his knee,
 An' close to his heart he will haud us at e'en,
 As he tells o' his toils o'er the sea.
 An' yon gentle fo'k that we ca'd on yestreen,
 Spoke sae saft when they drew the door bar,
 Oh I'm sure they'll be kind to wee wand'rers like me,
 Wha hae daddies awa' at the war.

COME, BOYS, COME.

Come, boys, come,
 Don't you hear yon British cheer ?
 Home, boys, home,
 Views our valour from the rear.
 Go, boys, go,
 Shall our brothers fall in vain ?
 No, boys, no,
 Freedom's foes be ours again.
 Let us scour the Crimean shore
 Where our gallant comrades lie,
 Braving storm and battle's roar,
 To revenge them or to die.
 Come, boys, come,
 High our banners let us bear,
 Home, boys, home,
 Views our valour from the rear.

Say, boys, say,
 Do we scorn our country's smile ?
 Nay, boys, nay,
 'Tis a meed for all our toil.
 For the dead there's bliss above,
 For the wounded, woman's tears ;
 For the spared, the land we love,
 Then away with coward fears.
 Come, boys, come,
 Let our British blood appear ;
 Home, boys, home,
 Views our valour from the rear.

Why, boys, why,
 Shall yon tyrant's power prevail ?
 Fie, boys, fie,
 Would you trust the coward tale ?
 Let the deeds our sires have done
 Nerve our arms at ev'ry blow ;
 Let us sing the fields they've won,
 As we rush upon the foe.
 Come, boys, come,
 Let dishonour only fear ;
 Home, boys, home,
 Views our valour from the rear.

True, boys, true,
 They may number ten to one ;
 We're few, boys, few,
 Tyrants ! tell ye what we've done,
 Let your hordes come o'er the fields,
 As the storm the wintry sky ;
 Freemen's hearts, true freemen's shields,
 Strong, undimm'd, shall all defy.

Come, boys, come,
Hark, their bugles sounding near ;
Home, boys, home,
Views our valour from the rear.

Now, boys, now,
While our hearts are bounding high,
Vow, boys, vow,
We may fall but never fly.
While our bay'nets bloody shine,
And our plumes majestic wave,
Swell the cry from line to line,
Home as heroes, or the grave.
Then on, boys, on,
Let the foe our vengeance feel ;
There's none, boys, none,
Dare defy the British steel.

PARTING.

Ae ither kiss, my heart's best love,
Ae ither kiss before I dee ;
Anither yet, then lay me doon,
An' gently close my dark'ning e'e.

Draw on my heid my bonnet blue,
A broken fluit lay by my side ;
An' owre my breathless bosom throw
A fauld o' oor auld coortin' plaid ;

An' bear me quietly to the 'Shaws,
An' lay me by my mother's side ;
There let me lie till years gae by,
An' time brings hame again my bride.

An' tell the weans they're no to greet —
I'm just gaun on a wee before,
To busk a hame for you and them
As braw's the best on Scotland's shore.

An' dinna grieve owre sair yersel',
Nor think it lang when I'm awa' ;
Let patience take the haun' o' hope
Till ance ye hear the hameward ca'.

An' noo farewell, my ain sweet wife,
Sic painfu' pairtin's surely prove
That dear anes ta'en will meet again
'Mang scenes o' endless life an' love.

YE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

[As sung by Willie Kilbraith, ye renounit fiddler o' Kilbarochan, for
ye comfort and ye edification o' ye mourners at ye funeral o' Habbie

Simpson, ye renounit piper o' that ilk. Publishit and sellit at ye Calico ball for ye benifit o' ye Western Infirmary o' Glasca, at ye small price o' ane saxpennys, by ye macker, Eddie Ochiltree. 1867.]

In Scotland there leev't a humble beggar,
Wha neither had hoose, ha', nor hame,
But he was weel-liket by ilka bodie,
An' he aye got sunkets to cram his wame.

Neiffu's o' meal, han'fu's o' groats,
Lumps o' puddin', an' banes gat he,
Wi' dauds o' bannock, an' lickin's o' plates,
That made him as blythe's a beggar cou'd be.

He had wallets ahin' an' wallets afore,
In as gude order as wallets cou'd be ;
Ane lang kale gully hung doon by his side,
An' a muckle nowt's horn to rowt on had he.

To waddin's an' wakes he aye fan' the gate,
An' aye a couthie, kin' welcome had he ;
He wad sit in a neuk wi' his auld-farrant cracks,
An' a bane in his han' like ye root o' a tree.

But it happenit ill, an' it happent waur,
It happenit this bauld beggar did dee ;
An' there war assembled at his like wake
Gentle an' simple o' ilka degree.

Some wer merry an' some wer sad,
An' some wer playin' at blin' Harrie ;
Oot spak ye auld man in ye midst o' ye thrang,
"I pray ye, guid fo'ks, tak' care o' me."

An' whan they took him to Dooket kirkyard,
He kickit an' flang till ye bars did flee ;
An' when they laid him doon in ye yird,
"O its cauld, its cauld," quo' he.

They flang doon their mattocks, an' left him his lane,
An' ran like ye widdie, but faster ran he ;
An' he was first doon at ye yill in ye clachan,
An' helpit to drink his ain dergee.

Some ran east, an' some ran wast,
An' some ran to ye north countrie,
Whaur Royal King Jamie was haudin' his coort
'Mang lords an' ledgies o' high degree.

King Jamie leuch lood whan he heard o' ye joke,
An' he cries, "gae saddle my broon palfree,
For I maun see this cunnin auld carle,
Let twenty braid swords come on wi' me."

They rode owre ye muir for mony a lang mile,
 Whaur ye deer an' ye tod ran wild an' free,
 Till they cam' to a glen whaur ye tinklers leev't,
 Yeclipit ye clachan o' Beggarshalea.

King Jamie lap doon frae his saddle o' gowd,
 An' up to a loon in ye loanin' gaed he ;
 Quo' he, "Sir, ye howf o' ye auld beggar man
 Ye burriet yestreen I fain wad see."

Ye loon held up his haun to ye lift,
 "Behold ye ruif o' his ha'," quo' he ;
 "Ye sun an' ye muin are his winnocks, I ween,
 An' I'm ye beggar ye've cam to see."

King Jamie spak roon to his troopers sae bauld,
 "Licht doon, my gallants, in coortisee."
 Then quo' he, "Brave carle, we've met ye before,
 Say, ken ye ye woods o' bonnie Glenshee ?

An' min' ye a nicht some 'ears gane by,
 As fearfu' a nicht as e'er rockit a tree,
 When ye bluidy Buchanans fell in wi' ye King,
 An' wad been his death had it no been for thee ?

I've socht ye sin' syne ye hale countrie roon',
 For tho' ye're a carle o' laigh degree,
 Ye gentleman spak in your cudgel that nicht,
 When ye hicht siccan help to my leddy an' me."

"Od, safs," quo' the beggar, "are ye oor guid King ?
 Ye King o' braid Scotlan', say, Sir, do I see ?"
 An' doon fell his wallets, an' doon fell his rung,
 An' doon fell ye beggar on bendit knee.

King Jamie drew oot his glimmerin' sword,
 An' smil'd on ye beggar, wha ill did dree ;
 Then he strak his braid shoother an' held oot his haun',
 Sayin', "Rise, Sir Knicht o' Beggarshalea."



JAMES THOMSON.

SPEAKING to the students at Edinburgh, Carlyle, in reminding them of the value of health, pointed out that the old word for "holy" in the German language—*heilig*—also means healthy.

He told them they could get no better definition of what "holy" really is than "healthy"—completely healthy. The value of the reminder probably no one could estimate better than Carlyle himself. Any one who has accompanied us so far in our gallery of "Modern Scottish Poets" must have remarked the rarity of anything morbid attaching to them. Whatever their position or occupation, they are, as a rule, both intellectually vigorous and morally wholesome. Contact with them is invigorating and purifying. They are, as a body, *hale* or healthy. Judging from their works, the Scottish type of manhood rests largely on strength—strength both in action and in restraint. Its impulse is to hide the scar, to stifle the yearning, to smother the moan. The voice of the typical Scottish poet is the voice of courage. He has little love for the night-side of Nature, and rises above despair into the calmness of hope.

It is to be regretted that an exception should be found in a man of great genius, of lofty thought, of pre-eminent ability, and a man possessed, too, of an exceptionally fine nature—James Thomson, author of "The City of Dreadful Night." He seems to have been capable of high affection, gratitude, friendship, love. He had a subtle appreciation of the arts. He was extremely susceptible to the charms of music. He had a true poet's favourites among the poets, Leopardi, Heine, Shelley, and Browning; but there is the essence that perfumes and the essence that poisons, and it was the latter he extracted from the flowers of poesy. He suffered one great loss in life, and it became a vortex round which he was whirled in lessening circles until he was drawn down. He was one of those of whom, in picturing a contrast to Longfellow, Mr Lowell sings:—

"Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core,
As ~~Naught~~ but nightshade grew upon earth's ground."

He was fortunate to this extent, even if the fact shows the depth of his wound, that the one heart-pain exhausted his power of suffering. With the woman mentioned in Her Majesty's "More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands," he might have said, "when *she* was ta'en it made sic a hole in my heart that a' ither sorrows gang lightly through." Other causes, however, conspired so to mould Thomson's character, to tone his thought, and guide his muse as to compel us to regard him as an exception, and a striking presence among the figures in our literary gallery.

James Thomson was born at Port-Glasgow in 1834. Both parents were Scotch. His father was in the merchant marine service, and is thought to have become intemperate, imbecile, and so to have died about 1840. His mother died shortly after giving birth to her second child, when James was about six years old. From her he seems to have inherited most of his qualities of both heart and head. On her death James was placed in the Caledonian Orphan Asylum, and there received an education which enabled him to accept, and satisfactorily discharge, the duties of assistant schoolmaster in the army. He was attached to the garrison at Ballincollig, and in the course of two years' residence became acquainted with the daughter of the armourer-sergeant of one of the regiments. Although both were very young they seem to have loved each other deeply. In both mind and person the young lady, who is described as having been like the *Eva* of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was one likely to captivate and hold the heart of the embryo poet. He dreamed his dream like an ardent boy filled with poetic fire, but whom the Muse had not yet touched with the magic wand of song. One would fain dwell upon the incident, an idyl in garrison life, with its air of romance, young enthusiasm and freshness. It is the

only glimpse of sunshine we get in a life of gloom. It is like looking out of shadow at children playing in a passing gleam of winter's sunlight. The most vivid description we have of the young lady is Thomson's own in "Vane's Story": —

" For thought retraced the long sad years,
Of pallid smiles and frozen tears
Back to a certain festal night
A whirl and blaze of swift delight,
When we together danced, we two.

• • • •

Dressed in white,
A loose pink sash around your waist,
Low shoes across the instep laced,
Your moon-white shoulders glancing through
Long yellow ringlets dancing too
You were an angel then ; as clean
From earthly dust-speck, as serene
And lovely and beyond my love,
As now in your far world above."

A further reference to her is made in the "Sonnet Written in 1862," given below. The awakening from the dream was speedy, startling, and rough. From Ballincollig, Thomson went to the Training College at Chelsea to qualify as schoolmaster. It was while there that news reached him of the young lady's illness. The next day brought the announcement of her death. Considering his years—he was barely twenty—it seems like an exaggeration to say that the news not only stunned him but shattered his only prospect of earthly happiness. Yet such is the simple fact. The light of his life went out in that single moment. He wished to die, tried, it is said, to starve himself, but recovered his mental balance, and mechanically turned to the work of life. The flavour of life was, however, gone. He passed through his remaining years with a stoic's stolid indifference to the events of life. He looked upon the world and its ways and interests as parts of a dreary play, and waited with what patience he could

muster for the fall of the curtain. It is manifest such an existence is not worth dignifying with the name of life. The man was an emotional paralytic. He knew nothing of healthy life, became morbid, sceptical, and a pronounced pessimist.

In 1854 he was appointed schoolmaster, serving in Devonshire, Dublin, and elsewhere, until 1862, when he left the army. One or two poems belonging to the army period of Thomson's life are given below, and for permission to publish these we are indebted to Messrs Reeves & Turner, 196 Strand, London, the publishers of a handsome edition of Thomson's poems. His first published poem was "The Fadeless Flower," which came out in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* in 1858. More remarkable than it, however, was "The Doom of a City," written in the previous year, which clearly indicated his future strength and speculative tendency.

It is a curious and melancholy fact that his gradual separation from orthodoxy kept pace with the increase of his poetic power. He was so independent in judgment that the influence upon his creed of Bradlaugh or Shelley, or any other, is not worth discussion. He simply seems to have allowed his ideas of the future, and of religion in general, to borrow a sombre tone from his experience in life. Gloom settled upon him, heart and soul. It is an interesting psychological study to compare Thomson's early poems, and notably "The Doom of a City," with "The City of Dreadful Night," which came fourteen or fifteen years later. To his great loss, as the central cause of his unhappiness, was added a morbid melancholy resulting from introspection. Without was darkness, within despair. He speaks of these moods as

Fits of despair that maddened woe,
Frantic remorse, intense self-scorn,
And yearnings, harder to be borne,
Of utter loneliness forlorn.

To make matters worse, his works gained him no sort of recognition. He was either unwise or unfortunate in his choice of a channel for reaching the world. He began with Tait, and may almost be said to have ended with Bradlaugh. He wrote prose and verse for the *London Investigator*, and subsequently for the *National Reformer*, both under Mr Bradlaugh's control. When he left the army he went to live with Mr Bradlaugh, and took a place as clerk in the law office which he managed. In 1869 Mr Froude accepted one of his poems for *Fraser*. In 1872 he went to America, and shortly afterwards paid Spain a brief visit as correspondent for a New York paper. In 1874 "The City of Dreadful Night" appeared, and was the first of his works which really attracted the notice of the press. Tone and tendency apart, it is saddening to think of his burying such a work in the journals where they first saw the light, and it is no wonder that, when his first volume appeared, in April 1880, containing "The City of Dreadful Night," reviewers should write of him as if they had discovered a new poet. He had been toiling among them in obscurity for twelve years. In October of the same year "Vane's Story and other Poems" appeared, and in 1881 was followed by prose "Essays and Phantasies." He was recognised, but recognition came too late. He had become addicted to drink, and illustrated the old, old story, of which every one knows the end. He sought "surcease of sorrow," and found death. On June 1st, 1882, he was taken ill, on the 3rd he died, and on the 8th he was buried in Highgate Cemetery.

The Rev. J. W. Ebsworth has said—"Of his genius, true and strong, there can be no question among competent judges," and although he cannot well be judged by extracts or selections, the dictum will probably receive the assent of every reader of the poems we have culled. It will be seen that he did not

wholly confine himself to songs of pain and despair. He could appreciate the brightness which he did not feel, and picture the beauty he did not enjoy—even humour shows at times its kindly face. Very often he is strikingly original, but the quality takes a form which brings him before us as a spectral sort of being, lacking the *verve* of humanity, and much addicted to restless sorrow and the pursuit of a pallid philosophy. He was at his best among the mysteries. His strength and weakness were closely allied. He soared among the problems of life and death, and cowered before phantoms. He lacked the courage of true and steadfast manliness based upon the faith that, in submitting to that Power which brought us here, and has infused into human life so much beauty and joy, all must needs be well. His youth was full of promise both of eminence and happiness. He was intellectually quick and strong. With a good memory, he mastered the languages with ease, and displayed rare mathematical talent. To suit his expansive taste, his reading was wide. His sensibility was acute, and his nerves finely strung. He made friends readily, and retained them long. In his boyhood he is described as having been “wonderfully clever, very nice-looking, and very gentle, grave and kind. He was always willing to attend to our whims.” These are a lady’s words, and in 1860 he seems to her less manly-looking, painfully silent and depressed. The blight was upon him then, and, at forty-eight, he died an old man. May we not apply to him his own verses on

WILLIAM BLAKE.

He came to the desert of London town,
Grey miles long ;
He wandered up, and he wandered down,
Singing a quiet song.

He came to the desert of London town,
 Mirk miles broad ;
 He wandered up, and he wandered down,
 Ever alone with God.

There were thousands and thousands of human kind
 In the desert of brick and stone ;
 But some were deaf and some were blind,
 And he was there alone.

At length the good hour came ; he died
 As he had lived, alone :
 He was not missed from the desert wide,
 Perhaps he was found at the Throne.

A PROEM.

“Carouse in the Past.”—*Robert Browning’s “Saul.”*

We will drink anew of old pleasures ;
 In the golden chalice of song
 We will pour out the wine-like treasures
 Of memories hidden long.

Old memories hidden, but cherished,
 In a heart-nook deep and calm ;
 They have not faded and perished,
 Like the old friends they embalm.

We will call them forth from their darkness,
 As we call forth a rare old wine
 Which the long, rich years have mellowed
 Till the flavour is divine.

In a glorious intoxication
 Will we revel while such drink may last ;
 And dead to the leaden-houred Present,
 Live in golden hours of the Past.

THE DREAMER.

Sing the old song while the dear child is sleeping,
 Sing it most sweetly and tenderly low ;
 Not to awake her again to her weeping ;
 Let the soft notes through her dream gently flow.
 What though the passionate tears were down streaming,
 From eye-balls long parched, when she lay down to rest ;
 Poor thing, she now is most tranquilly dreaming,
 Her life is again with his dear presence blest.

See o'er her wan face what joy brightly flushes ;
 Beneath the dark lids how her eyes swell and gleam !
 The sweet smile is drowned in the glow of love-blushes !
 Yes ! he companions her now in the dream.
 Darling ! her lips murmur softly and slowly,—
 What sacred vows and confessions of love ;
 Is not this dream-life most blessed and holy,
 Less of the earth than of heaven above ?

• • • •

Sing the old song still with low-voiced sweetness,
 To harmonise well with her brief dream of bliss,
 Blending therewith to ecstatic completeness :—
 The poor, pallied lips, are they trembling a kiss ?
 So may the words and the scenes of her vision
 To her tranced spirit more exquisite grow,
 With beauty and glory and rapture Elysian,
 Subtly attuned to our soft music's flow :

And she may, alas, when she wakes with the morrow
 To bitter reality, hopeless and lone,
 Remember far more to sooth anguish and sorrow
 Of the dream and the dream-words of him who is gone :
 And so, when we sing the old song in her hearing,
 May she with wonder and secret joy find
 The dear words, the bliss of her dream re-appearing
 With the loved music that flows through her mind.

Perhaps she now hears him an old love-lay singing ;
 Does it not thrill in her eager, fixed face ?
 Or hear the old church-bells in golden chimes ringing,
 The union that cannot in this world take place.
 But sleep, darling, sleep ; oh, dwell long in that heaven,
 The strange, solemn dreamland so holy and calm,
 Which God hath in mercy to such as thee given,
 Where all stricken hearts may find wound-healing balm.

THE FIRE THAT FILLED MY HEART OF OLD.

The fire that filled my heart of old
 Gave lustre while it burned ;
 Now only ashes grey and cold
 Are in its silence urned.
 Ah ! better was the furious flame,
 The splendour with the smart ;
 I never cared for the singer's fame,
 But, oh ! for the singer's heart once more—
 The burning, fulgent heart !

No love, no hate, no hope, no fear,
 No anguish, and no mirth ;

Thus life extends from year to year,
 A flat of sullen dearth.
 Ah ! life's blood creepeth cold and tame,
 Life's thought plays no new part :
 I never cared for the singer's fame,
 But, oh ! for the singer's heart once more—
 The bleeding, passionate heart !

SONG.

" The nightingale was not yet heard,
 For the rose was not yet blown ;"
 His heart was quiet as a bird
 Asleep in the night alone ;
 And never were its pulses stirred
 To breathe, or joy, or moan :
 The nightingale was not yet heard,
 For the rose was not yet blown.

Then she bloomed forth before his sight
 In passion and in power,
 And filled the very day with light,
 So glorious was her dower ;
 And made the whole vast moonlit night
 As fragrant as a bower ;
 The young, the beautiful, the bright,
 The splendid peerless flower.

Whereon his heart was like a bird
 When Summer mounts his throne,
 And all its pulses thrilled and stirred
 To songs of joy and moan,
 To every most impassioned word,
 And most impassioned tone ;
 The Nightingale at length was heard.
 For the Rose at length was blown.

MODERN PENELOPE.

(RIDDLE SOLVED.)

What did she mean by that crochet work ?
 The work that never got done,
 Lolling as indolent as a Turk,
 Looking demure as a nun :
 What subtle mystery might lurk
 (Of course there must be one),
 In that Penelope web of work,
 The work that never got done ?

She lolled on the low couch just under the light
 So very serene and staid :

We had some other guests that night,
 One sang, another played.
 A couple discovered the stars were bright,
 Of course a youth and a maid,
 I watched her knitting under the light
 So very serene and staid.

I knew that she was a rogue in her heart,
 As roguish as ever could be,
 And she knew that I knew, yet would not dart
 A single glance at me,
 But seemed as it were withdrawn apart
 Amid the companie,
 A nun in her face, with a rogue in her heart,
 As roguish as ever could be.

I like a riddle when its knot
 Involves a pretty girl,
 I puzzle about, now cold, now hot,
 Through every loop and twirl,
 For the question is "Who?" as well as "What?"
 And the answer is thus a heart,
 And really you cannot study the knot
 Unless you study the girl.

With a graceful lazy kittypuss air
 She fingered the net and the ball :
 At first she started to work on the square,
 And then she undid all :
 To make it round was next her care,
 But the progress was strangely small,
 With a graceful lazy kittypuss air
 Trifling with net and ball.

About her lips a quiet smile
 Came hovering, then took rest :
 A butterfly in the self-same style
 Will choose some sweet flower's breast :
 Her eyes were drooping all the while,
 But the drooping lids expressed
 The satisfaction of a smile,
 Like a butterfly at rest.

Her hands kept floating to and fro
 Like a pair of soft white doves,
 In gentle dalliance coy and slow
 Around a nest of Loves :
 And against my chair her couch was low,
 And six was the size of her gloves,
 They were charming those hands there to and fro
 Like a pair of soft white doves.

Her fair face opened like a flower,
 And a sigh thrilled the smile on her lips,

And her eyes shone out with a dazzling power
 From the dream of their half-eclipse
 As she welcomed the trill of "A summer shower"
 With plausive finger-tips—
 Oh ! her eyes so bright and her face like a flower,
 Another exquisite smile of her lips !

Those hands kept floating soft and white
 Our hearts to mesmerise,
 Those dark eyes keep half-veiled their light
 To lure and lure our eyes ;
 That web is but a subtle sleight
 To mesh us by surprise,
 Do I not read your riddle right,
 Penelope the wise ?

O you nun in face with the rogue in your heart,
 As roguish as ever can be,
 You have played an immensely wiser part
 Than the old Penelope :
 You have caught twin loves in the toils of your art,
 And neither will ever get free :
 You have won the game of a heart for a heart,
 And when shall the settling be ?

A RECUSANT.

The church stands there beyond the orchard-blooms :
 How yearningly I gaze upon its spire !
 Lifted mysterious through the twilight glooms,
 Dissolving in the sunset's golden fire,
 Or dim as slender incense morn by morn
 Ascending to the blue and open sky,
 For everywhere my heart feels most forlorn
 It murmurs to me with a weary sigh,
 How sweet to enter in, to kneel and pray
 With all the others whom we love so well ;
 All disbelief and doubt might pass away,
 All peace float to us with its Sabbath bell.
 Conscience replies, "There is but one good rest,
 Whose head is pillow'd upon Truth's pure breast."

SONNET WRITTEN IN 1862.

Indeed you set me in a happy place,
 Dear for itself, and dearer much for you,
 And dearest still for one life-crowning grace—
 Dearest, though infinitely saddest too :
 For there my own Good Angel took my hand,
 And filled my soul with glory of her eyes,
 And led me through the love-lit Faerie Land
 Which joins our common world to Paradise.

How soon, how soon, God called her from my side,
 Back to her own celestial sphere of day,
 And ever since she ceased to be my Guide,
 I reel and stumble on life's solemn way ;
 Ah, ever since her eyes withdrew their light,
 I wander lost in blackest stormy night.

FROM "THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT."

The mighty river flowing dark and deep,
 With ebb and flood from the remote sea-tides
 Vague-sounding through the city's sleepless sleep,
 Is named the River of the Suicides ;
 For night by night some lorn wretch over-weary,
 And shuddering from the future yet more dreary,
 Within its cold secure oblivion hides.

One plunge from a bridge's parapet,
 As if by some blind and sudden frenzy hurled ;
 Another wades in slow with purpose set
 Until the waters are above him furled ;
 Another in a boat with dream-like motion
 Glides drifting down into the desert ocean,
 To starve or sink from out the desert world.

They perish from their suffering surely thus,
 For none beholding them attempts to save,
 The while each thinks how soon, solicitous,
 He may seek refuge in the self-same wave ;
 Some hour when tired of ever-vain endurance
 Impatience will forerun the sweet assurance
 Of perfect peace eventual in the grave.

When this poor tragic-farce has palled us long,
 Why actors and spectators do we stay ?—
 To fill our so-short *roles* out right or wrong :
 To see what shifts are yet in the dull play
 For our illusion ; to refrain from grieving
 Dear foolish friends by our untimely leaving :
 But those asleep at home, how blest are they.

Yet it is but for one night after all :
 What matters one brief night of dreary pain ?
 When after it the weary eyelids fall
 Upon the weary eyes and wasted brain ;
 And all sad scenes and thoughts and feelings vanish
 In that sweet sleep, no power can ever bauish,
 That one best sleep which never wakes again.

DAVID K. COUTTS,

THE author of the following poems and songs, was born in Dunfermline in 1827. In his youth he was engaged for a few years in one of the manufactories of his native town, but his passion for books led him to relinquish his early calling, and qualify himself as a school teacher—a profession he has successfully followed ever since. He resided for nearly twenty years in West Linton, Peeblesshire, where he was teacher of the Somervail Institution, and for the last thirteen years he has been head-master of Dr Bell's school, Leith, one of the largest schools in the burgh.

Mr Coutts began to write early, and when only seventeen years of age several of his pieces appeared in the local journals of his native town. Others have been published in one or two border papers, also in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other places. He had the idea at one time of publishing in book form, but after a course of reading, including the works of the great master-minds of poetry, he thought it better "to bide a wee," and the project remains unaccomplished. He has been successful in various kinds of poetry, but song-making has ever been his favourite pursuit. Any old tune that took his fancy could only be banished by making new words for it. He published for a time in the *Peeblesshire Advertiser* "New Songs to Old Airs." For several years Mr Coutts has only occasionally invoked the Muse, as the worry of school-keeping is not congenial to poetical effort. Still he is fond of his old studies, and cherishes dearly the productions of his more highly gifted poetical fellows.

In Mr Coutts' lyrics we find the outpourings of a truly poetic nature—a heart possessing tender domestic

feelings and a warm love of Nature. His language is always chaste and melodious, and his cultured ear and keen perception of the beautiful is visible in many pleasing and delicate touches.

MY NATIVE LAND.

O, Scotia dear, my native land, I fain would sing o' thee !
Thy nameless knowes, thy shelter'd howes shall aye be dear to me !

And in thy hamely cots unseen there's mony a furthy hand
Aye helps the puir and faitherless in thee, my native land.
What tho' thy speech be rude, there is music in the tongue
That breath'd love o'er my infancy, and thrill'd my heart with song ;

What tho' thy muirlands only ken the heather and the bee,
There's grandeur in their loneliness nae wealthy plains can gie.

O, England, merry may ye be, nae fretfu' word o' mine
Shall blame ye for the waefu' deeds wrocht by your kings lang-syne ;

But dearer far our fields o' war, where stalwart heroes trod,
An' th' holy cairns o' martyr'd sons who died for truth and God.
Lang may your sons be true, whate'er be fortune's fa',
Your daughters' hearts be kind, and learn, altho' their dowry's sma' ;

Lang may the faith o' sainted sires inspire your heart and hand ;
An' lang may tyranny's red foot ne'er press my native land.

THE AULD WIFE'S ADDRESS TO HER GUDEMAN.

We baith hae turned three score, John, we baith are growin' auld ;

Your broo has mony a furrow, an' your haffets noo are bald ;
An' on your agéd pow, John, ilk winter's left a snaw,
That a' the suns o' summer, John, can never tak' awa'.

But tho' upon your pow, John, the snaws o' age repose,
They haena dimm'd your e'e, John, nor tint ye o' the rose ;
But time may change oor features, but oor hearts it canna move,
An' tho' 'tis winter wi' oor years, 'tis summer wi' oor love.

I've looed ye frae the time, John, ye took me frae the rest,
An' poured a strain o' airtless love into my youthfu' breast ;
An' ever frae that nicht, John, ye dearest were to me,
An' I liked the very glance that fell sae lovin' frae your e'e.

An' when ye got frae me, John, my heart an' hand an' a',
I left my mither's bame, John, to keep your humble ha' ;
An' sae confidently you gae the care o'a' to me,
My heart felt meikle pride, John, but 'twas a pride in thee.

An' when the time cam' roon', John, that saw ye made a sire,
 A pleasure filled your heart, and your e'e seemed a' on fire ;
 But when you gat into your arms your ain first gentie wean,
 I felt a joy that moment, John, whilk banished a' my pain.

An' do you mind the time, John, when death took oor neist
 bairn,
 Oor sighs brak' forth thegither, John, an' oor bosoms sair did
 yearn ;
 But whan ye kist her cauld, cauld lips, altho' I couldna speak,
 I liked you for the tears I saw come rowin' owre your cheek.

Tho' Death has ta'en some wee buds, John, he's left us aye the-
 gither,
 Till I am made a granny, John, an' you a gude gran'father ;
 But hoo you keekit in my face whan you the news were tauld,
 Surprised ye said to me—"Losh, Jean, we're surely growin'
 auld."

An' noo I see your grandbairns come toddlin' roun' your knee,
 They seem to ken that ye are gude to them as weel as me ;
 As aft I've faund ye sae, John, thro' a' oor cares, I trow,
 For wi' a heart as kind as thine, what would we no come thro'?

We've fouchten up the brae, John, as tho' 'twere for a croon,
 An', wi' oor thrift, we hae a frien' will han' us gently doon ;
 An' the same wee bit gowan, John, shall blaw abune us baith,
 An' the same grassy divot, John, shall mark oor rest in death.

M Y J E A N.

There is a heart, an airtless heart, that aften beats for me ;
 A breast where kindly sighings start, where nane can hearers be ;
 A brow as calm as midnight's hush, wi' simple flow'rets
 wreath'd ;

A cheek that wears a bonnie blush, whene'er my name is breath'd.
Chorus.—There's twa sweet een that shine sae bricht, whene'er

my face is seen ;

An' O, the form which dances licht is thine, my faithfu'
 Jean.

I'll seek nae mair the guilefu' toon, whaur lasses gang sae braw ;
 Tho' they hae mony a siller croon, I'll turn me frae their ha' ;
 I'll dream but o' a lowly cot on yonder village green ;
 I'll think but o' my cantie lot, when blest wi' thee, my Jean.
Chorus.—There's twa sweet een, etc.

Till sangsters leave the woodland screen, and seek the eagle's
 nest ;

Till lambkins leave the pastures green, tho' sair wi' want opprest ;
 Till beauty shall forsake our earth, and be nae langer seen ;
 Till man forget his place o' birth, will I forget my Jean,

Chorus.—There's twa sweet een, etc.

THE PLAIDIE.

Air.—“ Let me in this ae nicht.”

O lassie dear, my winsome flower,
What mak's ye look sae sad and sour,
Nor lichtseme be, for a' my power
To mak' ye blithe again !

Chorus.—When I've row'd ye in my plaidie,
My saft tartan plaidie,
And happ'd ye wi' my plaidie
Frae wintry wind and rain.

The cloud that hides the sunny ray
Is like thy face when gloamin' sae,
And I am filled wi' grief and wae
At seein' thee in pain.
When I've row'd, etc.

But weel ken I what mak's sae sad
The bonnie face that aye was glad—
Thy mammie winna let thee wed,
Nor draw up wi' the men.
Tho' I've row'd, etc.

But cheer thy heart, my bonnie pet,
Nae langer at her canker fret,
Thy minnie's mind may alter yet
Wi' thochts on days bygane,
When she row'd wi' your dadie,
Aneath his tartan plaidie, etc.

But whether she consent or na,
Whene'er a towmond flees awa',
And hills again are clad wi' snaw,
I'll tak' ye for my ain.
An' we'll row aneath ae plaidie.

TO A WREN FOUND DEAD IN THE SNOW.

Cauld is thy heart, thou bonnie wren,
Cauld is thy bed, thou speechless fren,
Nae mair at gloamin'-time thou'l len'
Thy little pairt,
Amang the minstrels o' the glen
To cheer my heart.

When pompous man is on his bier
His menials saulless woes appear,
But thou, sweet warbler, must lie here
Without regard,
Except the warm, grief-laden tear
O' humble bard.

The wintry blasts sae snell and sour,
 Hae gi'en thee to a caulder power,
 Nae mair to pass thy little hour
 By bank and brae,
 Nor drink the dew drap frae the flower
 At break o' day.

Nae mair will summer glad thy sicht,
 Nor love-time mak' thee sport sae licht,
 Nor wilt thou tremble wi' affricht
 At human form,
 Nor wauken terror-bound at nicht,
 Wi' howlin' storm.

The thochts o' summer blithe and free,
 The wee herd laddie fills wi' glee ;
 He dreams he roves by bush and tree,
 Which spring has drest,
 And sees wi' cunnin', kindly ee
 The robin's nest.

As gladsome glints micht fill thy breast
 In thy forsaken, cheerless nest,
 When shiv'rin' sair, wi' hunger prest,
 Thou left the glen,
 And socht a bite to mak' thee blest,
 'Mang thochtless men.

But sma' the strength sic hope gied thee,
 Thy weary wings nae mair could flee,
 Tho' some bare knowe thou weel micht see
 Short space awa,'
 Yet frozen, cauld, thou clos' st thine ee
 Amang the snaw.

Had'st thou a mate ? long may she mourn
 Till thou, his partner, ere return ;
 Long may she look by bank and burn
 Wi' searchin' ee,
 Till ocht but grief will mak' him learn
 The fate o' thee.

Such fate betides the sons o' earth,
 Whom ruin drives from parent hearth,
 They win the sweet rewards o' worth
 But death attends,
 While dreaming o' their land o' birth,
 And weeping friends.

Such fate may chill thy fire, my breast ;
 When canker'd, toil-wrung, and opprest,

I've seen a haven near o' rest
 Frae fortune's wave,
 But finds instead o' being blest
 A stranger's grave.



W. V. COUSIN.

WILLIAM VICTOR COUSIN is the fourth son of the late Rev. William Cousin, Free Church minister of Melrose—his mother being noticed in our Fifth Series as the widely-esteemed and talented authoress of the well-known hymn, “The Sands of Time are Sinking.” Mr Cousin was born in 1860, studied at the Edinburgh Academy, and is now engaged in business in Liverpool. He inherits not a little of his mother’s poetical genius, and is author of numerous very thoughtful poems, showing marked independence of thought, pure feeling for the beauties of Nature, and a pathos which flows direct from the heart to the heart.

A SPRIG OF HEATHER.

’Tis but a sprig of heather,
 Faded and withered and grey,
 But blighted not by the weather,
 Nor the winds that sweep o'er the brae.

’Twas plucked in the hour that lingers
 Between the dark and the day,
 ’Twas plucked by the fairest of fingers,
 And laughingly thrown away.

And now she is gone from me ever,
 To the dark and shadowy tomb,—
 And I make my moan to the river,
 As it roars through the deepening gloom.

S U D D E N M E M O R I E S.

Long years have sped since when, in the first blush
 Of youth, ere yet the rising sun had drawn

A cloudlet from the vale of life,—ere yet
 The joyous heart had learnt to doubt, or mark
 The care that broods o'er every mortal brow,
 It was my lot in Nature's kindly school
 To grow, and learn of her such lessons glad,
 As ne'er are learned save 'neath her gentle sway.
 And oft on memory flash those distant scenes
 'Mid which my boyhood's days passed happily.
 Most of it is some well-loved solitude,
 Sacred to friendship and to early love ;
 Some nook where hazel and grey willow twine,
 Dipping their whispering branches in the stream,
 Where restful cattle seek the drowsy shade,
 Breasting mid-deep the tranquil waters' force,
 All heedless of the fervid July sun.
 The humid fragrance of a moonless night
 In the mid-autumn, when the moistening dew
 Drips measuredly from off the silent trees,
 And gently stirs the softly piled up leaves.
 The mirthful tinkling of a summer shower
 Upon the crystal bosom of the lake,
 Whose placid waters clear reflect the green
 O'erhanging solitudes of pasture land.
 Or the wild tumult of a winter's flood,
 All black with melted snow and thick heaped ice,
 As wrapped in sullen majesty it sweeps
 The sparkling limits of its wintry bed.
 Or the swift variance of an April day,
 Aglow with all the sunshine of the spring,
 When the west wind despoils the snow-white thorn
 To enrich the teeming valley with her breath,
 And fleecy cloudlets scudding high o'er head
 Cast shifting shadows on the waving corn.
 Or is 't that season when the daylight fades
 Into the twilight of the crescent moon ;
 A calm profound pervades the shadowy vale,
 As, one by one, in the blue vault appears
 The steadfast watchers of the slumbering world.

THE LONELY GRAVE.

[ARGUMENT.—Sir Gerald, a gentleman of Devon, was, in the midst of an unpoetical age, born a poet. Finding in a neglected corner of the library a long forgotten volume of poems, the work of an ancestor, he despairs as to the fate of his own muse, and hastily burns his manuscripts. The light of morning finds him dead, with only one page of what most he cherished surviving amid the embers. The story is told by a remote heir, as gathered from the lips of a youthful scion of the house.]

A mimic autumn rained around our heads
 From fragrant limes, whose sun-fraught, bursting buds
 Cheated the boisterous west with their dried husks ;
 Whilst ever and anon from the south wood

The chiding cuckoo shouted mockingly.
 We questioned of the past ; I fervid spake
 Of Sicily, where first I saw the sun,
 And in whose valleys, clothed with vine and mirth,
 Untravelled I had passed from boy to man ;
 Nay, rather as two loud contending streams
 Forgetful sink, merged in a quiet sea,
 Boyhood and manhood blended there in one,
 Met in the sea of destiny untried.
 Sweet Devon that I love was new to me ;
 Strange, too, that blustering gale of the loud west,
 Triumphant sounding ; strange to me the voice,
 Low and most musical that 'neath the limes
 In simple words recalled what now I tell—
 The tearful story of the lonely grave.

“ ‘Twas mid-December ; mild as April-tide
 Day followed day. Unvexed by ice or snow
 The fallow fields lay open to the sky ;
 A misty wilderness of drifting clouds
 Lowering and ever rolling from the west,
 Like broken columns following the bier
 Of their dead General. Even where the trees
 O'erhung the tranquil lake, her dusky locks
 Entwined with the branches, twilight sank,
 The distant meadows fading from the view.

“ Sir Gerald stood alone in thoughtful shade,
 Save where the crackling logs gleamed, and the light
 Glanced on his face—so rarely sad a face
 As I have seen but once. When now the eye
 Could see nor hill, nor wood, nor the still lake,
 But only the black night, with measured step
 He paced the hall. The stealthy moonbeams slept
 Cloud-hidden. Dream-like sailed from mass to mass
 Of ponderous shade the pale and troubled stars.
 Thrice the dun blood-hound shook his tawny hide,
 As thrice from midnight chimed the passing hours,
 And often as the crumbling embers fell,
 His half-formed growl proclaimed his wakeful mood,
 His ample head low pillow'd on the hearth.
 Through the dark shade of the far-reaching hall
 The clear inconstant firelight fitful gleamed
 On warriors dead, and fair ones that they loved.
 Yet ever there was one amidst them all,
 Hid from the firelight by an ampler shade,
 That in the full ray of the weeping moon,
 With sweet enquiring eyes of fearless grey,
 Seemed, listening, to gaze on one she loved.
 As when a star deep-mirrored in a pool
 Answers a star in heaven, that mother's eye,
 Though troubled, lived again in this her son,

Even as when ruffling winds disturb the pool,
Unvexed the steadfast star gleams in the sky.

“ ‘Tis said there was a moaning through the house,
As of a great hound in a deep distress ;
Low tones of one that chid him lovingly,
Bidding him rest ; and then the voice was still.
The morning broke. The winter sun that rose,
Awaking men to strife, to toil, to joy,
Peered through the lattice on Sir Gerald’s corse.
Clasped to his breast, forgotten by all else,
The dreams of one—his poet ancestor ;
And on the hearth charred by the blackened brands,
(Save only those here writ upon his tomb)
Lay scattered the lost thoughts of the dead man.”

Bury me ’neath the rough brown earth.
Ten thousand stars, ten thousand years
Shall weep and fade. The crescent birth
Of autumn moons, dim through their tears,
Fulfil their circle, wane and die.
Men shall pursue their fevered dream,
And hoary cities crumbling fall ;
And tranced echo, in the gleam
Of wintry suns, shall, last of all,
Forsake their streets with muffled cry.

Bury me when the midnight dew
Shall gem the raven’s outstretched wing,
And deck my grave with withered rue,
Nor pluck the hemlock when the spring
Her rank luxuriance shall unfold.
And when the sky is white and blue,
O’er that dark life, for covering, fling
Sable forgetfulness. Thou, too,
Fair one, shalt die ; nor any sing
The story of thy life untold.

“ And as Sir Gerald lived in simple times,
While yet the will of loved ones dead had power,
The thing was done as he had willed it should.
Often at eventide, or when the rooks,
Wind-combating, possessed the morning sky,
Here ’neath the limes I’ve searched, and hardly found
‘Sir Gerald’s Rest,’ deep-shadowed by the thorn.
The spot is little known ; and when the light—
The dying daylight—quicken into life,
Merged in the dawning of a summer moon,
The weary labourer passes it, nor dreams
Tis hallowed ground that echoes to his tread.”

A FAREWELL.

We are not there to view thee, Tweed,
 Nor hear thy murmuring roar,
 To see thy limpid waters pure
 Play on thy pebbly shore.

No longer midst thy woody scaurs
 Can we behold thee glide ;
 No longer watch thee hastening towards
 The hills of Beimersyde.

The sun may light with ruddy glow
 The braes of Cowden Knowes,
 And Yarrow hills through summer nights
 Shew forth their softened brows.

The stars may glitter in thy pools,
 From out the frosty sky ;
 The owl that haunt thy woody banks
 Send forth their trembling cry.

The purple heath of Eildon hills
 May charin the autumn air,
 And Bowden Moor may still conceal
 The gambols of the hare.

'Tis sad to leave each well-known spot,
 But useless to repine ;
 They yet are ours in heart and thought,—
 They ever shall be mine.



ARTHUR WILSON.

AUTHOR of "Lays of the Mine," was born of hamble industrious parents in 1864, at Dalry, Ayrshire. When five years of age he was sent to school, and at the age of ten he began to weave and spin. He continued at this work until he reached the age of fifteen, when he entered the mines, an occupation he still continues to follow. He early became a votary of the Muse, rhyming on any subject his fancy directed. In 1884 he published a neat

little volume of poems (Kilmarnock : James M'Kie). His calling is not one calculated to foster the poetic spirit ; however, after the day's toil in the pit, he delights to wander amid quiet dells and heathy knowes, listening to the thrilling notes of the songsters of the grove, and admiring the beauties of the flowers by the wayside. In these walks he notes down his thoughts in verse in a simple and pleasing manner, worthy alike of the head and heart of the humble author. In his own words, in "The Miner Laddie's Address to his Readers"—

I'm nae adept to gee guid chime
Frae high flown grammars.

I let the muse e'en tak' its fling,
Whaure'er my fancy took its wing ;
I sing my sangs as birdies sing
Upon the trees ;
Or as the mellow cadence ring
O' ilka breeze.

A SPRIGLET OF THE MINE.

Wee spriglet ! fair's thy bonnie bloom
Amidst the cavern's dark'ning gloom ;
Sweet do thy leaflets now assume
A graceful line,
And fragrant does thy mild perfume
Pervade the mine.

How gay your little petals blaw,
How sweet ye smile aroun us a',
How ye do charm the dreary ha'
Wi' a' yer graces.
My aching heart to thee doth draw,
Wi' fondest wishes.

How come ye here, my bonnie flo'er,
To bloom yer lane in sicna bower ?
How can ye pass the dreary hour
In sicna place ?
The soil, I'm sure, is gey an' puir,
For ye to grace.

My humble heart wi' love does glow,
My brightening een wi' pleasures lowe

To see thee, bonnie spriglet, grow
 Sae sweet an' fair,
 An' cheer the miner laddie who
 Thee tends wi' care.

It's no the flow'rets o' the fiel',
 Wha in their dyes bloom rich an' weel,
 Nor blossoms o' the gairden creel
 Wad dim my e'e ;
 But thou, wee flowrie, makst me feel
 In debt to thee.

Unheated by the sun's warm rays,
 Unwater'd by the showery haze,
 Ye spen the lang, lang dreary days
 O' life alane,
 While this young bardie sings thy praise
 Wi' modest strain.

Bloom on, wee spriglet, bloom fu' dear,
 An' light the darkness wi' thy cheer,
 Thy shortened life's brief pleasure here
 Will be weel tent ;
 When ye decay, love's bitter tear,
 Will be besprent.

A LBION'S SONS.

Albion's sons come gather a'
 An' gie yer royal lord a ca',
 For Charlie's back again fu' braw
 Wi' lordly grace seen rarely.
 Come buckle on yer hielan plaids,
 An' gaily plume yer braw cockades,
 Unsheathe yer claymore's glittering blades,
 An' fecht for royal Charlie.

Chorus.—Albion's sons come draw yer swords,
 Draw them bold and aim richt fairly ;
 Face the foe ye hielan lords,
 An' fecht for freedom an' for Charlie.

The pibroch's music thrilling blaws,
 Wi' their slogan's wild huzzas,
 An' binds them a' to Charlie's cause
 Wha's wicht's been gien but sparingly.
 Join the royal freeman's band,
 Join it a' wi' heart an' hand,
 Scotland's richt, our native land
 Is dear to us an' Charlie.

Let the lords an' chiefs draw nigh,
 Let their emblems gaily fly ;

Lift the royal standard high
 An' strike for freedom fairly.
 Pu' the foreign tyrant doon
 Wha daur disgrace oor Scottish croun ;
 Tak it frae the German loon
 An' gie it to oor Charlie.

SONG.

Blaw, ye gentle zephyrs, saft
 O'er that place sae dull an' eerie,
 An' gently let yer perfume waft
 O'er the tomb that hauds my dearie.
 The snaw-white lily an' the gowan
 Aroun that loving place doth hover,
 An' willow trees, wi' breezes rowin',
 Charm the place to Jeannie's lover.

When high the moon sheds her clear ray,
 An' wantonlichts the fields sae green,
 An' clouds abune, sae silvered grey,
 Gaily floats aroon the scene,
 Then aft in silence do I wander
 Alang the emerald-coloured dale ;
 An' vows lang vowed I aft shall ponder,
 Whan last we met in yonder vale.

But noo ye lie in death's cold grasp,
 Nae mair ye'll press yer loving swain ;
 Nae mair we'll ane anither clasp,
 The grave noo claims ye for its ain.
 Then blaw, ye gentle zephyrs, saft
 O'er that place sae dull an' eerie,
 An' gently let yer perfume waft
 O'er the tomb that hauds my dearie.



WILLIAM V. JACKSON,

EMUCH-ESTEEMED jeweller in Glasgow, and Hon. Treasurer to the local Ruskin Society, was born in that busy city in 1843. As might be expected from his profession, he is a man of fine taste and culture, and has warm friends not only among men of letters but the cultivators of science. He is

an ardent politician, and would “reform all abuses and conserve every good thing.” He contributes from time to time to the newspapers and periodicals, both in prose and verse. We have had much pleasure in perusing several of his lengthy and more ambitious poems, and find in them the painter’s eye for Nature, and keen discrimination of character, bringing vividly before the mind the setting of his incidents and pictures. He can also treat the rich and robust Doric with vigour, and without affectation or laboured effort.

S A E D E A R T O M E.

O, hadst thou been o’ high degree,
On lap o’ luxury been bred,
Enrich’t, indulg’t frae infancy
In sumptuous plenty claih’t an’ fed ;
Thy mither been some saucy Queen,
Thy faither, some bit laird sae hie ;
A castle wa’ thy lordly ha’,
Thou hadstna been sae dear to me.

In youth’s bricht day, on pleasure bent,
The warld her a’ nicht freely gie ;
Yet heaven and grief the gift ne’er lent
That mak’s ye aye sae dear to me.
Thou nicht’st hae sung, when thou wert young,
For gallant lord or gay ladye,
And yet thy lay, I’m sooth to say,
Had never made thee dear to me.

Thou mich’st hae clutch’d in evil hour
The grosser gains that life can gie,—
The lust o’ class or priestly power
Allur’t thy heart frae luve an’ me.
Thy soaring mind, for fame inclined,
In war’s red path had borne the gree ;
Or high in state, thy soul elate
Had ne’er a bit been dear to me.

A pawkie, shrewd, self-seekin’ loon,
Slave-driven for a foul bawhee,
Ilk kindly impulse stiflin’ doon
A self-complacent Pharisee ;
Nae wife or maid, it had been said,
Her heart e’er throbb’d at thocht o’ thee ;
An’ yet, for a’ thy stan’ on law,
The fient o’ ye’d been dear to me.

But fate ordained the lad o' Kyle,
 The Bard who sang o' bonnie Doon,
 Should seldom bask in fortune's smile,
 Should often blink aneath her frown.
 Aye, thou wert puir, an' sigh't fu' sair,
 For a' the ills that life maun dree,
 The common lot thou scorned it not,
 And thus thou art sae dear to me.

An' aye the sang thy heart inspired,
 At stilt o' plough, or hairst'n glee,
 When rustic charms thy bosom fired,
 Or jovial cup thy lips did pree ;—
 In ilka guise auld Nature tries
 To glamour oor weak hearts a wee—
 Will aye appeal to what we feel,
 An' roose ye to the lave an' me.

KILT AND FEATHER.

"Nemo me impune lacescit."

Spare the kilt an' spare the feather,
 Plaid an' sporran, gay cockad',
 Ribbons, hose, an' a' thegether,
 Emblems o' the hills o' heather—
 Dear to Hielan' maid an' lad.
 Dear these folds to Scottish story,
 Aft the noddin' pluine we knew,
 In the chase or in the foray,
 Bonnie, brave, an' bricht wi' glory,
 Buskin' chiels sae leal an' true.

Spare the kilt an' spare the feather,
 Min' the lads o' Quatre Bras :
 Far frae a' their hills o' heather,
 Bravely, brawly, stood thegither
 "Ninety-third" an' "Forty-twa."
 By Sir Ralph an' by Sir Colin,
 By the clansmen that they led,
 By the battle's thunder rollin',
 By the tide o' carnage swollen,
 Ilka wound frae which they bled ;—

Spare the kilt an' spare the feather,
 Wavin', flutt'rin, noddin' free,
 As they bravely tread the heather,
 At the pibroch's ca' forgather,
 Speel the crag, or plough the lea ;
 As they breast the blast sae bitter,
 Herdin' mountain lamb or steer,
 As they nod, an' glint, an' glitter
 Whaur the hazels bend and fitter,
 As they stalk the wary deer ;

Spare the kilt an' spare the feather,
 For the lads sae stout an' true,
 That in tartan claes thegether,
 Bonnets plumed an' sprigg'd wi' heather,
 Focht an' bled for me an' you ;
 That in solid phalanx blended
 Sternly roun' their standard stood ;
 That in "thin red line" extended
 Britain's honour weel defended
 At the cost o' Hielan' bluid.

Here's a pledge to kilt an' feather,
 "Nane shall touch them wi' impune,"
 Twine the thistle wi' the heather,
 Roun' ilk' gallant badge forgather,
 Rally, rally, roun' an' roun'.
 Frae Edina's ramparts hoary,
 Stirling's bastions' rocky broos,
 Hielan' ben, an' glen, an' corrie,
 Gather a' frae Mull to Moray,
 Frae the Lothians to the Lews.

THE SCOT A BROAD.

The Scot abroad, though seas divide,
 Still wafts his thoughts to home ;
 Not spreading leagues nor rolling tide
 Can bind the exile's heart to bide,
 To rest, and yet to roam.

He's still a Scot, where'er he goes
 At Fortune's beck or call,
 And holds his Thistle o'er the Rose,
 Or any flaunting thing that grows—
 The fairest of them all.

The dear land, nursed 'mid storms and strife—
 The land that gave him birth,
 Where Art, with Nature, fought for Life,
 And virtues reared, 'mid struggles rife,—
 He loves the best on earth.

His pride is to be Scotland's bairn,
 Though banished from her breast,
 Though she, a Mother hard and stern,
 May drive him forth the world to learn
 His manhood's lesson best.

Though of her soil—hill, strath, or glen—
 She spared no foothold's space,
 She breathed the birthright of her men,
 And bade his brave heart win again
 The battle of his race.

The hill-girt loch, and pebble strand,
 The scenes his boyhood knew,
 The memory of his native land,
 Her lyric fame, her history grand,
 All pass in fond review,

And fire his Scottish heart to feel
 The world is his to roam,
 The planet circles for his weal,—
 His heart to Scotland aye is leal—
 There only is his Home !



JAMES CLEMENT MOFFAT

JS a native of Glencree, in Galloway. His earlier education was secured in hours of rest from labour. Upon landing in America, where most of his life has been spent, he made a visit of curiosity to Princeton, on account of its literary and theological reputation. In a few weeks he was a member of one of its classes. After receiving his degree, he went to Yale, where he spent nearly two years more in study. He was then recalled to Princeton to be Greek tutor. At the end of about two years more, he accepted the Professorship of Greek and Latin in Lafayette College, Pennsylvania. Mr Moffat was afterwards called to the department of Latin in Miami University, Ohio. At the end of twelve years, he returned to Princeton to occupy the chair of Latin and History, but was soon transferred to that of Greek, and subsequently to that of Church History, which he now occupies. Although his life has been a busy one, and has not afforded much leisure for poetic fancies, he has been a frequent contributor to the *American Scotsman* and other newspapers. His poetry is eminently reflective, and shows deep feeling, and a considerable power of delineation. Re-

garding his "Song of the Freedman" it should be borne in mind that among those emancipated by President Lincoln's proclamation of 1st Jan. 1863, some were men of good native powers, who had long been sensible of the injury done them by laws prohibiting their education, and who had felt that they were not, as men, what they ought to have been, and had the capacity to be. Not a few had secretly, or with the connivance of indulgent masters, to some extent, educated themselves, only the more deeply to feel the degradation to which they were constrained. To such men the announcement of freedom was like a new dispensation of grace. They had always been the most difficult to hold in bondage, and accordingly suffered the most.

THE SONG OF THE FREEDMAN.

I am free ! I am free at last from toil
 In bonds that have fettered my feet to the soil !
 I am free ! Is it true ? O, God, am I free ?
 The servant of none in the world but Thee ?
 Free ? Yes ; free from the scourge and the chain,
 Never to pass into bondage again !
 Never ? O never, never again,
 Never again.

I am free. Yes, free from the jail of the mind,
 Where so long I have suffered, debased and confined ;
 Where each aimless day I was doomed to live
 Had nothing of promise, as nothing to give—
 Where effort was fruitless, and wishes were vain.
 I never shall suffer its shadow again.

Never ? O never, never again,
 Never again.

I am free, I am free ; at last, I am free,
 As a bird in the air, as a fish in the sea !
 I shall soar in the light, I shall bathe in the breeze,
 And choose to my liking my labour and ease,
 Lord of my arm, my tongue, and my brain,
 Never to come into bondage again—
 Never, no never, never again,
 Never again.

I am free, I am free, and far and wide
 Before me is life with its beauty and pride,

Its joys to be reaped, and its deeds to be done,
 Resistance encountered, and victories won.
 I leave behind me the dragging chain,
 Never to fetter my limbs again—
 Never, no never, never again,
 Never again.

I am free ; O free, with a sense and power
 That fills my heart in this jubilant hour.
 Yet hopes so new and so glorious cast
 A deepening shadow along the past,
 To sadden my joy, as I think in vain
 On a youth that will never return again—
 Never, no, never, never again,
 Never again.

SEEKING AFTER A SIGN.

Is there no sign in life or death, in heaven, or earth below,
 Or in the silent soul of man, by which to surely know—
 To know, without the risk that rests on human argument,—
 If God has to our fallen race this gospel message sent ?
 Not that I challenge Him for truth, or take His words amiss,
 Could I but have a certain sign—a proof that they are His ;
 But dread to trust as God's what may be but a human groan,
 A struggling hope, a glowing dream, a longing, like my own.

My God, I know this perverse heart, how many ills therein
 Still shun the judgment of Thy law, and seek delight in sin.
 But could I know the written word, by some unerring token,
 To be not word of human writ, but by Jehovah spoken ;
 O, with what grasp my soul would cling to that beloved sign—
 Resolve all questions into faith, and yield itself as Thine.

I sought of God an outward sign—a sign by which to know
 His hand in grace, as in the sun, and in the earth below.
 No voice addressed my waiting ear, no vision met my eye,
 To tell me that a present God had listened to my cry.

But is it thus I read of Him in earth or in the sun ?
 Or do I seek a sign of Him in what His hands have done ?
 In the young oak is there a sign of the green-living tree ?
 What sign of life in life, save life, of being but to be ?
 Who issues life is God alone. That undeceiving brand
 To counterfeit transcends the craft of any mortal hand.
 And, O my God, there is a life, which from thy gospel springs,
 And glorious joy and confidence are in its buoyant wings.



DAVID BRUCE MACKIE,

EYOUTHFUL poet of considerable promise, and author of numerous very pleasing poetical sketches of Scottish life and character, was born in Dundee in 1861. When quite a child he had the misfortune to become an orphan, and was brought up by his grandfather. He left school when about fourteen, and for seven years he was employed as a clerk in Messrs Baxter, Brothers, & Co.'s works. Being in delicate health he removed to Brechin in 1884. He was always fond of poetry, and made his first attempt at verse-writing about five years ago. This production was printed in the *Dundee Weekly News*, and ever since he has regularly contributed to the *Glasgow Weekly Mail*, the *People's Journal*, *Evening Telegraph*, and other newspapers. His poetry is alternately grave, gay, sentimental, and philosophical, and evinces a sympathy, tenderness, and a reflective power quite unusual in one so young.

THE AULD MEAL MILL.

O, my mither's flytin' at me
 For no bidin' mair at hame,
 Sayin' I'm a lazy limmer,
 An' a glaikit, senseless dame.
 Fain am I to dae her biddin',
 For I hae the he'rt an' will,
 But I canna bide frae Jamie
 At the auld meal mill.

Aften in the early mornin',
 When the burnie's glitterin' bricht,
 An' the buttercups are openin'
 To the fair sun's silver licht,
 I'm awa' thro' field and plantin',
 An' I'm speilin' ower the hill
 To see my laddie wirkin'
 At the auld meal mill.

An' when gowden glints are glowing
 Ower the broon braes in the west,
 An' when ilk a birdie's fleein'
 Hame to nestle in its nest,
 In my breist my he'rt is thumpin'
 To the ripplin' o' the rill,
 As I gae to meet my laddie
 At the auld meal mill.

Yestreen, when in the shadow
 O' its ivy-covered wa's,
 I vow'd to leave my mither
 Ere the fleece o' winter fa's ;
 An' she'll no withhaud her blessin',
 When I gang ayont the hill
 To wed an' bide wi' Jamie
 At the auld meal mill.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

" 'Tis a weary world we live in,"
 Sighs the mourner o'er the dead ;
 And the parent, kind and loving,
 Watching by the sick one's bed.
 " 'Tis a weary world we live in,"
 Murmur those whose cares are rife ;
 Wrinkles wrought by sorrow's fingers
 Show the bitterness of life.

" 'Tis a wicked world we live in—
 Dens of fearful vice abound ;
 Drink, the demon of destruction,
 In its glory stalks around ;
 Men we think quite sanctimonious
 Join the unbelieving throng
 When religion mars their interests"—
 And the preacher is not wrong.

" 'Tis a sunny world we live in,"
 Sings the happy-hearted maid ;
 All her soul's sincere devotions
 Unto Virtue's God are paid.
 " 'Tis a sunny world we live in,"
 Every guileless child might write ;
 'Tis the gloomy clouds of vileness
 That deprive the world of light.

Let us make the world we live in
 Happier, sunnier than before ;
 Soothing sick ones, saving lost ones,
 Scattering kindness round our door ;

Helping burdened, needy neighbours
 With their leaden loads of care,
 Then the world we now think dreary
 Will to us be bright and fair.

VIRTUE.

The flow'r of Nature spreads a sweet perfume
 Where'er it grows—in heart of young or old ;
 It draws the soul in safety from the cold
 And cheerless world which loathsome lust creates ;
 For Virtue guilty stains and foul sin hates,
 And cannot vegetate in thorny ground,
 Or where corruption's choking weeds are found ;
 But loves alone within the heart to bloom.
 How glorious to see the youthful head
 O'er which fair Virtue's beauteous blossoms spread,
 Giving a taste of Heaven's eternal bliss
 To mortals "lower than the angels made,"
 Well may we struggle for a flow'r like this,
 For by its sweets we richly are repaid.

PHANTOM FANCIES.

When I'm sitting idly thinking in my little room at night,
 With the shadows darting round me frown the red fire's flickering
 light,
 Fairy fancies, born in dreamland, dance about my drowsy brain,
 And they fill my soul with pleasure, and they banish all my pain.

And I strive to clasp them firmly, but alas ! they are unkind,
 For they fly away so quickly when I'd grasp them in my mind ;
 They are ever onwards flying, and they give me but a kiss,
 Yet I thank these phantom fancies for their passing breath of
 bliss.

THE AULD DRAW-WELL.

Sometimes I lay aside my wark an' a' the cares o' life,
 An' tak' a thocht o' ither days when happiness was rife ;
 I think o' cherished childhood's scenes, an' dearly love to dwell
 On a' the charms that cling aroond the auld draw-well.

It lay afore oor window, an' we couldna fail to see
 When ony ane cam' seekin' o' its waters pure to pree ;
 Frae sunrise i' the mornin' till tolled the evenin' bell
 There aye was some ane drinkin' at the auld draw-well.

There wasna muckle beauty at its ootside to be seen,
 Its moooth was biggit roond wi' stanes, its lid wi' moss was green,
 But ne'er thocht we o' beauty, for nae ootside show could tell
 The richuess o' the treasure in the auld draw-well.

When I was but a laddie, wi' my life no lang begun,
 Amang a batch o' ither bairns aroond its mooth I'd run,
 An' weel I mind that in my heart a man I thocht mysel'
 When sent to fill the bucket at the auld draw-well.

When summer brocht its sultry days an' nichts sae lang an'
 clear,
 Ilk gloamin' smilin' lasses cam' frae places far an' near,
 An' lood was aye the lauchin' at the tales they had to tell
 When fillin' up their flagons at the auld draw-well.

Alas ! nae mair I see it noo ; the mighty voice o' law
 Declared it was a "nuisance," an' it's banished clean awa'—
 But still, when thinkin' o' my youth, I dearly love to dwell
 On a' the charms that cling aroond the auld draw-well.



JOHN HARRISON.

ELTHOUGH Mr Harrison had never written more than "The Smith's a Gallant Fireman," he would have secured a right to a niche in the fane of Scottish poets. This song possesses genuine pathos and a simplicity true to nature. John Harrison was born in February, 1814, in the parish of Forglen, county of Banff. It was the winter of the long frost, when a fancy fair was held on the Thames at London, and when on the Deveron the snow lay so deep, and communication was so difficult, that, although money was plentiful, the inhabitants of the snow-covered glens suffered many privations.

At the age of eight, as was the case with many children in those days, he was put out to service, and from that time it may be said of him that he earned his own food and clothing. His education was of necessity of the most elementary description—a mere introduction to the three R's, obtained in the dead of winter, when no field work suitable to his tender years was obtainable. But this furtive system induced

the habit of educating himself, so that, more or less, the process has continued to go on. Until he was nineteen years of age, Mr Harrison remained in the position of a farm-servant. He had made many attempts to better his position, but without success. Having saved a few pounds, he, in 1834, removed to Aberdeen to seek his fortune. To learn the mysteries of arithmetic he put himself to school, and made many efforts to get something to do. At length he found his destiny! He met with George Maitland, agent in Aberdeen for Blackie & Son, the Glasgow publishers, and in 1835 engaged with that house. After seven years in this service, he removed to Belfast, and became the representative of Macgregor, Polson, & Co., in the north of Ireland. In 1846 the company failed, and he returned to the service of Blackie & Son—taking charge of the Edinburgh branch, which he successfully conducted till 1857, when he was promoted to the position of general manager of their agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

Having invented a machine for cleaning the bottoms of iron ships at sea, for which he received two patents, he, in 1866, settled down in Liverpool to prosecute the sale of his invention, and to establish a business with his son as a galvaniser of iron. Some four years after, a tempting offer having been made to him by William Mackenzie, the Glasgow publisher, he left his son to manage the works, and assumed the entire out-door management of the numerous agencies of this publisher. Mr Harrison continued in this position till 1880, when his health gave way, and he had to retire from business. Exposure to cold, consequent on constant railway travelling, brought on chronic bronchitis, which has compelled him to remain in-doors every winter.

As part of that education which he has continued to give himself, our poet acquired a knowledge of

drawing and water-colour painting; and now, in the days of his seclusion, he finds in this, and in the occasional employment of his pen, an ample field for that labour, the prosecution of which yields both amusement and happiness. His first efforts at composition in verse were made when he was only fifteen years of age, and his first appearances in print were made in the *Ayr Advertiser*. These received the warm commendations of the editor, and since then many of his songs and ballads have become well known and popular through a number of mediums—including “The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire,” “The Scottish Journal” (Edinburgh 1848), and many newspapers.

In 1857 he published a tale, interspersed with songs and ballads, entitled “The Laird of Restalrig’s Daughter.” Mr Harrison, who now resides in Liverpool, is preparing his pieces for publication in two volumes, illustrated with pen and ink etchings by himself. From what we have seen of his prose productions, we find them abounding with delightful specimens of our vernacular language, and the lights and shades of character are sketched with quaint touches of humour and natural pathos. His poetry might be described as possessing real native grandeur, full of lively, sympathetic, and genial feeling, with graphic and homely illustrations of country life, and happy delineations of national character.

THE SMITH’S A GALLANT FIREMAN.

O, wha’s the king o’ oor toun en’, an’ keeps the lads in awe, man ?
 Wha has lasses nine or ten when some hae nane ava, man ?
 Wha can mak’ us deftly dance till we be like to fa’, man,
 Whane’er the music o’ his pipes is heard in cot or ha’, man ?
 O, wha but Rab, the village smith ?—I wonder that ye speir,
 man ;
 Whar hae ye been a’ your days whan this ye didna hear man ?
 He’s knicht o’ war an’ lord o’ love, an’ king o’ a’ the shire, man—
 At feast or fray, by nicht or day, the smith’s a gallant fireman,

O, wha can spend or spare a plack, an' aye hae twa behind it,
 Gie a frien' a helpin' han', an' never care to mind it ?
 Wha for honour's sacred cause an' honest independence,
 Like steadfast rock, wad daur the shock o' a' the warl's vengeance ?
 O, Rab's the man wi' heart an' han', tho' clad in rude attire,
 man ;
 Stern resolve an' iron nerve nae mair does he require, man ;
 He bends the bars o' iron an' steel as gin they were but wire,
 man,
 Dependin' aye upon himself—the smith's a gallant fireman.

O, wha wad be a lordling's slave—a thing without a name, man ?
 Wha wad beg frae ither folk what he might hae at hame, man ?
 Wha wad squander a' his gear, an' syne gie fate the blame,
 man—
 The growin' grass aboon his grave might turn red wi' shame,
 man,
 Let folk deride, an' ca' it pride—be't mine to still aspire, man ;
 He that winna wale the road deserves to dree the mire, man ;
 Let moral dignity and worth your heart an' soul inspire, man ;
 Let's honour pay whar honour's due—the smith's a gallant fireman.

D A R B Y O'R E I L L Y.

In sweet Ballybay, in the county of Monaghan,
 Darby O'Reilly first peep'd at the light ;
 And never in Ireland, sure, under the sun again,
 Ever was christened a ganius so bright.

At wakes and at fairs he could wield a shillelagh well,
 When cracking of skulls was the fun of the day ;
 Then gather them herbs from the bogs and the holy well,
 To patch up the boys who'd been hurt in the fray.

The planets and stars were his ancient acquaintances,
 Showing him who had got beef in the pot ;
 And fortunes he tould in a couple of sintences,
 Whether the girls would get married or not.

The farmer he'd tayche how the weather and wind would blow,
 When were the luckiest days to make hay ;
 And how to find threasore long hid in the ground below,
 If only they dhramed of the spot where it lay.

In coming one night from a fair in a merry mood,
 Darby dropt in to see Thady O'Rhu—
 An ould musty miser that lived in the neighbourhood,
 Alone by himself, and as rich as a Jew.

Says Darby, ' How are yez, ould Thady dear, anyway ?'
 But never an answer at all was he made ;

So he grop'd the bed over, and there, sure, ould Thady lay,
Gorra ! the creathur was cowld and stone dead !

As quick as a cat takes a mouse at a barn door,
Darby he packed the corpse under the bed ;
'Arrah, musha !' says he, ' it will do yez no harm, sure !—
Then under the bedclothes lay down in its stead !

A neighbour came in, and says, ' How are yez, Thady, dear ?'
' Hubboo ! sure I'm dying,' says Darby ; 'make haste ;
Fetch pens, ink, and paper, and run, wid yez, far or near,
And bring, wid yez, Father O'Leary, the preist.'

Then Father O'Leary came running all out of breath—
' What can I do for yez, Thady O'Rhu ?'
' Sure I want a clear ticket to cross the black water with ;
Be quick now, your riverence—I'm dying—hubboo !

Then make me a latter will, Father O'Leary, dear ;
Barrin some coppers the ticket to pay,
I leave this ould cabin, and everything, cheap or dear,
To Darby O'Reilly of sweet Ballybay.'

The preist and the neighbours they did as requested,
And Darby he watched till they left him alone ;
Then taking the corpse, in the bed he replaced it,
And homewards he scampered, detected by none.

Next morning they dug out of Thady's ould bedding,
Spade guineas a stockingful, silver galore ;
And Darby soon built a most illigant cabin,
And planets and fortunes he studied no more.

B A U L D Y M I L L.

O, ne'er in a' the shire o' Ayr,
Frae Anchinleck to Loudon Hill,
Was e'er sae queer a carle seen
As cunnin', crafty Bauldy Mill.
Nae schule nor college lear had he,
But quaff'd frae nature's wimplin' rill
Yet nane wi' Greek an' Latin cramm'd
Could match the wiles o' Bauldy Mill.

His back was bow'd, his een were gleed,
His pow was pang'd wi' mischief still,
The vera weans wad hide their heads
Whene'er they heard o' Bauldy Mill.
He ne'er was rich, he ne'er was puir,
But aye could weel his pantry fill
Wi's ain, an' whiles his neighbour's gear ;
'Twas a' the same to Bauldy Mill,

At kirk or market, far or near,
 Thेre ne'er was ane durst say him ill ;
 For strength o' arm an' strength o' maut
 Was never fear'd by Bauldy Mill.
 Whate'er he said was aye the law,
 When roarin' ower a Hielant gill,
 Though little e'er he said was true—
 Wha e'er socht truth frae Bauldy Mill ?

He ne'er was fash'd wi' scrup'lous qualms
 How men of State their office fill :
 For Kirk an' State nicht share the fate
 O' Babel's Tower for Bauldy Mill.
 A whisky bead was Bauldy's creed,
 His priest a cog o' reamin' yill ;
 A pint o' wine a haly shrine,
 Where vows were paid by Bauldy Mill.

But time, that wins the langeat race,
 Had broucht him sairly doun the hill ;
 An' fourscore years, wi' a' their cares,
 Had sadly alter'd Bauldy Mill.
 He sat sae lang ayont the fire,
 Wi' limbs sae frail an' bluid see chill ;
 To get the wee drap drink ava,
 Perplex'd the wits o' Bauldy Mill.

At length he fairly took to bed,
 An' O, but he was wondrous ill ;
 An' sune his auld wife, Jenny, closed
 In death the een o' Bauldy Mill.
 The neighbours roun' the dead-claes broucht,
 An' dress'd the corpse wi' a' their skill ;
 An' syne to drink the dergie-dram,
 They a' sat doun by Bauldy Mill.

His dochter she began to flyte—
 “ My mither aye maun hae her will ;
 The wee drap drink he durstna pree
 Wad sav'd the life o' Bauldy Mill.”
 His auld wife Jenny, sicken, cried,
 While tears ran like a whisky still—
 “ Ye limmer fause, it was yersel'
 That grudged the drap to Bauldy Mill.”

Then, liftin' up the windin'-sheet,
 The corpse spak oot wi' voice sae shrill,
 Says—“ Try me wi' a drappie yet !”—
 It ne'er cam wrang to Bauldy Mill.
 Then helter-skelter, wi' a scream
 Made ilka nerve wi' horror thrill,
 Baith stules and chairs they tumbl'd ower,
 As fast they ran frae Bauldy Mill,

The minister an' elders a'
 Were sune conven'd to try their skill,
 An' doon they a' march'd in a raw,
 To lay the ghost o' Bauldy Mill ;
 An' when they cam to Bauldy's door,
 They keekit at the window-sill,
 But no the bauldest o' them a'
 Wad daur the grips o' Bauldy Mill.

The corpse ayont the hallan sat,
 The windin'-sheet aboot him still ;
 An' on the funeral cakes an' wine
 A glorious feast made Bauldy Mill.
 For Bauldy was a crafty carle,
 An' he was neither dead nor ill ;
 But ne'er again did Jenny try
 To keep the drap frae Bauldy Mill.

HAIL TO THE THISTLE.

Hail to the thistle ! the "strong-bearded" thistle !
 The emblem of Scotland, the badge of the free,
 That loves in the cosie bield saftly to nestle,
 Or freshly to bloom on the gowany lea.
 Hardy and green it grows
 Where the north tempest blows—
 Clings to the rifted rock, rugged and grey ;
 Meadow or mountain height,
 Where its winged seed may light—
 Scotland, thy thistle shall flourish for aye.

Free as the deer on the sides of Ben Lomond,
 Ages untold saw our forefathers rove,
 Undaunted in danger and feared by the foeman—
 Scotland was safe in their keeping and love.
 Deeds of that noble race
 Never shall time efface,
 Faint though the hearts of their children may be ;
 Old themes shall charm again,
 Cold love shall warm again,
 Scotland, to cherish thy thistle and thee.

Hail to the thistle ! the patriot's glory
 Ever shone brighter when under its shade ;
 And shall the proud sons of the heroes of story
 Dastardly suffer the emblem to fade ?
 Lowland and Highland hill
 Ring with its motto, till
 "Nemo me impune lacessit" be heard
 Pealing the welkin through,
 Echoed by earth below—
 Scotland, thy thistle thy honours shall guard,

WILLIAM WALLACE

WAS born in Edinburgh in 1862, and presently resides in Glasgow. When thirteen years of age he entered the office of an advertising agent, and subsequently became junior clerk to a tile merchant. We next find him employed as a telegraph messenger in the General Post Office, Edinburgh, but not being of a robust constitution, he failed in the doctor's examination before promotion, and he was compelled to resign. This told hard on his sensitive nature, and, much against his feelings, he accepted a situation as light porter. Our poet is presently clerk in a large Glasgow warehouse. He has contributed frequently to the *Glasgow Mail*, the *Border Advertiser*, and other newspapers and periodicals. His productions are full of liquid melody—clear, and running as a brook, and give evidence of delicacy of thought, fertility of imagination, and felicity of language. A graceful sweetness and genuine love of the true and beautiful are the characteristics of his muse.

THE BURNIE.

Doon the burnie sweetly wimples,
To the deep blue rowin' sea ;
Lauchin', loupin', whirlin', skirlin',
Like a bairnie fu' o' glee.

Thro' the fields whaur lambs are sportin',
Thro' deep glens an' shady bow'rs ;
Brichtly glancin', tumblin' dancin',
Singin' to the bonnie flow'rs.

An' the wee trout aye sae souple,
A' the lee-lang simmer day ;
Kennin' neither care nor sorrow,
'Mang the stanes fu' blithely play.

Saft the westlin' winds are blawin',
An' the sky is bricht an' clear ;
While aroon', aboon, the birdies
Wi' sweet music charm my ear.

An' my heart, nae langer weary,
 Bursts wi' hopes o' brichter days ;
 An' like the burnie wanders
 Far frae din and sinfu' ways.

THE CHILD AND THE ROBIN.

"Bird of the dying year,
 Com'st thou the heart to cheer ?—
 And gladden with song the dark hours away ?
 Come to my cosy room,
 Fraught not with Winter's gloom,
 Nor longer remain on the frost-glitt'ring spray.

From the rude, biting wind,
 Where wilt thou shelter find,
 And nourishment for thy frail shiv'ring form ?
 If thou'l but come with me,
 I will be kind to thee,
 And shield and protect thee from every harm."

"Thanks for thy friendly aid,
 Sweet, good and tender maid—
 He who sustains thee, provides too for me ;
 Under the wildest sky,
 No ill I dread e'er nigh,
 But pipe my lov'd song of sweet liberty.

And when dark winter's o'er,
 Thoul't hear my voice no more—
 Away I'll fly to the woodlands again ;
 And mid the leafy bow'rs,
 All the long summer hours
 Dwell, till once more the snow decks hill and plain."

FLOWERS.

Beautiful flowers, beautiful flowers,
 Emblems of purity, bright fragrant flowers,
 Children of woodland, of garden and field—
 Laden with love and with tenderness seal'd ;
 Treasured, embalmed in remembrance dear—
 Speaking in silence of Death ever near ;
 Smiling so sweetly, beguiling the hours—
 Tears of the angels, beautiful flowers.

Beautiful flowers, beautiful flowers,
 Cover'd with blushes awaiting fresh showers ;
 Tossing your curls in the soft summer breeze,
 Glancing up shy at the tall tow'ring trees,

Stooping to kiss some cool rippling stream—
 Striving to catch each bright sunny beam ;
 Friends in affliction, oh ! heart-soothing flowers,
 Come but to charm this bleak world of ours.



WILLIAM CARNIE,

KOWN all over Scotland as a musical critic of the highest order, and the accomplished editor of the "Northern Psalter," is a native of Aberdeen. Mr Carnie was bred as an engraver, and enjoyed the good fortune while thus engaged of associating with several youthful enthusiasts who were destined to make their mark in different walks of artistic life. Quitting the workman's bench while still young, our poet entered upon the duties of Inspector of Poor, and —having studied music—Precentor in the Parish Church of Banchory Devenick. At this period, he zealously devoted his leisure hours to acquiring a practical knowledge of phonography, and developing strong journalistic leanings, he was, about 1853, appointed sub-editor of the *Aberdeen Herald*, acting, at the same time, as a professional shorthand writer. Shortly after the date mentioned, the Aberdeen Town Council elected Mr Carnie to the Precentorship of the West, or High Church—a position in which his name became favourably known over all Scotland in connection with psalmody improvement. His valuable services in the cause of good music, and particularly in promoting congregational singing, have been universally acknowledged.

Mr Carnie, in the midst of a very busy life, has produced a good number of poetical pieces, as well as a large amount of "pen-work" in the form of Dramatic, Art, and Musical Criticism. These

literary contributions have not as yet been published in volume form, but our author's " Northern Psalter and Hymn Tune Book " has been pronounced " the best and most popular undenominational publication of its kind ever issued in this country." It appeared in 1872, and within ten years upwards of 50,000 copies had been called for by the Scottish Churches.

Mr Carnie has now for a considerable period held the responsible position of Clerk and Treasurer of the Royal Infirmary and the Lunatic Asylum of his native city. We give three specimens of his muse. The first illustrates, through a simple rustic story, the peculiarities of the Aberdeenshire dialect ; the second takes the form of a plaintive Highland lyric ; while the third, a favourite humorous ditty, is built upon a text familiar to every born Scot. Several of Mr Carnie's earliest efforts in verse have a place in "The Aberdeenshire Lintie," a collection of poems and songs by various authors connected with Aberdeenshire, published in 1854. It is said that there are chosen occasions even yet when he becomes the vocal exponent of his own songs. Long may he write and sing. He is master of the pithy and expressive "mither tongue," and he has produced pictures of Scottish rural life and character full of graphic painting and real poetic beauty, and with touches of genial humour. His songs, it is needless to add, are musically expressed, and are full of natural sweetness.

TAM TEUCHIT'S REFLECTIONS AMANG THE STOOKS.

I wonder gin the Hairst Meen shines wi' sic a glarin' licht,
 On ither toons and parishes as she glowr'd doon here yestreen ?
 I'm sure a' owre the steadin' 'twas far mair day than nicht :
 I kenna hoo aboot this time they aye sen' sic a Meen !
 Some o' oor chaps were greezin' beets, twa-three were readin'
 books,
 And a' my airt I couldna get Jinse furth amang the stooks.

I like the Simmer weel eneuch, and I like the Winter tee ;
 The ane brings leefy hidin' holes—the tither's dark as pitch,
 Sae that a tryste ye safe may haud, and nae gleg body see,

But lash me whan the hairst begins ye scarce can heeze or
hitch ;
The Meen lichts up a' corners, steals roon the dykes and neuks,
And sit fat side ye like ye're seen if oot amang the stooks.

On Feersday last the maister raise, I saw 'tween four and five,
Sae thinkin' he wid weir-awa gey early till his bed,
I tell't Jinse that we had a chance, if she wid but contrive
To slip oot when her wark was deen, ahint the auld neep shed ;
We'd jink the lave, and baffle them, for a' their wiles and crooks,
To catch us, and we'd hae an hour oorsels amang the stooks.

Jinse cain : O ! she wiz bonnie : if ye'd only seen her hair
A' glancin' dark an' wavy, wi' a ribbony roon her neck ;
I think that I could look at her until my een grew sair,
Espeshly whan she's on yon goon—a white-like tartan check,
They brag aboot braw ladies in their dresses tuck'd wi' hooks,
They're better in fine drawin'-rooms than oot amang the stooks.

Weel, as I said, Jinse cam, and we sat kindly doon thegither,
And happy were we there oor lanes, tho' I didna like the
Meen ;
We spoke aboot the cliack nicht, then neist aboot the weather,
And syne a sid stack in my teeth, and I wid steal a preen,
Sae I wis slippin' roon my airm, when baith oor wits forsook's,
For wha appears but auld Sauchtoon gaun danderin' 'mang his
stooks !

' We'll leid the morn, we'll leid the morn,' (he mutters to himself),
' For tho' the corn's a thochty weet, 'twill mak' the meal the
free-er.'

Peer Jinse, her wee bit heart I fand wiz beatin' like a bell,
She kent it wid be flittin' term if he should chance to see 'er.
When just in time, the cunnin' Meen behint a dark cloud jooks,
And in a jiffy we were aff, safe oot amang the stooks !

I said afore, I liket weel, the Winter and the Simmer ;
And I winna say a word against the Owtumn or the Spring ;
But I'm dootfu' o' a glarin' Meen, she mins me o' some limmer
That seeks to spy oot ferlies, and syne clype ilka thing,
Yet hairstin'—whan the crap is gweed—wirk ye wi' scythes or
heuks,
Has mony joys, and nane mair dear than courtin' 'mang the
stooks.

BONNIE DEESIDE.

When the birk tree like silver is shining,
And the broom on the brae gleams like gold,
When the stag for the deep pool is pining,
And the shorn ewe seeks shelter nor fold :
O ! then would I roam o'er the heather
Where often I've wander'd in pride,
And twined fern and blue bell together—
Sae blythesome on bonnie Deeside.

I can see the grey auld kirk o' Crathie—
 Balmoral and blythe Carnaquheen ;
 In the glen glints the hill-shepherd's bothie—
 Wi' dark Lochnagar far abeen.
 I know not the journey before me,—
 I care not what troubles betide
 While memory thus can restore me,
 The joys o' langsyne on Deeside.

The gloaming brings back days departed,
 I see weel kent faces ance mair ;
 They come, the beloved and leal hearted,
 From silence to solace my care.
 Oh, stay happy dreams of life's morning,
 Ye visions of past days abide,
 For ever ye bring in returning
 New blessings frae bonnie Deeside.

THERE'S AYE SOME WATER WHAUR THE STIRKIE DROONS !

My auld grannie had a fret, O weel I mind it yet,
 For often roun' my memory and in my lug it croons ;
 Whan curious things cam' oot, she wad shak' her head in doot,
 Wi'—"There's aye some water, laddie, whaur the stirkie droons."

There wis henpeck'd Lawyer Rae, the laird o' Scutterbrae,
 His wife, wi' dress and denner-gien, ootran a' common boons ;
 The Laird's gear grew fu' sma', and when he dwyned awa'—
 Folk said—There's aye some water whaur the stirkie droons.

Mrs Councillor McFell—sae at least weel wishers tell—
 Is subject maist untimously to sudden faints and swoons—
 But the virtue o' a dram, quickly dissipates *her* dwam ;
 Ay, there's medicine in some waters tho' the stirkie droons.

Sly hoastin' Heckler Fyfe wish'd to insure his life,
 But whan he wis examin'd there were heard sepulchral soun's ;
 His life it wisna "gweed," for the doctors wrote this screed—
 "Aqua pura quantum suff: and the stirkie droons."

There's blithesome Charlie Senter, oor Parish kirk precentor,
 Grows nervous aft on Sundays pitchin' up his psalms and
 tunes ;
 The lad's a staunch tee-totler, but bein' by trade a bottler,
 He mistak's the strength o' water—and the stirkie droons.

I've a frien' he's maybe here--when he waukens and feels queer,
 Try's to look as sage as Wisdom—while his heid wi' Folly
 stoons ;
 But suggest that he's been fou', and he'll swear it isna true—
 Yet we ken there's aye some water whaur the stirkie droons.

Oor wee Jock bides oot at nicht, till his mither's in a fricht—
 Syne he threeps he's “deeing naething wi' a lot o' ither loons,”
 But if ye his pouches ripe, ye'll fin' something like a pipe—
 And a smell betok'nin water whaur the stirkie droons.

Mrs Gab, she gied a pairty, and ye mind we a' were hearty,
 Yet she vows she's never seen sinsyne twa o' her silver spoons,
 While the last to tak' their tea was either you or me—
 And she hints, “There maun be water whaur the stirkie
 droons.”

Gin yer cart-wheel should tak' fire, mair grease is its desire,
 It has growin' dry as rosit in its mony weary roons ;
 Sae I maun stop my verse, for ye hear I'm turnin hearse—
 Yer health : “There's aye some water whaur the stirkie
 droons.”



JOHN DALGITY,

HEAD-GARDENER at the Oldmill Reformatory, Aberdeen, was born in 1859 at Craigharr Cottage—“a wee theeket hoosie on the sunny gowany brae above Upper Persley,” about five miles from Aberdeen. After attending the public school at Whitestripes, in the parish of Old Machar, he, in his fifteenth year, was apprenticed to the trade of gardener at Fintray House, on Donside. There, amid the beauties of nature spread out before him in waving woods, fragrant flowers, mist-crowned hills, and winding river, the germs of poetical thought entered his young and imaginative mind. Here, too, he “ettled” first to sing

Of flowers that woo from far the bee,
 Of rivers winding tow'rds the sea.

On completing his apprenticeship, he became under-gardener at Ellon Castle, a mansion beautifully situated on the banks of the Ythan. Afterwards he was employed for a time at Gursachan House, Beauly,

and subsequently at Craig Gardens, near Montrose, which he left to enter his present situation.

From his earliest years Mr Dalgity evinced a deep love for poetic literature—reading, with fervour, whatever works of the master poets he could lay his hands on. He has contributed with much acceptance for several years to the poets' corner of the *Weekly Herald*, *Aberdeen Free Press*, and *Inverness Courier*. His writings are smooth, musical, and religious in tone, and beathe a warm and intelligent love for nature in her varied moods.

O COULD I BUT GO.

O could I but go
 Fae this dwellin' o' woe,
 An' the pride, an' the strivin' o' mortals ;
 Could my wearifu' feet
 Find the beautiflu' street,
 Far awa within heaven's gowden portals ;
 I would never look back
 To earth, sin-stained and black,
 Fae the bonny bricht track
 O' Immortals.

But I maun toil on
 Till my day's stint is done,
 An' I mauna cry oot tho' I'm weary,
 But sing as I creep
 Up the cauld rocky steep,
 An' try to mak ithers fu' cheery ;
 Till like bird to its nest,
 I flee up to the breast
 O' Him wha is rest
 For the weary.

DEAR NAMES.

Scotia, my country, I can see thee stand,
 Bravest and boldest mid the brave and bold ;
 My heart is wed to thee, my fatherland,
 With a strong love that never can grow old,
 Before the patriots' God, all pure and glorious,
 O, I would see thee stand
 O'er wretched foes and fiend-born vice victorious,
 My own beloved land,

And *home*, sweet *home*, warmer and deeper love
 Is mine for thee, dear beild on life's rough way ;
 Methinks there is no *home*, save one above,
 Like that wee cot upon the gowanie brae.
 My heart roams homewards, and by yon green wildwoods,
 Where'er my steps may roam,
 I would not check them, thoughts of thee are childhood's,
 My own beloved home.

And *friends*, dear friends, whom I have loved so well,
 True ones, and tried, whatever may befall,
 My heart is all your own, for who can tell
 What tender ties first bound me to you all,
 And still are binding me. May heaven watch o'er ye,
 And as time's river runs,
 May't bear you calmly towards the home of glory,
 My own beloved ones.

Dear names ! dear names ! the heart is surely cold,
 And throned in its poor self, on hopes and fears,
 That can forget, in life's swift race, to hold,
 Above the trampling of the busy years,
 Its love for you. Ah ! gentle, strong love find us
 Wherever we may roam !
 We are your slaves, we hug the ties which bind us
 To country, friends, and home.

"HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US IN OUR INFANCY."

The laverock left earth like the spirit o' glee,
 An' he rave heaven's dome wi' his melody,
 Till gladness gush't thro' fae the angel thrang,
 An' airtit to earth, wi' the birdie's sang :
 Doon, doon till it fell like a warm, sweet ray
 On oor hearts an' nature yon lang deid day.

But, ah ! we were young then, an' frem't to care,
 An' sib to a' that was blythesome an' fair ;
 Oor voices that rang i' the dewy daw,
 Still sang wi' the birdies at gloamin' fa' ;
 O, the lift never dim't wi' a cloudlet o' grey,
 Thro' the lang bricht length o' yon deid day.

How we flew to the knowes—how we romp't an' row'd
 'Mang the yellow waves o' the broony gowd ;
 How we wannert the vale whaur the blue Don rows,
 An' speel't the green bank whaur the primrose grows,
 An' bunch't its pure stars on the beech bower't brae,
 'Mid shimmerin' sunshine yon lang deid day.

Ah ! nae strife was there—nae discordant din,
 But music around us, an' joy within,
 Scent on the breezes, an' floo'rs on the hill,

Sangs i' the woodland, an' sangs i' the rill ;
 O, oor hearts were blyther than tongue can say
 An' the warld was fairer yon lang deid day.

Has it chaug'd sin' syne—has oor een grown dim ?
 There seems lack o' gowd on the sunset's rim ;
 An' joy seems reft o' her swift, bricht fire,
 Sin' she swept her han' o'er fair Hebe's lyre ;
 An' oor hearts grow sear like leaves in decay,
 Ance fresh as the dews o' yon sweet deid day.

Still heaven is around us, but ah ! within,
 Oor souls have grown blind mid the mists o' sin ;
 And we feel not yon joy from the soul-home given,
 Nor see in the sunset the glow of heaven ;
 But we'd feel it all, and the world were as gay,
 Were our hearts as pure as on that deid day.

H A M E.

A spot we never can forget,
 Gang roamin' whaur we will,
 O'er mony an' mony a weary gate,
 It's memory's treasure still—
 It's memory's treasure e'en the han'
 O' poortith canna claim—
 That spot's the dearest ane to me—
 My childhood's happy hame ;
 I never, never can forget,
 Gang roamin' whaur I may,
 Yon wee bit theekit hoosie
 On the sunny, gowany brae.

It wisna just a lordly place,
 But, freens, 'twas *hame*, ye see,
 An' *hame*'s a heaven to joy an' youth
 Whatever like it be ;
 Ay ! hearts were there as blythe as birds
 When woke wi' mornin' beams,
 An' hearts had hopes that turned to gowd
 The future wi' their dreams.
 Ah, fancy never sees that spot
 Amid youth's gowden years,
 But gentle, tender thochts stir up
 The fount o' quiet tears !



JAMES SLOANE M'CULLOCH

JS a native of the rural parish of Carsphairn. He was born at Burnfoot in 1855, and is descended from a long line of sturdy, noble-minded peasants, who for many generations inhabited several parts of Galloway. It is interesting to note that the great-grandfather of our poet had six sons and daughters, forty grandchildren, and sixty-two great-grandchildren, all of whom were alive at the time of his own decease, save one son and five great-grandchildren. The father of the subject of our sketch is still alive, and in addition to farming a small "holding," he follows the occupation of stonedyke contractor in company with his four sons. James, after receiving a fair education at the village school of Carsphairn, joined his father and brothers; and when at work far out among the lonely wilds, in the long-drawn valleys, or on the shoulders of the solitary hills, his heart has often been inspired with deep poetic thought. He early began to "lisp in numbers," and to give his soul to song. In perusing his verses submitted for our selection, we were struck with the musical cadence and correctness of his numbers. He is on the eve of giving his productions to the world in book form, and we feel certain that when his volume appears he will be acknowledged as one of the sweetest poets of "wild traditioned Galloway." All his writings are refined and pure in sentiment and expression, and are calculated to leave a lasting impression on the heart. His Doric, too, is pure and rich; and with only the evenings in which to study and cultivate his mind, our author has gained a large acquaintance with English literature. While his poetic vocabulary is copious and correct, and his mind noble and exalted, his poetic powers are such as will make his name known far beyond the limits of his native valley.

WILL YE BUCKLE WI' ME?

Noo dark eerie Winter is fled ower the fell,
 An' Spring's fairy fingers at wark in the dell
 Gars beauty awaken in woodlan' an' lea':
 Then hey, bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me.

Hey, bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me?
 My ain bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me?
 The joy o' my heart, an' the licht o' my ee,
 My ain bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me?

The warm yellow sunblinks, like love's early smiles
 Enhance life's enjoyments, an' lichtlie its toils,
 While Nature, exultant, re-echoes wi' glee,
 Hey, bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me?

Hey, bonnie lass, etc.

The primrose unfaulds in the howe o' the brae
 Its young virgin bosom to welcome the ray,
 The lark's in the lift, an' the bud's on the tree,
 Then hey, bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me?

Hey ! bonnie lass, etc.

As blythesome as lambkins that skip ower the knowe
 Are glad years when lichted by love's kindly glow.
 Sae sweet an' sae couthie our moments will hie,
 My ain bonnie lass, gin ye buckle wi' me.

Hey ! bonnie lass, etc.

A leal heart an' loving's the hail o' my gear
 To bless us in weal, or to tent us in weir,
 A fig for their wealth, I hae warlds in thee
 My ain bonnie lass, gin ye buckle wi' me.

Hey ! bonnie lass, etc.

Love's sweet hinnied tale ye may claim as your due,
 But I canna weel tell't for my heart is sae fu';
 But brawly ye ken that my heart winna jee
 Frae my ain bonnie lass, gin she buckles wi' me.

Hey ! bonnie lass, etc.

Noo kindly, my love, to my saft tale incline ;
 D'ye min' hoo ye stinted my raptures langsyne,
 When I scarce gat a smile or a blink o' your ee,
 Hark, noo ! bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me?

Hey ! bonnie lass, etc.

Then smile an' consent, lassie, winsome an' leal ;
 Wi' a kiss to the bargain oor paction to seal,
 Through life's sunny moments hoo happy we'll be,
 My ain bonnie lass, gin ye buckle wi' me?

Hey ! bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me?
 My ain bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me?
 The joy o' my heart, an' the licht o' my ee,
 My ain bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me?

THE LARK IS COME AGAIN.

Step out, my wearied wanton Muse, in measure wild an' free,
 Attune your reed to blythest strains o' mirth an' jollity;
 Though cauldrife Winter's icy claw benumb the heart an' brain,
 We'll croon anither canty sang—the lark is come again.

The lark is come again, my friens,
 The lark is come again,
 We'll lilt anither canty sang,
 The lark is come again.

Ower hills an' dales where heapin' drifts, wreaths, braid, an'
 deep, an' high,
 Or, wheeling through the 'wilderder lift, the eddying snowflakes
 fly,
 Or where the gurgling burns upchoked the Borean band enchain.
 Ho, Winter ! doff thy icy crown ! the lark is come again, etc.

Mark we the prim wee buds expand, soft opening day by day,
 Slim pointing verdure decks the lawn, and daisies dot the brae ;
 Join we the hearty woodland cheer, all hail, the genial reign
 Of life, an' love, of mirth an' song—the lark is come again.

The lark is come again, etc.

The merles' rich full-pealing chords ring echoing through the
 grove,
 The mavis in the hawthorn lilts her calm sweet tale o' love,
 Far up in yon grey feathery cloud a grand heart-rousing strain
 Proclaims the vocal chief's return :—the lark is come again.

The lark is come again, etc.

I love to seek the woodland glade when dewy-bosom'd morn
 Awakes the blackbird in the brake, the linnet in the thorn,
 Frae glen an' shaw on willing wings bursts forth the vocal train
 To lift the joyous voice o' Spring.—The lark is come again.

The lark is come again, etc.

But list ! what peals o' melody stream'd far ower muir an' town,
 Keen-piercing through the dappled clouds anticipate the dawn,
 Where yon ethereal minstrel soars, on quivering pinions fain
 To meet the morning in the clouds.—The lark is come again.

The lark is come again, etc.

Oh how I love, ere rosy morn stirs up the tunefu' grove
 In liquid ripple, soft an' warm, the lark's young tale o' love
 While gushing, grand, wild melody fills the empyrean fane,
 Till fancy hears the angels sing.—The lark is come again.

The lark is come again, etc.

Voice of the morning, hail, all hail, thy simple song once more
 Upheaves my heart from wintry gloom in kindlier spheres to
 soar ;

In kindling strains of love and hope, to join in glad refrain,
The herald of the infant year.—The lark is come again.

The lark is come again, my friens,
The lark is come again,
We'll lilt anither canty sang,
The lark is come again.

SING NOT TO ME.

Oh sing not to me of the myrtles and roses,
The balm-laden zephyr, and gay orange grove,
Where servile and listless a bondsman reposes,
Who recks not of Freedom, and dreams not of love.
But sing me of Scotland, her glens and her mountains,
Where strong-hearted Freedom strides fearless and gay,
Through forest and valley, by streamlet and fountain,
Where wild native sweets garnish greenwood and brae.

Then sing we of Scotia, and proudly together
The chorus of freemen exultingly swell !
Hurrah ! for the land of the red blooming heather,
The broom, and the birk, and the bonnie blue-bell.

The palm-wreath of Freedom immortal shall flourish,
Unbent by oppression, untarnished by shame,
While still, as of yore, in our bosoms we nourish
The spirit that breathes through the records of fame.
With gallant heart bounding, with bright claymore wheeling,
Proud victory rides on the plumes of the brave ;
While, wildly majestic, the warpipe is pealing
The slogan of Freedom—the dirge of the slave.

Then hey ! for the lads in the bonnet and feather,
Brave sons of the heath, and the crag, and the fell ;
And ho, for the land of the red blooming heather,
The broom, and the birk, and the bonnie blue-bell.

A fame as abiding in song and in story,
And noble, though homely its virtues may prove,
Encircles the fair-spreading laurels with glory
That bloom on the altars of Beauty and love.
Then oh, may the springs of the tender emotion,
Fresh, pure, and untainted by guile or by art,
In full-teeming fountains of ardent devotion,
Well forth from the care of each true Scottish heart.

With joy beaming smiles, love and beauty together,
Come join in our song, and our dreaming dispel
With a cheer for the land of the red-blooming heather,
The broom, and the birk, and the bonnie blue-bell.

MAGGIE WI' THE DARK-BLUE EEN.

Come wi' me, my winsome queen,
 Maggie wi' the dark-blue een,
 Where the hazel's siller spray
 Tassels a' the sunny brae ;
 Where the dewy vi'let blinks
 'Mang the blushing meadow-pinks,
 Come wi' me, my winsome queen,
 Maggie wi' the dark-blue een.

Saft the gloamin's dusky veil,
 'Neath the moonbeams pure an' pale,
 Clasps within its dreamy fold
 Mead and moorland, wood and wold,
 While the dewy twilight hour
 Haps the lovers' trystin' bower,
 Love enshrines the raptur'd scene,—
 Maggie wi' the dark-blue een.

In the sombre woodland glade
 Let us wander, dearest maid,
 While I bid my swelling heart
 To a willing ear impart
 All its wealth of sacred fire,
 Trembling hope, and chaste desire,
 Mirror'd in thy heart, I ween,
 Maggie wi' the dark-blue een.

Sweeter nought can mortals prize
 Mutual love's celestial ties ;
 When pure kindred souls bestow
 Heart for heart's ecstatic glow ;
 To a melting bosom prest,
 Each in each supremely blest,
 Angels smile and bless the scene—
 Maggie wi' the dark-blue een.

While the dewy e'enin' flings
 Ower the glen his starr'd wings ;
 While the scented breezes play
 Lichtly through the broomy brae ;
 While the moonbeam's silvery glow
 Paints the glistening vales below ;
 While the wistfu' e'enin' star
 Smiles upon our loves afar—
 Come wi' me, my winsome queen,
 Maggie wi' the dark-blue een.



JOHN CLARKSON FAIRBAIRN,

WHILE greatly esteemed as a minister who was much devoted to the work of his charge, was widely known as the author of many beautiful verses of deep spiritual pathos and genuine literary beauty, as well as an accomplished student of art. Born in Edinburgh in 1809, he, after going through the usual curriculum of study at Edinburgh High School and University was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1837. Thereafter he got some useful training for the work of the ministry—as a missionary in connection with Tolbooth Parish, and then for a year in Liberton Parish, as substitute for Dr Begg while he was laid aside by ill-health. In 1842 he edited the "Christian Miscellany," a periodical which contributed to prepare the way for the success which shortly afterwards made the "Christian Treasury," under the editorship of Andrew Cameron, such a fountain of blessing to all the Churches. He resigned this duty on being appointed travelling secretary to the Edinburgh Bible Society. At the Disruption he put himself, as a preacher, at the service of the Free Church, and soon received a unanimous call from the congregation of Allanton, Berwickshire. Mr Fairbairn speedily took the position of an able and faithful minister, and a man of mark and influence, with ever augmenting power to the end of life. His loving and sympathetic nature fitted him in no ordinary degree for pastoral visitation, and won for him in return the loving confidence of the sick and sorrowful. Mr Fairbairn was twice sent on foreign service in connection with the Free Church. He continued to preach almost to the date of his death, in September 1873.

His thorough acquaintance with British literature generally, and certain by-paths in it rarely trodden,

made him an interesting companion ; and, although the prevailing condition of his mind was grave, he could kindle into quick sympathy with wit and humour. He had several qualities which would have made him a man of mark in any walk of life, and poetry was not the only one of the Muses whose acquaintance he cultivated. He had an irrepressible love of Art. When he was a mere lad, a famous landscape painter was struck with the aptitude he manifested in this direction, and urged him to cultivate it. He numbered among his intimate friends several artists who achieved eminence in their profession, and his knowledge of the history of art, like his knowledge of the poets, was singularly extensive and exact. Besides numerous contributions to magazines, he published three volumes of verse, entitled " Songs for Wayfarers " (1846), " Sabbath Scenes and Meditations " (1859), and a few years later came his " Poems and Hymns," containing many pieces of exquisite finish, and redolent of true Christian feeling, and rich in evangelical sentiment.

EARLY BLOSSOMS.

Early blossoms, pearl'd with dew,
Flushed with every orient hue—
Youth, for beauty, is like you.

Children of the blue-eyed May !
Why haste ye so to pass away ?
So the charms of youth decay.

Weep not o'er the vanished throng
Of beauties that to earth belong.
Let us sing a cheerful song.

Cease 'mongst shadows dim to grope,
Seize reality, life, hope,
Let desire have ample scope.

Happy land beyond Death's river,
In thee youth is youth for ever,
Sin and sadness enter never,

At the gate, as each appears,
A mighty angel dries their tears,
Calling thus unto his peers—

“ Fetch the amaranthine crown,
Put the robes of glory on,
Carry him before the throne.”

FLEETING JOYS.

Fleeting joys of mortal life,
Hast'ning to be gone,
We have scarcely time to hail you
Ere ye past are flown,
Rainbow tints that sweetly braid
Our hours, and like the rainbow fade.

How ye vanish like a dream,
Like the cloudy shadow,
By the breezes of the Spring,
Blown o'er hill and meadow,
This moment gaily glancing, next
With the Past's oblivion mix'd.

Ah ye precious gifts of heaven,
Friends whom we loved best,
Ye fly like other earthly joys,
Vanish like the rest ;
Ye cannot, and ye must not stay,
Hearts may break, ye must away.

But through sorrow's thickest shade
Streams a holy light,
And a voice of gladness rings
Through the dreary night.
From regions far beyond the tomb
They fetch with them immortal bloom.

And they guide us to the land,
The serene abode
Of immortals who rejoice
Beneath the smile of God,
Where friends whom death did separate
Stand on the shore, and for us wait.

RUTH FORD'S LETTERS.

A galaxy of lovely starlike thoughts ;
Fair sister planets kindled at one sun ;
A throng of brooks from one sweet hill that run
Through meads with blossom'd asphodels enwrought ;
A lute by a most perfect master taught ;

A thirst no stream on earth can satisfy ;
 A hunger that must feed on Christ or die ;
 A soul with heavenly longing nigh distraught ;
 A garden where the heavenly sisters sing ;
 A cabinet of all costly jewels rare ;
 A casket filled with frankincense and myrrh ;
 A chamber where our eyes may see the king—
 Askest thou where the writer ? Gone to dwell
 With Him in heaven he loved on earth so well.

SUMMER CLOUDS.

Soft clouds, the breezes round you must be still,
 Ye so unmoved by any motion lie
 On the pale azure of the luminous sky,
 Like a white flock on peaceful Syrian hill,
 To whom their shepherd, couched by tinkling rill,
 Pipes from the thicket. Quietly, heart and eye,
 Ye gaze up to the noonbeams earnestly,
 And with their love your panting bosoms fill :
 So happy, happy, ye would never move.
 If ye have any pity, zephyrs cease
 Your gentlest breath, 'twill but disturb their peace.
 Spoil not, I pray you, so complete a love,—
 And O my soul, that thus thou evermore
 Couldst drink thy Saviour's love at every pore.

EVENING.

O beauteous Night, the burnished heaven is stained
 With hues most glorious ! In the twilight dim
 The upland crofts and trees and hamlets swim.
 Across the river levels purple-grained,
 Dim mists float thin and curl around the slopes.
 On the topmost boughs of the near grove the leaves,
 In the mild breeze that with theirs interweaves
 Its note, dance swift. Each feathered warbler drops
 Asleep, Day, folded in the arms of peace
 And silence, shuts its eye, more bright to rise
 A few hours thence.—Even so the good man dies ;
 A lovely twilight o'er him steals, till cease
 The throbings of his heart : soon from the tomb
 To rise in the great day's unfading bloom.



JAMES MAHON.

JAMES MAHON, a young and very promising poet, was born at Ancrum, near Jedburgh, in 1862, where his father is the "village blacksmith." During the eight or nine years of his school life, he felt more enjoyment in reading a favourite author at home, or walking through some quiet haunt, conversing with Nature, than in joining in the gambols and excitements of boy life. The churchyard, too, with its many mounds, its long rank grasses, and old grey moss-clad stones, afforded matter for his budding fancy. Even then he attempted to express his thoughts in verse. When fifteen years of age he left school for Galashiels, and he is presently employed in one of the factories of that town. The whirl and din of machinery, though sometimes distracting, makes the courting of the Muse by the way-side in summer gloamings all the sweeter. Under the *nom-de-plume* of "Dick," our poet has written numerous very neat and thoughtful verses for the newspapers. His poetry is always easy and flowing, and natural and chaste in expression, and of a reflective and observant cast, creditable alike to the head and heart of the writer.

TO SLEEP.

Oh rest me, gentle sleep,
To-night my need is sore ;
My heart it fails to think,
My hand to labour more ;

A weary child of earth, I pray thee balmy sleep,
Come seal my eyelids with thy kiss ere they can weep.

I would not have thee come
Amid the strife of day,
When, pressing keen, life's cares
Throng all around my way ;

Nor when the morning breaketh in its golden cheer,
Whispering while it waketh—Duty now is near.

But, since the shadows close,
And day's hard fight is done,
Now grant to me the rest—
The rest that I have won.

And stay ye far away, ye gloomy dreams of night ;
Rest me calm and peaceful till dawns the gladsome light.

I'll aid thee and forget
Anxieties of day,
If thou wilt come and chase
Each gnawing thought away.

Oh come, Oblivion, come ; breathe o'er my fretting heart.
Thy subtile spell, and I will bless thee for thine art.

Ye speak to me, oh sleep—
Ye speak to me of Death,
When yields the weary frame—
The soul with failing breath.

Forgetfulness—I know thee, feel thee slowly creep—
May Death be such to me as thou art, welcome sleep.

THE RIVER.

Always ever flowing,
Onward ever growing,
Tracing thee in thought to yon far distant sea ;
By thy banks, oh river,
Stand I musing ever
On the tide of Time that seeks eternity.

Bosom here unruffled,
Hushed thy voice and muffled,
Still thou art flowing on though we may scarcely know ;
Silently, yet never—
Pleasant oft-sung river—
Dost thou ever think to stay thine onward flow.

Now 'neath evening sleeping,
Shadows slowly creeping
Clothe thee, as it were, in garb of sorrow grey ;
Soon shall morning's gladness
Chase from thee this sadness ;
Day or night thou'rt ever on thy seaward way.

Stream of Time, thy flowing—
Swift beyond our knowing—
Owns no change or halting in thy deep-run course ;
Oh, while youth is beaming
May we wake from dreaming,
And on thy still bosom oar our barks across. -

Drifting on unheeding
Of thy subtile speeding,
Many, many thus are sailing on with thee—
Morning, noon, vain calling—
Till Life's evening falling
Launches them upon the vast eternity.

THE NIGHT COMES DOWN.

Slowly the night comes down,
 And stealing along the lea
 Wraps the world with its din,
 Its gloomy folds within,
 And falling, speaks to me.
 My soul soars forth mid the coming night,
 To learn a song in its silent flight.

Slowly the night comes down
 Over the stream and wood—
 The lengthening shades are flung
 Where sunbeams kissed and clung
 In noontide's playful mood,
 The lazy mist, like a dark, cold pall,
 Stretches around, embracing all.

Slowly the night comes down—
 All Nature goes to rest—
 Hushed are the gladsome strains
 A solemn silence reigns,
 And hearts with woe oppressed
 Can seek relief—weep out alone
 Their sorrows 'neath the shadowy dome.

Slowly the night comes down—
 The workman leaves his toil—
 The dreary ways of life,
 Its pains, its rounds of strife,
 Its soul distracting moil
 Are all forgot 'neath the soothing sleep
 That comes the weary eyes to greet.

Slowly the night comes down—
 A sweet calm-giving time—
 The bright day's searching glare
 Brings of-repeated care,
 But rest and peace are thine.
 Oh gentle night, kind nurse of all,
 We bid thee hail and bless thy fall.

“THIS WEARY WORLD.”

Why, why this ceaseless pining
 And never-ending whining,
 As if this world of ours was but a snare—
 A desert, dark and wild,
 With gloomy sorrows piled—
 A punishment to live and breathe its air ?

Why should the heart be fretting,
And ever seem forgetting
There's meaning far beyond a dream in life ?
Though shadows round us steal,
'Neath them all there's something real,
And even peace amid its hardest strife.

Seems there but little blessing,
And dearth of joys caressing,
The world, methinks, is not the cause of all.
Oft man himself, alone,
Invents the weary moan
Which from the lips of many 'mongst us fall.

Is there joy in selfish living,
And in spirit unforgiving ?
Why blame the world for all life's crowding care ?
When less of self is found
In our actions all around,
The world will be no longer dark, but fair.



JAMES ALEXANDER,

EUTHOR of many poems and songs of a homely nature, was born in Edinburgh in 1858. His father dying while the subject of our notice was young, he had to join the battle for bread while yet of tender years. He is presently employed as a ticket-writer in Glasgow. When only in his seventeenth year he contributed songs to the weekly newspapers, and for some years his productions have appeared in several literary journals and magazines. His muse, instead of "soaring sublimely," is of a tender, domestic nature. He loves to "jink aboot the hearth," and his pictures of the joys and sorrows of humble life contain a considerable amount of artless pathos, and appeal directly to the heart.

I'M NO AMANG MY AIN FOWK.

I'm no amang my ain fowk,
 Sae hamely, brave, an' free ;
 I'm no amang my ain fowk,
 Ye're strangers a' to me.
 I canna banish frae my min'
 The thocht o' them I lo'e ;
 I've tried, but oh ! I canna gie
 The auld up for the new.

I'm thinkin' o' my ain fowk,
 Awa' in Scotland dear ;
 Oh ! why left I my ain fowk,
 To seek prood Fortune here ?
 Altho' ye've kindly welcomed me,
 Altho' ye're unco kin',
 I'd suner hae my ain guid fowk—
 The freens o' auld langsyne.

I'll gang back to my ain fowk,
 I canna bide awa' ;
 My hame's amang the Scottish hills—
 The hills sae hie an' braw.
 I miss the sweet auld mither tongue,
 I dinna feel at rest ;
 My heart's amang my ain dear fowk—
 The fowk I lo'e the best.

There's nae fowk like my ain fowk,
 They're famous far an' near ;
 There's nae lan' like my ain lan'—
 Wee sturdy Scotia dear.
 I winner noo what gar'd me leave
 My hame sae fair an' gran' ;
 I canna, winna bide awa'
 Frae ye, my native lan'.

DADDY, LOOK AT TOTTIE.

Daddie, look at Tottie,
 Marchin' up an' doon ;
 Smilin' like the summer,
 In his wee nicht-goon.
 See the licht o' gladness
 Dancin' in his een ;
 Oh, the winsome laddie,
 Sweetest ever seen.

See him spin his peerie,
 On the clean hearthstane ;

Hear him blaw his trumpet,
 Oh, the clever wean.
 See, alang the carpet,
 Hoo he rows his ba' ;
 Noo he's on the dresser,
 Haud him, or he'll fa'.

Wearied noo, my treasure,
 Toddle ower to me ;
 Come an' mak' a pownie
 O' yer daddie's knee,
 Cuddle me, my hinney,
 In my bosie creep ;
 Sing a sang to faither,
 'Fore ye fa' asleep.

Wheest, ye mauna greet, son,
 Cockyleerielaw ;
 Wheest, the muckle black man,
 Steals bad weans awa.
 Oh, there's no a wee lamb,
 Half sae guid an' kin' ;
 Oh, there's no a bairnie,
 Like this bairn o' mine.

SONG.

The sun has gaen to rest, an' stars,
 Bricht jewels o' the nicht,
 Cam' smiling through the dark'ning sky,
 Tae croon the worl' wi' licht,
 When Bessie wandered, sad at heart,
 Beside the moanin' sea,
 An' aft she sighed an' aft she cried
 " My love's untrue to me,
 Ah, me,
 My love's forgotten me."

The saft win' kissed her sweet pale cheeks,
 An' fann'd her bonnie hair,
 An' aye she thocht she heard it sigh,
 " He'll come, he'll come nae mair."
 In vain she tried to check the tear
 That wid keek oot her e'e ;
 An' aft she sighed an' aft she cried
 " My love's proved fause to me,
 Ah, me,
 My love's forsaken me."

A licht form lap' a moss-hap'd dyke,
 An' gar'd her dark thochts flee ;

"Oh, love," she wildly cried, "ye've brocht
 A worl o' bliss to me."
 Young Willie clasp'd her in his arms
 An' whisper'd tenderly,
 "Till cruel death demands my breath
 I'll aye be true to thee
 My love,
 I'll lo'e nae ane but thee."



THOMAS AND GRACE RAMSAY.

THOMAS RAMSAY was born in 1822 at the village of Kirkfieldbank, Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire. The village is beautifully situated on the left bank of the Clyde, near the famous Cartlaw Crags and lofty bridge where Wallace was wont to seek shelter from his foes. Thomas, after three years at school, and when only nine years of age, commenced to learn the tailor trade with his father. He was anxious to help to "fill the little mouths," for the father had only eighteen pence a day and his food when "tailoring out." As our poet grew up to manhood, he took a warm and intelligent interest in all movements for the moral and religious well-being of the community. Mrs Ramsay—Grace Cadzow—was born at Lanark in 1822. She was a woman of great intelligence, and of a gentle, loving nature. After experiencing many minglings of joy and sorrow, sunshine and shade, and frequent trials in the shape of family bereavement, under which she bore up with true Christian resignation, she died in 1872, after a long period of suffering. She felt and experienced the suggestive lines of Wordsworth—

"Life is energy of love—
 Divine or human—exercised in pain,
 In grief and tribulation, and ordained,

If so approved and sanctified, to pass
Through shades and silent rest—to endless joy."

"Harp Tones in Life's Vale," by Thomas and Grace Ramsay, from which we make the following extracts, was published by Messrs Menzies & Co., Edinburgh. It is a neat volume, and includes, besides miscellaneous poems, verses and paraphrases on the Book of Job, and the Song of Solomon. As these were written in the midst of sore affliction and personal losses, they are of a serious and reflective nature. They are deeply toned throughout with piety, as if dipt in the fount of heavenly radiance. While all the verses are deeply spiritual in sentiment, "Oor Ain Fireside" is warm and tender.

OUR AIN FIRESIDE.

There are scenes on earth sae beautiful, sae pleasant, and sae fair,
That we feel as if our hearts in joy could dwell for ever there ;
But the spot we love the best, on which we gaze wi' joy and pride
Is that place o' sacred happiness—our ain fireside.

We may roam through scenes o' splendour, and be dazzled wi'
their glare,
And for awhile be absent frae our hame wi' a' its care ;
But we wander far frae happiness, an' canna there abide—
For our hearts are ever yearning for our ain fireside.

How precious are the joys at the circle round the hearth—
We feel within our hearts it is the brightest spot on earth ;
Wi' our household treasures near us, our fond hearts are satisfied
Wi' their smiles o' love and kindness round our ain fireside.

And little fairy forms, wi' their lichtsome joys, are there,
Wi' patterin' feet and prattlin' tongues—and locks o' shining
hair ;
Their restless ways and noisy glee we canna think to chide—
For they drive away the shadows frae our ain fireside.

The youth wha leaves the quietness o' his ain dear native glen,
For the city's noisy hum, and the busy haunts o' men—
Still lingers on the threshold, and the tear can hardly hide—
For he canna say fareweel to his ain fireside.

E'en the sad and lonely widow, frae whom many joys hae fled—
Her children in their chosen homes—her youth's dear partner
dead ;
Tho' vacant chairs are round her, yet with feelings sanctified
Still she clings with lonely fondness to her ain fireside.

Our ain fireside ! dear hallowed place—God's blessing on it fall ;
 And when that solemn hour arrives, that comes alike to all,
 Wi' our dear ones watching o'er us, may our spirits, purified,
 Pass away on wings of angels frae our ain fireside.

THE HEART-SOOTHING HARP.

Harp ! whose music cheers in sadness,
 Let me touch thy chords again ;
 Though thy tones swell not to gladness,
 Give me some sweet soothing strain !

On the willows sadly swaying
 Silent, I have hung thee long—
 And, amid my hopes decaying,
 Failed to cheer my soul with song.

Death has dash'd my hopes of pleasure ;
 Visions bright have changed to gloom ;
 Stamp'd his image on my treasure—
 Hid my darling in the tomb.

I have seen another blossom
 From my heart and home depart ;
 I have clasp'd an empty bosom—
 Hush'd an aching, bleeding heart.

Need I wonder, though there lingers
 Nought but sorrow in thy song,
 As my feeble trembling fingers
 Slowly move thy chords along ?

But oh ! my soul, let faith surmounting,
 Look beyond this death-strewed plain,
 Where no Marah's bitter fountain
 Ever shall be drunk again—

Where heaven's glorious scenes unfolding
 To my view—all sorrow past ;
 And my dear ones then beholding—
 Every tear be wiped at last.

Harp ! whose music soothes my sadness,
 I will strike thy chords again,
 To a song of joy and gladness,
 For life eternal yet shall reign.

THE DYING MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

A mother in her chamber dying lay :
 O'er her pale cheek death spread his ghastly hue ;
 Her wasted form fast hastening to decay,
 And earthly scenes receding from her view.

But sounds of footsteps greet her failing ear—
 A little form is tottering round her bed ;
 With outstretched hand to bring her darling near,
 She feebly lifts her languid sinking head :—

“ Come near, my child, and let me see thee now ;
 My weary eyes will soon be closed in death ;
 I feel his damps already on my brow,
 And, trembling, shrink beneath his icy breath.

O ! let my arms encircle thee once more,
 And press thee closer to this heaving breast
 E'er its wild throbings be for ever o'er,
 And I be laid with weary ones at rest.

O ! it is hard to die in youth's glad prime—
 To see our sky of bliss so soon o'ercast,
 To leave the earth in glorious summer time,
 To feel for us its brightest scenes are past :

But harder still, to leave thee, precious child,
 To float alone on life's deep surging sea ;
 Over its vexing waves and billows wild,
 Without a mother's eye to watch o'er thee.

O shall thy helpless, tender shrinking form
 Endure, to struggle through life's stormy wild ?
 Shall thy fair head in anguish bend forlorn ?
 God of the helpless, save and bless my child.

One more embrace—it is the very last ;
 Death's lengthened sleep is stealing o'er my brow.
 Farewell, my child !—death's bitterness is past,
 To God's dear care I can resign thee now.”

She passed away from earth with all its care ;
 And kind hearts soothed the sobbing, tearful child,
 And still the tones of her last earnest prayer
 Came o'er his soul with influence sweet and mild.

In after years, when sorrow o'er his face
 Had stamped its lines in all its potent power,
 The memory of his mother's last embrace
 Could soothe his spirit in its darkest hour.

And e'er he left this world of toil and strife
 (For he was early laid beneath the sod)
 His soul had visions of a brighter life,
 Through faith and trust upon his mother's God.

T H E F A D E D F L O W E R .

The chill winds o' autumn noo cauldly are blawin',
 The freshness o' summer has faded away ;

Frae the trees the sere leaves noo thickly are fa'in',
And nature around me seems dowie and wae.

The wee birds are chirpin' sae waefu' and eerie,
Their songs wi' the bricht days o' summer hae flown ;
The lambs on the braes noo seem courin' and weary,
And the flowers ance sae bonny are wither'd and gone.

But not for the beauties o' nature I'm mourning,
'Tis not for these flowers that are wither'd and fled ;
I know that a spring is to them fast returning,
When in beauty and bloom they'll again be arrayed.

I know trees will blossom, and flowers again springin'
Will dazzle the sicht wi' their beauty and bloom,
And the wee birds again shall be heard sweetly singin'
When nature awakes from her cold wint'ry tomb.

But I mourn that nae spring can restore me my blossom
That wither'd and perished in autumn's sad time ;
I mourn that my darling was torn from my bosom,
And left me in sorrow and sadness to pine.

'Twas a sweet lovely flower that I cherished with pleasure,
A' summer it bloomed 'neath my sheltering care ;
But the first winds o' autumn blew cauld on my treasure,
And the wealth o' its beauty can charin' me nae mair.

O, 'tis thus—ever thus—with the flowers we most cherish—
For awhile round our path in their glory they bloom ;
We behold them with rapture—they suddenly perish,
And we lay them in sorrow to fade in the tomb.

The seasons roll over their dear graves in sadness,
And every sweet spring flings her flowers on the sod ;
But will no spring return to revive in its gladness
Those made in the image and likeness of God ?

O yes, there shall come a bright spring-time, when sorrow,
Shall pass like the gloom of the winter away ;
They shall wake at the dawn of that glorious morrow,
And their beauty immortal shall never decay.

W A K E N E D M E M O R I E S.

Ye wee bleating lammies, my heart's sair to hear ye ;
Your sorrowfu' cry brings the tears to my een :
My thochts wander back, and I'm waefu' and eerie,
For ye waken up joys that are withered and gane.
'Tis fancy, I ken, but again I am sittin'
Where gowans and buttercups spangle the lea ;
A voice in my ear your wee bleat is repeatin',
And blue een sae happy are glancin' wi' glee.

Wee fingers are pu'in' the gowans sae bonnie,
 And wee feet are toddlin' around to my knee ;
 A face I think sweeter and fairer than ony
 Is lookin' and smilin' sae fondly on me.
 But it's fancy—ay, fancy—for years hae passed o'er me
 Sin' the blue een were clos'd in the sleep o' the grave,
 And that fair form in darkness was shrouded before me,
 And powerless the love o' a mother to save.

Yes, summers hae passed wi' their bloom and their beauty ;
 And winters hae gane wi' their darkness and gloom,
 Since I for my darlin' perform'd the last duty,
 And laid out his form for his rest in the tomb.
 Sair, sair was my heart, and I thocht it was breakin',
 When I laid his wee head in the coffin to rest ;
 But I kent 'twas the haun' o' a Father's correctin',
 And I couldna repine—for His ways are the best.

I dinna repine—for I ken he's possessin'
 The happiness Heaven's ain dwellers enjoy ;
 There nae sorrow's felt, nor aught that's distressin',
 For naething can enter to hurt and destroy.
 Time has soothed my deep anguish, and brought wi' it blessin',
 For wee feet are toddlin' again round my knee,
 And fair forms—wi' blue een—hae shar'd my caressin',
 And gain'd a' the love that a mother can gi'e.

Yet the heart wanders back to its first scenes o' gladness,
 And a wee thing recalls a' the joys that are fled ;
 As a slight touch awakens the harp-strings to sadness,
 Sae a trifle renews a' our griefs for the dead.
 But, blessed be God, there is hope in our sorrow ;
 For our anguish there's joy ; for our pain there is balm—
 We shall meet—for there cometh a glorious morrow—
 When our dwelling shall be with our God and the Lamb.



ALICE PRINGLE,

THE talented authoress of "Greycliff Hall," and graceful elocutionist, woke up to life amongst the beauties of Strathearn, surrounded by the joys and sorrows, and the cares and occupations of a United Secession Manse. Her father, the late Rev. Dr Pringle, Auchterarder, was an elegant writer, an effective

speaker, and a man of rare scholarly attainments. To listen to his religious instruction, and to his conversation, in which anecdote, logic, and emotion were equally transfused, constituted, with the tender care of a loving mother, a large part of Miss Pringle's early training. Poetry and the beauties of Nature have always been the joy of her life.

The woods drew me within them,
With a glamour past dispute.

"Greycliff Hall and other Poems" was published by Messrs Dunn & Wright, Glasgow, in 1878. The leading poem, from which we take our first extract, is a well-sustained story, full of striking incident, and abounding in pathetic touches and fine feeling. The narrative begins with a youthful quarrel, which affected the whole future life of both parties. The interest centres in a lost child, who after the lapse of three years was found by the heroine. Miss Pringle's miscellaneous verses not only show scholarly taste and a fine imagination, but they are melodious, neat in expression, and evince a warm feeling to all that is beautiful and pure. As a public reader our poetess takes a high position. In giving selections from her own productions, or from popular Scottish, English, or American poets and prose writers, she never fails to carry the audience by her clear enunciation, and accomplished dramatic action. Her voice, which is clear, musical, and well modulated, is always under complete control, while her power of memory is marvellous.

How deep this calm ! yet ceaselessly
The ocean heaves itself against the land,
With a soft splash that is most musical,
Yet tells of sleeping power. Oh ! will it wake
To loud, tempestuous roar, and strew the beach
With wrecks, and then sing on unmoved as now ?
I know it will, if we but wait the time.
So hath it oft been, so it oft will be,

THE WEAVER'S BAIRN.

A bonnie bairn was Annie More,
 The flower o' a' the toun ;
 A guileless bairn, owre young to ken
 Her brow wore beauty's croun.

At gloamin', at the waterside,
 Amang the bairns was she ;
 And passers-by had wondered oft
 Wha that sweet bairn might be.

Her red lips parted wi' a smile
 That was like mornin' light,
 And showed how that young heart looked out
 And saw the warld a' bright.

A weaver's bairn was that sweet wean ;
 Her faither at the loom
 Worked late and early, thinkin' ne'er
 That labour's life was gloom.

For still between him and his toil
 A lovely vision gleamed ;
 And when he dreamed of future days,
 'Twas for that bairn he dreamed.

She was the ae flower o' his hame,
 A winsome flower o' spring ;
 'Twas nae mean hame, for round the hearth
 Were angels hovering.

For *her* sake, night and morn, he thought
 The angels aye cain' near.
 Where that sweet bairn had lisped a prayer,
 What could there be to fear ?

Her inither, wi' her pale-rose cheek,
 Was glad o' Annie's bloom ;
 She couldna think that aught sae fair
 Was near an earthly tomb.

She said, "Though painfu' days are mine,
 And aft I'm droopin' sair,
 This bonnie bairn uplifts my heart,
 As health were mine ance mair.

"The queen has her bright croun o' gold,
 The duke, his bonnie lands,
 His leddy has her jewelled rings
 For sma' and dainty hands.

"They canna think like John and me,
 Wha have our bread to earn,

We have nae wealth in a' the warld,
But just this bonnie bairn.

"The gowden curls upon her head,
To us are gowd anew ;
And ilka morn it's joy to meet
Her lauchin' een sae blue.

"Oh, bairnie ! God in heaven is kind ;
I thank him evermair,
Wha lets me keep thee in my arms,
Through grief, and pain, and care."

The bairnie, wi' her wonderin' een,
Looked in her mother's face.
The mystery of death had yet
In her young soul no place.

But fever to the toun was brought,
And to the kirkyard sun,
Wee graves wi' new-turned turf were seen
Aneath the waxin' mune.

And Annie, in her loveliness,
Lay meekly down to dee,
Just sayin', when her wee heart sank,
"Oh, mither ! bide wi' me."

"I'm here, my bairn," she said, "but sun
Ye winna ca' for me.
Yer rosy cheek is white as snaw.
I'm feared ye're gaun to dee."

The bairnie opened her blue een,
And saw her mother's tears.
A light seemed in her soul to wake,
As from no childish years.

"Oh mither, am I gaun to dee ?
Oh, faither, dinna greet,
For Christ will take me up to heaven,
Where a' the flowers are sweet.

"And when ye're comin' hame frae earth,
I'll meet ye at the gate ;
For there, ye ken, 'twill no be dark,
However lang I wait."

They couldna speak ; their hearts were fu',
The wearied bairnie slept ;
And through the darkness o' the night,
Their anxious watch they kept,

Small pain it seemed. The gushing tide
Of earth's joy paused a while,
And left a little space, before
The soul took on heaven's smile.

With easy touch, Death took this prize
Of beauty, for decay.
She drooped, and drooped, and in the morn
She sighed her soul away.

THE DISCORDANT HARP.

A harp was played on a terrene shore—
A harp ; yet it gave no melody.
In the lapses of the billow's roar,
It poured forth discords evermore,
Sounding a wild wail over the sea.

If it had wailed for vanished hours,
Tender and beautiful ;
Like the fabled soul of the dying flowers,
Mutely grieving in July bowers,
It had wailed by that sorrow's rule.

If it had ever had music fine,
Listening, ye could not have told ;
No aim of the harp could any divine,
Save all sweet sympathies to untwine,
With adroitness vexed, yet cold.

Discordant spirit on life's fair shore,
Like that wild harp art thou,
In the lapses of life's billowy roar,
Pouring forth discords evermore,
From lip, and eye, and brow.



ROBERT HOGG

RHOGG was born in Glasgow in 1864. He is an engineer to trade, and considering that he is only twenty years of age, he tunes his harp with wonderful skill. He is a frequent contributor to the Glasgow and other newspapers. Though his verses

reveal a speculative turn of mind, and are mostly of a serious and reflective nature, he can "lilt a canty sang," and can depict with considerable pleasantry the humourous side of Scottish character.

WAITING.

Sol's golden gleams upon the brook are beaming,
As soft and slow it wanders down the grove ;
Upon its banks the primrose fair is dreaming,
And I am waiting, love.

The minstrel of the skies is upward winging,
And music floweth sweet from each alcove ;
Where merle and thrush their ev'ning songs are singing,
And I am waiting, love.

With perfume of sweet flow'rs the air is teeming ;
Sol sinks to rest, and, 'mid the blue above,
Like diamonds bright the silv'ry stars are streaming,
Yet I am waiting, love.

Far to the east, dark fleecy clouds are fleeting,
I long amongst the fields with thee to rove ;
Thou erst did hasten to our ev'ry meeting ;
Why ling'rest thou, my love ?

THE LAST LOOK OF HOME.

My barque o'er the water glides swiftly along,
The wind whistles shrilly an' eerie, sad song ;
I wistfully gaze at a speck mid the blue,
'Tis Scotland, my country, fades slowly from view.

Other lands may be fairer, more beauteous to see,
But none can be dearer than Scotland to me ;
Their sky may be clearer, and brighter their day,
Yet Scotland seems nearer to Heaven than they.

The dear friends of my youth, so loving and kind,
And the home of my fathers, I'm leaving behind—
To thistle and heather and bonnie blue-bell
And Scotland, my country, I murmur farewell.

My eyesight grows dim, I can see but the foam,
And feel I have taken my last look of home.
Ah ! the exile now knows how hard 'tis to part
From the home of his childhood, the friends of his heart.

AYE DO THE BEST YE CAN.

My freen, altho' ye're doon the brae, cheer up, aye work awa',
An'dinna be doon-hearted tho' misfortunes on ye fa' ;

It's no the clink nor cleedin', it's the heart that mak's the man—
Just lilt a cantie sang, my freen, an' do the best ye can.

The puir man's road lies up a brae we a' ken faur owre weel,
A road that's fearfu' slid'ry, lad, an' unco hard to spel ;
Yet tho' ye aft gae rum'lin back to whaur ye first began,
Loup up an' try again, my freen—aye do the best ye can.

It's no by sittin' frettin', lad, ye'll get on in this life,
Ye maun struggle nobly onward thro' the thickest o' the strife ;
An' tho' at times the fecht may seem ower hard for mortal man,
Yet dinna think to yield, my freen, but do the best ye can.

Aye face misfortunes manfully, to win yet aye be prone—
But ne'er do what ye canna ask the Maister's blessin' on—
An' when yer tether's length, my freen, on this earth ye hae ran,
Ye'll gang to yon fair hame abune—sae do the best ye can.



AGNES GORDON SCOTT

WAS born in Glasgow. Her paternal grandfather was a much esteemed burgess of the city, and for the greater part of his life was connected with one of the first mercantile houses in Glasgow. Being in easy circumstances, and having only a son and daughter, he was desirous that his son should have a University education, a thing of rarer occurrence half a century ago than at present, being then more confined to those destined for the learned professions, than for those adopting a mercantile career. He afterwards entered the business with which his father was connected—that of calico printing. Her maternal grandfather was a coalmaster and mineralist of considerable note, near Coatbridge. He died young, leaving a large family, his second daughter becoming the mother of our present notice. When little more than five years of age, the authoress was placed under the tuition of the late William Munsie of Glasgow, a singularly gifted teacher and instructor of youth, a

man of deep piety and sterling worth. From his earnest and clear method of teaching she early imbibed a considerable knowledge of the Scriptures and the vital truths of religion, and acquired a taste for sacred song—the lessons and impressions thus learned in childhood remaining through life. When she was about sixteen the family removed to England.

Though always fond of reading and poetry, and conversant with many of the works of the poets, it was not till Miss Scott was nearly twenty that she attempted to write. She has always found a never-failing pleasure and source of happiness in the elevating joys of literature. Her verses show a heart and mind not only guided by intellectual power, but by the higher power of Christian love.

A L O N E.

'Tis night, and all is hushed to rest,
None left of those I've known,
In solitude I sit and brood
And murmur I'm alone.

The lamp of love within burns low,
In anguish deep I groan ;
And from my breaking heart cry out,
Why am I left alone ?

The wind comes sighing thro' the trees,
With sad and solemn moan ;
And seems to say with plaintive voice—
Thou art not quite alone.

Unseen, unknown, but ever there,
Along your path is thrown
A gleam of love from eyes divine
To cheer the heart that's lone.

Athwart the hours of lonely gloom,
A radiant light is shown ;
The Life that passed the darkest night,
But conquered there alone.

L I F E.

Life ! what a meaning in the word,
Who can its full import know—

Whence it cometh, whence it goeth,
None can all its mysteries show.

None can tell what lies before them
In the onward march of life ;
None can tell what may befall them,
Whether sorrow, joy, or strife.

Life to some is fraught with pleasure ;
Soft and calmly time flies past,
In a holy sweet endeavour
To be ready at the last.

But to some 'tis fraught with sorrow
That would make our tears to flow,
And while life lasts that must be borne,
Which no other soul can know.

'Tis death alone can give release
To the weary fainting heart ;
Life itself, with all its troubles,
From the body then must part.

Life—'tis a strange and fearful thing,
Whither gone, for ever fled,
None knoweth ; all we know is this,
The light of life's for ever sped.

For ever sped, ah ! no, not so,
Life the body yet shall light,
And thro' eternity shall live
In heavenly glory bright.

THE FISHER'S WIFE.

'Tis night, and all around is still and hush'd
In the lone village by the bleak sea shore ;
No sound is heard, save ever and anon
The break of the wave, on the rock-bound coast,
And the low moan of the wind, as it sweeps
O'er sea and land ; till lost in the distance,
But to re-commence its never ending
Circuit—Said'st thou no sound was heard ? listen,
What is that sound in that rude chamber where
The light so faintly glimmers, surely 'tis
Not of earth, yes, 'tis yet of this poor clay ;
But struggling to be free ; 'tis the last prayer
Of the poor fisher's wife, about to leave
Her orphan children, to the world's cold care.
Kneeling by her in that sad silent hour,
With more than mortal voice, she implores a
Father's blessing on her helpless babes ; and
Turning now her almost sightless eyes from

All the loved ones, that this earth holds dear ;
 Across the dark'ning gloom, far out to sea,
 Where 'neath the stormy wave sleeps peacefully,
 The husband of her youth ; she gently sinks
 To rest, safe in the Everlasting Arms.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON

WAS born in Glasgow in 1809. His early years were spent close by his mother's knee, where he learned to appreciate pure and undefiled religion, both in its theory and practice. From her he acquired the habit of learning psalms, hymns, songs, and stories even before he could read ; and from the same source a decided taste was engendered for the appreciation and culture of the muse. "She would," Mr Hamilton tells us, "become eloquent and awe-inspiring when her subject had reference to the Covenanters and their stirring times—for she was cradled among the scenes that witnessed their noble stand for truth and religious liberty. Having spent some time in a business warehouse, he went into training for the office of an infant school teacher, and afterwards laboured with much success in this profession in various parts of Scotland—Glasgow, Brechin, Alloa, and other localities—for about twenty years. These being subscription schools, however, and as no School Boards existed then, and no Government aid for teacher, either financially or in teaching power, being asked or granted to sustain him in his arduous labours, his only help was to avail himself of monitorial assistance. The perpetual strain and close confinement consequent upon an efficient discharge of his duties began to tell on his constitution, so that his health broke down, and he was obliged to abandon a calling

to which he was ardently attached. After enjoying a short rest, he obtained employment with the Glasgow Gas Light Co., in whose service he remained for twenty-three years. In consideration of his length of servitude, and the satisfactory manner in which he had so long discharged his duties and responsibilities, the corporation granted him, in his old age, a retiring allowance. Mr Hamilton is now enjoying his well-earned repose and retirement from active life in the midst of the beauties of nature, of which he sings in very musical verse, at Achaleven, South Connel, near Oban. The products of his muse are considerable, and occasionally appear in the Oban and other newspapers ; but, although frequently urged, he does not feel inclined to issue a selection in book form. He says that he has lost the tide, and he has no yearning for its return—“ I only mused for my own solitary pleasure, and not for the public eye.” With warm religious feelings, his poems unite philosophic subtlety, and he ever manifests the keen observer of nature, and power of giving ready expression to his thoughts and feelings.

THE MITHER'S BAWBEE.

We seek nae prood theme for oor muse noo on wing,
 For rhymster to rant or fly minstrel to sing,
 But call frae oor childhood ae thocht for a wee,
 An' the subject—what think ye ?—it's The Mither's Bawbee.

The Mither's Bawbee—ah, what scenes wauken up,
 When the sunlight o' youth shed its rays i' life's cup,
 When care left nae sting, an' o' stark sorrow free,
 An' its mountain o' wealth was The Mither's Bawbee.

It's nae that her bounty cam linkin', an' lay
 In the palm where she slipt it, transported me sae,
 But the nod and sweet smile that she aye gi'ed it wi'
 Threw a charm without price roun' The Mither's Bawbee.

What a prancin' an' pride, what a fire-flashin' eye,
 Wi' the frequent enquiry “ Say, what will I buy ? ”
 A bake, ba', or whussel ? —Ha, ha, come an' see,
 For I'm gaun oot to ware't—it's The Mither's Bawbee.

Ilk staun gets a visit, shop-window an' door,
 Toys, sweets, fruits, an' pastries are viewed ower an' ower ;
 For the mind canna settle, at least, for a wee,
 On what it thinks value for Mither's Bawbee.

The wight in whause bosom vile avarice burns,
 When he hears o' quick sales an' o' speedy returns,
 Is nae mair the thing o' commotion an' glee
 Than we've seen—aye, oft been—ower the Mither's Bawbee.

Much, much hae I earn'd o' experience sin' syne,
 An' much o' the prosp'r'ous an' pleasant's been mine ;
 But a' I hae grippit o' bliss, believe me,
 Maun cour doun the heid to The Mither's Bawbee.

Lang, lang has the carpet o' Nature been spread
 Ower the sweet, narrow spot whaur she rests her lane heid ;
 But ne'er shall remembrance till the earth yaups for me
 Forget the true worth o' The Mither's Bawbee.

THE AULD KIRKYARD.

Its nae the pairt's a bonnie ane, mair beautifu' there be ;
 Its laigh auld dyke, wi' ruesome look, an' gloomy ae yew tree,
 Yet the place ne'er wants a charm, the spot my faithers hae
 preferr'd
 For warstl'd banes an' downy rest—the Auld Kirkyard.

They talk o' new-made burial grunds, whaur flowers in myriads
 shed
 Their beauty and their fragrance ower the newly-buried dead ;
 But for sympathies like mine, I trow, there's nae the same
 reward,
 As repays a thochtfu' veesit to the Auld Kirkyard.

Its nae to read its epitaphs, though mony a ane be there,
 Nor slidder off an hour or twa, for nane hae I to spare ;
 But to muse on them that's left me, an' for whom I greatly car'd,
 Wha noo lie baith low and lanely i' the Auld Kirkyard.

I live to tell the sorry tale, their number isna sma',
 My heart's got mony a dreedfu' ding to see them ta'en awa' ;
 Companions, neepors, kith an' kin, whause lives I'd gladly spar'd,
 Noo lie cauld aneath the gowan i' the Auld Kirkyard.

AN ADDRESS TO THE RAINBOW.

Thou gem of beauteous colour'd light,
 Thou child of sunlight shower ;
 I hail thy visit with delight,
 And thy entrancing power !

Of Nature's lovely offspring thou
Dost seem her idol'd one ;
She sets thee on her azure brow,
To cheer her fever'y sun.

We know not when thou first drew breath ;
Ask proud philosophy !
We learn, 'mid Heaven's o'erwhelming wrath,
Thy premis'd history.

Though by no herald's ush'ring voice,
To woo the wandering gaze ;
Each languid hill and field rejoice
In thy benignant blaze !

We see Heaven's bounty in thy birth ;
Its ærial joy and crown
Speak promise to the trembling earth
Of favour—not of frown.

Yet thine's a momentary span
Set up before our eye ;
For, while admiringly we scan,
Ye languish, droop—and die !

Then, be it mine in my short stay,
By deed and thought aright,
To glow—that when I've lived my day,
'Twill merge in Heaven's own light.



WILLIAM A. SIM,

EUTHOR of the first-prize poem in St Andrews University Moral Philosophy Class, 1883, was born at Scotsburn, Kilmuir, Ross-shire, in 1859. After attending the Royal Academy of Inverness, Mr Sim studied at the University of St Andrews, where he was first-prizeman in the Classes of English Literature, Logic and Metaphysics, and Moral Philosophy, besides gaining a prize for Latin Literature, and the Lord Rector's Prize Essay (£25) on "Lyrical Poetry: its Distinctive Functions, and the various forms it has

assumed." He is presently studying Theology in the Free Church College, Aberdeen. He has, under various *noms-de-plume*, done much literary work for various newspapers and magazines, including the *Inverness Courier*, *Longman's Magazine*, the *Celtic Magazine*, &c. Mr Sim has devoted a great amount of thought to the study of French poetry, from Villon to Hugo, and has written much on the subject. Regarding his prize poem, which is entitled "The One and the Many," Professor Knight says :—" From its intrinsic merit, and as the first poem written for the Moral Philosophy Class since I became Professor, (and, as far as I know, since the foundation of the University), I value it highly. Some of the couplets are admirable, and the thoughts most felicitously embodied." It is difficult to give to a speculative theme poetic unity, but in this Mr Sim has been eminently successful. In the most familiar objects of Nature, too, he finds much suggestive matter—a storehouse of thought in every flower or blade of grass, in every cloud or rippling rill, expressed in language true to life, and embodying some elevating principle. His poetry shows a remarkable power of condensation, and a fine vein of cultured thought is ever apparent.

A N A U G U S T ID Y L.

Wide miles of moorland open to the sky,
Where larks were loud above the blowing heather,—
Do you remember, sweet, how you and I
Strayed through them day-long in the August weather,

Careless as winds that wander where they will,
Hearing the murmur of the mountain-bee,
And through the pauses of our whispered talk,
The changeful wash and whisper of the sea ?

Your life touched mine at least for one brief hour,
Trembled, and passed upon its separate way,
Like a star drawn across the depths of space,
Only to die into the splendid day ;

Yet still the music of thy sister sphere
 Vibrates within me ; I remember still
 How the wind chased the shadows on the mere,
 And how the plover wailed across the hill.

We watched the sea-gull seek his windy crag
 Far down the bay ; and then the rosy reach
 Of sunset deadened slowly into gray ;
 We heard the wave ring shriller down the beach,

Setting our faces homewards. I scarce dared
 To breathe the name that seemed my own at noon,—
 That name whose linked Hellenic sounds still speak
 Of gentle words wed to a gentle tune,—

Till the moon floated up into the night,
 And touched with gradual silver moor and sea.
 Your breath came swifter then ; I knew you felt
 The beauty that brings tears to memory.

As a bare rose-tree mid December snow,
 Deep at its heart, through lifeless days and frore,
 May hide some haunting sense of that dead rose
 Which spring-time flushed with crimson to the core ;

So, when I walk through alien ways and dim,
 And look on faces thou wilt never see,
 I shall remember all the things that were,—
 Moorland and mountain, youth, and love, and thee.

SECRET AFFINITIES.

The well-spring of my life lay mute and sealed
 In the strait clasp of the imprisoning rock ;
 The sweet successive seasons did but mock
 Those cloistered waters impotent to yield
 Flowers to the corner of some quiet field,
 Or lie a forest-mirror for the flock.
 What chasm-fire, what frost-rent should unlock
 A cell of adamant by Time annealed ?
 Then you passed by, with your revealing rod
 Of wizard hazel poised above the sod :
 To its dear spell the waters made reply,
 Thrilled their blind way through strangling crypt und clod,
 And now they take all changes of the sky,
 While round their coolness clustering king-cups nod.

IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

Now the last streak of sunset is subdued
 By twilight, and the wasted crimsons die

Across the spaces of the western sky ;
 The rook is winging homewards with his food,
 Down in the cozy sedge the curlew's brood
 Have hushed themselves to silence suddenly,
 As if afraid to startle with their cry
 The listening stretch of moorland and still wood.

Day is reluctant to resign this hour,
 And night scarce dares to take it, till the shell
 Of the high moon casts forth its miracle
 Of perfect silver, and resumes its power
 Over the wind, the sea-wave, and the flower
 That folds against the dark its weary bell.

V O X C L A M A N T I S.

What secret saddens through the wind to-night,
 Dying on every weary drift of rain,
 And wrestling into utterance again
 Among the aspens touched with elfin light,
 Or blown to sudden silver by the flight
 Of gusts that grieve and wander by ? What pain
 Compels these homeless voices to complain
 Across the darkness over wold and height ?
 Surely some dumb thing yearns within the sound,
 Its monotone some baffled message fills :
 Hark ! Now it hushes down among the hills,
 Now sweeps lamenting towards the lower ground,
 Where on the marish-pools that shine around,
 The climbing moon her phantom lustre spills.



R E V. D. W. Y A I R

3S the eldest son of the Rev. J. Yair, M.A., the much esteemed and scholarly minister of Eckford—one of the loveliest parishes in the Scottish Borders. Born at Eckford Manse, and having received his elementary education at the parish school, he afterwards studied in the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow; and, at the close of his theological curriculum, was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Jedburgh. After some experience as a

probationer, first in the Borders, and afterwards in Glasgow, he received a unanimous call to the ministry of the parish of Firth, in Orkney, and was ordained to that charge in the spring of 1878. Mr Yair's verses possess a rich, varied, and melodious cadence, and are instinct with poetic thought and feeling, fertility of imagination, and felicity of language.

The following, from an epistle "To J. M. Yair, Esq., M.D., Kilcreggan," contains several pleasing reminiscences, and shows our poet's warm appreciation of the beauties of nature:—

• • • • •

Ye mind hoo mony a tramp we took
By muir, and fen, and burnie's nook,
And spielt the braes, and cuist the hook
In Harry loch ;
And frae oor shootherers lightly shook
A' care an' kiaugh.

Ye mind hoo, by the shingly shore,
Ilk turn and ferlie we'd explore,
And hoo, at times, we'd tak the oar,
And oot the sea,
And hear the maws and tysties roar
Abune wi' glee ;

While frae the lift the lav'rocks sang,
The licht and fleecy cluds amang,
And a' the welkin roond us rang
Wi' joyous mirth ;
And teeocks, bleatin', skimmed alang
The gladsome yerth.

Ye mind hoo, whan the gloamins fell
Ower sea, and hill, and dewy dell,
We'd wander hamewards, oor twa sell,
And settlin' doon,
Auld lang past stories t'ither tell,
And auld sangs croon.

Thae times hae gane ; three years and mae
Ha' shed on me their joy and wae,
And made me different some the day
Frae I was than,
But ha' na stown my heart away
Frae sea or lan',

I loe them baith—I loe a'thing
 That rins on fit, or flees on wing ;
 E'en the wee ferns aside the spring,
 Or moss-clad wa'
 Will thirl within my heart a string ;
 I loe them a'.

And aften, whan the sunlight fills
 Wi' gowd and glory a' the hills,
 And fragrance ilka flour distills
 Upon the air,
 I'll dauner 'mang the brattlin' rills
 And muirlands bare.

Or, sitting by the shelvy shore,
 I'll hear the restless waters roar,
 And watch them tumble o'er and o'er,
 And backwards glide,
 And see them gather more and more
 As swells the tide.

And e'en whan th' air is thick wi' snaw,
 And snell the norlan' breezes blaw,
 And eddyin' drifts are whirlin' a'
 Ower hill and moor,
 I'd fain be oot, 'spite the doonfa'
 And wilderin' smoor.

For aye the earth, and sky, and sea,
 And maist a' things ha' been to me
 A glory and a mystery—
 Wi' something mair
 Ahint them, which I couldna drie,
 But kent was there.

'Twas thus, whan, but a wilyart wean,
 By Teeiot's banks langsyne I play'n,
 Nor ettled ocht the dool and graen
 Time had in store ;
 'Tis thus—noo years ha' come and gaen
 Near by twa score.

And thus, I ween, 'twill ever be
 Lang as I close and ope an e'e
 On this side o' that gumlie sea,
 That's rowin' whither
 Life's bickerin' streamlet hurries thee
 And me thegither.

THRENODEIA.

Simmer had come and gaen :
 Autumn was nearly ower :

Snell winter, wi' weird maen,
Forebodin' grief and graen,
Frae the dark lift did glower.

Yet, in my heart, I thocht
Nae thing but mirth and glee,
And never ettlet ocht
Fate in her lume had wrocht,
Wad laid or daunted me.

But, ere the whirlin' snaw
First covered hill and moor,
Ane that I lo'ed gaed 'wa
Whaur wunter wunds ne'er blaw
Or sea or land attour.

And, oh ! the dreams o' men !
And, oh ! ye men wha dream,
Could ye but 'forehand ken
Half the neist days will sen'
Doon time's dim-darklin' stream.

LAMENT FOR THE DEPARTURE OF THE FAIRIES.

Alas, for the day
When the fairies fled away
From forest, grove, and fountain ;
When they ceased their lightsome play,
'Neath the moon's gentle ray,
Over meadow, moor, and mountain.

No more shall they be found,
Travel all the country round,
Over hill, through dale, up river ;
They are all underground,
And hidden from the sound
Of our voices, should we call on them forever.

The ringing of the bells—
So ancient legend tells—
On the Sabbath mornings drove them
Away from the fells,
The valleys, and the dells,
And the forest leaves above them.

And the last of them I ween,
That e'er on earth was seen,
Before they departed under,
Was their fair and beauteous queen
All wrapt in golden sheen,
Of her own loved flowers the plunder.

And wailing were her cries,
 And her blue and dewy eyes
 Were wet with the tears she was weeping ;
 Heart-breaking were her sighs
 As she looked upon the skies
 And the ivies round the oak-roots creeping ;

And remembered how no more
 On the cool and grassy floor
 Of the earth she would ever wander :
 Nor sport upon the shore,
 Nor hear the waters roar,
 Nor follow the brook's meander ;

Nor listen to the song
 Of the nightingales among
 The trees of the forest singing ;
 Nor lead her tiny throng
 The lily lea along,
 Their throats with treble laughter ringing.

Nor loiter in the shade
 Of the overarching glade,
 When the midnight " moon is beaming ;"
 Nor head the cavalcade
 Of her horsemen in the raid
 When the sleepy " world is dreaming ;"

Nor drink the morning dew,
 When't has fallen fresh and new,
 Reclining 'neath the bracken with her lover ;
 But forever bid adieu
 To the earth and to the blue
 And starry-spangled heavens above her.

No wonder that she cried
 As she leant upon the side
 Of an oat-grass, with a bitter weeping
 No wonder that she sighed
 And would that she had died,
 Sorrow all her spirit steeping.

But no, she must go
 With her retinue below :
 Opened was the hillside portal :
 And with steps sad and slow,
 Ere the east was in a glow,
 Descended the fair immortal.

MARQUIS OF LORNE.

ELTHOUGH a few royal, and many noble names appear in the bead-roll of Scottish poets, it is long since the muse of Scotland signified her preference for "the cot above the castle," and sought a permanent abiding-place among the people. Although the productions of the Marquis of Lorne may not be such as to entitle him to a place in the peerage of poets, and they may not recall the aristocratic minstrels of the olden time, they give evidence of a thoughtful, active mind, seeking a poetical outlet in the intervals of a life largely occupied in its more serious hours with the prosaic problems of polities. It is pleasant to find the heir to a noble name devoting his leisure to pursuits so creditable to his taste.

From "Men of the Time," we learn that Sir John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell, G.C.M.G., Marquis of Lorne, is the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, and was born in 1845, at Stafford House, London. In February 1868, he was elected Liberal Member of Parliament for Argyleshire. In December of the same year he was appointed private secretary to his father at the India Office. On 21st March, 1871, he married H.R.H. the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, and on that occasion was created Knight of the Thistle. In 1867 he published a volume of travels, entitled "A Trip to the Tropics, and Home through America." In 1875 appeared "Guido and Lita, a Tale of the Riviera"—the Marquis' first poetical essay—followed, in 1877, by "The Psalms Literally Rendered in Verse."

In July, 1878, he was appointed Governor-General of Canada, and soon afterwards was created Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Saint Michael and Saint

George. He proceeded to Canada in November of that year, and on the expiry of his term of office in 1883, resigned the reins of the Canadian Government into the hands of the Marquis of Lansdowne. In the course of 1883, our noble poet published "Memories of Canada and Scotland: Speeches and Verses." "Guido and Lita" was viewed as "not unworthy of the country and associations which suggested it." "Memories of Canada and Scotland" is the volume from which we have been permitted to make our selection.

The version of the Psalms was intended to supply the defects of the authorised version, the translator "believing that the want of true rhyme is often not agreeable." He thinks, at the same time, it is a mistake to twist into rhyme the beautiful prose of the original. When one thinks of the associations attached, for example, to the old version of the rugged Hundredth Psalm, which has so long been the vehicle of praise in the churches of Scotland, we hardly think the following substitute will become popular:—

PSALM C.

Shout to the Lord with joy aloud,
All lands, and evermore
With gladness serve the Lord, and come
With song his face before.

With singing to his presence come,
And be this surely known—
That He, the Lord is God ; and we
Are made by Him alone.

He made us, and not we ourselves ;
His people he doth keep ;
We are his people, we his flock,
His pasture's chosen sheep.

Into his gates then enter ye
With thanks and loud acclaim ;
Enter his courts with praise, to Him
Be grateful, bless his name.

For he is good, for evermore
 His mercy is most sure ;
 And to all generations shall
 The truth of God endure.

A N I S L E S M A N ' S F A R E W E L L .

Ah ! must we part, my darling ?
 O let the days be few,
 Until your dear returning
 To one who loves but you !
 Where'er your ship be sailing,
 Think on your own love true ;
 The back of the wave to you, darling,
 The back of the wave to you !

The witch who oft at midnight
 Above Ben Caillach flew,
 Told me she dreamed no danger
 Athwart your vessel drew ;
 For now, she said, the breezes
 Aye strong and fairly blew ;
 The back of the wave to you, darling,
 The back of the wave to you !

Ah ! waiting here and trembling
 When dark the water's hue,
 I'll long for the dear pleasure
 That in your glance I knew ;
 And pray to Him who never
 Can lose you from his view ;
 The back of the wave to you, darling,
 The back of the wave to you !

T H E S T R O N G H U N T E R .

There's a warrior hunting o'er prairie and hill,
 Who in sunshine or starlight is eager to kill,
 Who ne'er sleeps by his fire on the wild river's shore
 Where the green cedars shake to the white rapids' roar.

Ever tireless and noiseless, he knows not repose,
 Be the land filled with summer, or lifeless with snows ;
 But his strength gives him few he can count as his friends,
 Man and beasts fly before him wherever he wends.

For he chases alike every form that has breath,
 And his dart must strike all—for that hunter is Death !
 Lo ! a skeleton armed, and his scalp-lock yet streams
 From the vision of fear of the Iroquois' dreams !

THE GUIDE OF THE MOHAWKS.

For strife against the ocean tribe
 The Mohawks' war array
 Comes floating down, where broad St John
 Reflects the dawning day.

A camp is seen, and victims fall,
 And none are left to flee ;
 A maid alone is spared, compelled
 A trait'ress guide to be.

The swift canoes together keep,
 And o'er their gliding prows
 The silent girl points down the stream,
 Nor halt nor rest allows.

" Speak ! are we near your fires ? " How dark
 Night o'er these waters lies !"
 Still pointing down the rushing stream
 The maiden naught replies.

The banks fly past, the water seethes ;
 The Mohawks shout, " To shore !
 Where is the girl ? " Her cry ascends
 From out the river's roar.

The foaming rapids rise and flash
 A moment o'er her head,
 And smiling as she sinks, she knows
 Her foemen's course is sped.

A moment hears she shriek on shriek
 From hearts that death appals,
 As, seized by whirling gulfs, the crews
 Are drawn into the falls !

N I A G A R A.

A ceaseless, awful, falling sea, whose sound
 Shakes earth and air, and whose resistless stroke
 Shoots high the volleying foam like cannon smoke !
 How dread and beautiful the floods, when, crowned
 By moonbeams on their rushing ridge, they bound
 Into the darkness and the veiling spray ;
 Or jewel-hued and rainbow-dyed when day
 Lights the pale torture of the gulf profound !
 So poured the avenging stream upon the world
 When swung the ark upon the deluge wave,
 And, o'er each precipice in grandeur hurled,
 The endless torrents gave mankind a grave.
 God's voice is mighty, on the water loud,
 Here, as of old, in thunder, glory, cloud.

W. J. MILLAR,

CIVIL ENGINEER, was born in Glasgow in 1839, and attended the High School of that city. He studied Civil Engineering at Glasgow University under the late Professor Macquorn Rankine, the genial poet noticed in our fifth series. For the last twelve years he has followed his profession in the Western Metropolis as a Civil Engineer and Surveyor. During these years Mr Millar has acted as secretary to the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland, and he has taken a leading part in various scientific meetings held in Glasgow, such as the British Association meeting of 1876, the meetings of the Institute of Naval Architects, and the Institute of Mechanical Engineers in 1877 and 1879 respectively. Mr Millar has contributed papers upon scientific subjects to various societies and journals, and he has published and edited several scientific works, including Professor Rankine's manuals on "Applied Mechanics," "Civil Engineering," "The Steam Engine," &c. While occupying a high position in his profession, we are pleased to be able to give several specimens of his muse, which he has contributed from time to time to various periodicals and newspapers. These are very frequently on patriotic subjects, but in whatever vein he writes, he is ever very musical and graceful, and is at his best when he treats of human thought and feeling.

IONA.

Iona's ancient minster tower cuts sharp the western sky,
And the glory of the sunset hour still paints the clouds on high.
The western nave is tipped with gold, nor lacks it silver sheen,
For bright amidst the shades of eve falls soft the moon's pale beam.
A fit time 'tis to linger here, and muse on days gone by,
And ask who planned yon ancient pile, who reared its walls on high,

And who were they, and what their name, who rest in yonder ground,
 And whose the sculptured stones which lie, and gird the church around,
 And who was he who reared yon cross of strangely hewn stone,
 That still amidst the ruins rears its ancient head alone ?
 'Twould be a tale of wondrous zest that told the deeds of old,
 And of the mighty ones who lived, and of their prowess bold,
 Of Viking wild from Norway shore, of bold and daring Dane,
 (Whose restless valour led them oft to cross the stormy main),
 Of bloody wars and endless feuds that filled this glorious land.
 Man's heart was dark ; the gloom fell thick ; it spread on every hand ;
 But, like the rising of the sun that breaks the clouds of night,
 From yonder isle a beacon rose which shed a cheerful light.
 It shone on hill and mountain high ; it lit up valley deep,
 It lightened all the shores around where winds and waters sweep.
 All praise be thine, Cōlumba brave—to thee be honour given ;
 Time keeps thy name enshrined below ; it ever lives in Heaven.

TEL - E L - K E B I R .

(NATIONAL CHORUS.)

In the darkness marching
 Silently they go,
 Eager all and watching
 To grapple with the foe.

Through the darkness charging
 Midst the iron hail,
 All the war-blood rising
 In Saxon and in Gael.

In the darkness fighting
 Hand to hand with steel,
 Bayonet thrust well driven
 Makes the rebels reel.

In the darkness lighted
 By fitful flashes o'er,
 The desert silence broken
 By the cannon's roar.

In the dawn of morning
 Flying is the foe,
 Like chaff before the tempest
 They fall before the blow.

Through the mists of morning
 Shone the rising sun,
 Where waves the flag of Britain
 O'er Tel-el-Kebir won.

THE VIKING SHIP.

(DISCOVERED IN A TUMULUS IN NORWAY.)

A ship I am of the Viking time,
 Well planked and ribbed of the Norway pine,
 And my oars flashed oft in the Northern Seas,
 And my sail was spread to catch the breeze
 'Midst stormy seas and battle's shock,
 'Midst the arrow's flight and the swordsman's stroke
 My sides were staunch, and, like a shield,
 Protected a crew that could not yield.

I've seen the Tyne and passed the Tees,
 And rounded the north by the Orcades ;
 And meeting the long Atlantic swell
 I've heard the sound of the vesper bell ;
 While as we onward urged our way,
 We passed Iona and Colonsay,
 And leaving Corryvreckan's roar,
 We crossed to the Clyde by Tarbert's shore.

My men of war were of high degree,
 And a king himself commanded me ;
 And his tomb was not beneath the wave,
 With a burning ship as a warlike grave ;
 But in the midst of his people bold,
 And covered with a mound of earthen mould,
 He chose to rest when his toils were o'er
 In his good old ship upon the shore.

Ten centuries long have passed away
 Since last I saw the light of day,
 And I've dreamt of things that seemed so strange,
 As to far surpass the reason's range—
 Of boats that sailed without the wind,
 Nor needed the rower's force to send
 Out from the shore, both far and wide,
 Regardless of ebb or flow of tide.

And as I lay in my sleep profound,
 While men still lived and died around,
 Once on my ear a strange sound fell,
 That stirred my frame like a magic spell.
 I hear it now o'er the waters peal—
 It is the beat of the paddle wheel !
 And I wake once more, though old and frail,
 And think of my oars and hempen sail.

While thus I listen to every stroke
 Of the echoing ring of the sounding float,
 And see the light of the furnace gleam,
 And hear the roar of the rushing steam,

I say to myself—It matters not,
However the power to drive is got,
If the spirit to do and dare be there
Our fleets will still ride everywhere.

THE SUNSET HOUR.

When the western sky at sunset
Flushes o'er with golden light,
When the day is slowly dying
Into shadows of the night.

When the active strife of daytime,
Which at morning had begun,
Rests at length, and slowly closes,
Sinking with the setting sun.

Then, as o'er the distant landscape
Soft and mellowed tints are spread,
So to toiled and worn spirits
Comes a calm and peace instead.

And the troubles of the daytime,
With their all attendant care,
Softly, like the distant cloudlets,
Pass away and disappear.

While upon the chastened spirit
Falls a soft and solemn sound,
“This is the gate of heaven,
And here is hallowed ground.”

And as the star of evening
Shines through the sleeping air,
Our spirits hold communion
All silently in prayer.

Golden link in chain extending
From the earth to heaven above,
The peaceful sunset hour to us
Calls up our Father’s love.



JAMES CAMPBELL,

EGENUINE son of song, was born at Barnwalls, parish of Balmaclellan, in 1853. When quite an infant he was removed to the village of Balmaclellan, and lived in the veritable dwelling which had been the abode of "Old Mortality"—a tenement set back into the churchyard, from the window of which he could look out upon the tombstone of a murdered covenanter, and hear the rippling waters of the "Garple," in whose rugged defile, and among the rocky precipices that overhung its picturesque waterfalls, the heroes of the Covenant found a hiding-place in the dark days of the persecution. At school our poet proved himself a very apt learner, and so much did his talents strike his teacher that he took the lad under his special care, in view of making him a schoolmaster. In this he was successful; for we find Mr Campbell, when but a boy of fifteen, appointed to the school of Craigmuiie, in the same parish. The following year he became schoolmaster at Laggan, Gatehouse, in the western district of Kirkcudbrightshire, which office he held till 1874, in which year he was elected by the Dalry (Galloway) School Board, to fill his present situation at Stroanfreggan.

Mr Campbell has thus not only been craddled, but he has likewise been reared, and has all his life resided in a region of poetry and romance. The poetic faculty latent in his mind was developed among the solitary glens of Anwooth, rendered classical from being connected with the name of Samuel Rutherford, as well as among the green hills and wild uplands of Dalry. Mr Campbell is about to publish a selection of his poems; and we have no hesitation in saying that they will

not only be a credit to himself, but be an additional honour to the bright and fruitful poetic annals of Galloway. While his poems are mostly of a lyrical cast, there are clear indications in many of his productions that he might cultivate narrative poetry with marked success. His muse shows excellent taste, natural talent, and chaste and careful execution.

NEVER AGAIN.

Far o'er the moorlands the mist-wreaths are trailing,
 Wild winds are raving in corrie and glen,
 Winter's shrill dirge o'er dead Autumn bewailing
 Sounds on my ear with the plaintive refrain—
 Never again,
 Never again,
 Still on my ear with the plaintive refrain—
 Never again.

Never again wi' my Flora I'll wander,
 And pu' the red heath-bells her bosom to deck,
 Or feel in her arms the emotions sae tender
 That nane but a leal-hearted lover canreck.
 Never again,
 Never again,
 Still from the winds comes the sobbing refrain—
 Never again.

Youthfu' joys fade like the west in the gloamin',
 Little I thocht mine sae soon would be o'er ;
 When on Lochlee's green braes wi' my lassie a-roamin'
 The summer sun glinted on gairy and cor.
 Never again,
 Never again,
 Far o'er the waste comes the dying refrain—
 Never again.

MONODY.

Heavenly powers, who rule the earth,
 Give me back one hour of mirth,
 One brief hour, I ask no more
 From the happy past restore,
 Fill your nectar-flowing cup,
 Stint not, stay not, fill it up
 Till the beaded bubbles swim,
 Winking at the crystal brim,
 And the rosy draught shall be
 Life, and health, and all to me,

Then, while roving fancy steers
 Down the vista of the years,
 Where, with wildering steps and slow,
 Wearily I wont to go.
 Wrapt in airy dreams I'll glide,
 Press the crowding shades aside,
 Till, emerging from the gloom,
 Smiling skies my path illume,
 And the earth seems bright and fair
 As it did in days that were.

Crowding friends, a joyous band,
 Welcome me with outstretched hand,
 Ardent hearts and hope-lit eyes
 Where no shade of sorrow lies,
 Greet me with a glad surprise ;
 And a sainted one and kind,
 Leal of heart and pure of mind,
 With a majesty divine
 Comes and lays her hand in mine,
 And we wander as of yore
 Happy by the sea-beat shore.

All the dreams young fancy nurst,
 All the ties that death has burst,
 Strong and fresh and glowing yet,
 That nepenthe draught would knit,
 But, alas ! how vain the thought,
 Time, with all its changes fraught,
 Circling as the seasons flee
 Hope nor joy can bring to me ;
 Still I dwell dejectedly
 On the sad unvarying scene,
 Dreaming o'er the might have been.

IN THE GLOAMIN'.

My lassie, ye ken ye hae hurt me fu' sair,
 Unkindness frae you was pure sorrow to bear,
 I lo'ed ye sae weel, but I'll vex ye nae mair,
 Nor fash you again in the gloamin'.

I thocht to hae won ye and made ye my bride,
 I thocht to hae worn ye in triumph and pride,
 And threaded life's mazes wi' you by my side,
 And lilted through mony a gloamin'.

But I maen na my weird, tho' 'tis painfu' to dree,
 And I canna forget the dear blinks o' your e'e.
 But, oh, may some ither, far better than me,
 Be your leal faithfu' friend in the gloamin',

And when time brings the day whence your joys are to start,
 And ye gie him your han', wi' your kindly bit heart,
 May peace frae your cheery fireside ne'er depart,
 And love aye be there in the gloamin'.

Ye canna miss trials, they come aye ower sun'e ;
 But when life's wearin' in, and your wark is a' dune,
 May ye share wi' your dear ones the glories abune,
 And a day that has never a gloamin'.

THE BRAES O' LOCHLEE.

Ance mair ower the dun hills the June sun is riding,
 And blythe sings the lark in the azure sae hie,
 While breeze wafted shadows are flitting and gliding
 Across the green sward on the braes o' Lochlee,

My leal-hearted lassie, I welcome ye hither,
 Oh come wi' the kind licht o' love in your e'e ;
 The lang summer day, we will spend it together
 Amang the green knowes on the braes o' Lochlee.

Wi' airms roun' ilk ither sae fondly entwining
 We'll wander where nae ane may hear us or see,
 Or rest us, in love's sweetest raptures reclining,
 'Mang the wild springing flowers on the braes o' Lochlee.

The dark days o' winter were langsome and dreary,
 Oh weary's the time I've been parted frae thee ;
 Nae summer smiles kindly, a' Nature is cheery,
 To greet ye ance mair on the braes o' Lochlee.

Come then, my dear lassie, delay na your coming,
 Ye ken my true heart aye beat only for thee ;
 Nae ither e'er set my licht fancy a-roaming,
 Frae Flora, and love, and the braes o' Lochlee.

She came in her mildness like dawn o' the morning,
 They met and were happy as mortals can be,
 Nae shyness was there, neither cauldness nor scorning,
 Kind love reigned supreme on the braes o' Lochlee.



PATRICK HUNTER THOMS

WAS born in Dundee in 1796, and died there in 1882. He was educated at the Dundee Grammar School, and at the University of St Andrews with a view to the ministry, but considerations of health and other circumstances led him to adopt the mercantile profession, which he pursued with diligence and success for many years. He was elected Provost of his native town in 1847, and three years later re-elected for a second term, retiring from the civic chair in 1853. One of the best public institutions of Dundee is the Morgan Hospital for the board and education of a hundred boys, and Mr Thoms was one of the most energetic in promoting the movement which secured it for the town, and he acted as one of its Governors from its inauguration until his death. He was also a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Forfar. Possessing an active and cultivated mind, he kept up a taste for literature in the intervals of a busy life. In 1829 he issued from the Dundee press, prefaced with an original and well-written introduction, "Letters on the Trinity," by Professor Moses Stuart, of Massachusetts, a work highly esteemed both in America and Britain. The poems of Mr Thoms, although few in number, are worthy of preservation. They are generally on religious subjects, and manifest a healthy moral tone, good taste, and harmonious elegance.

THE CAPTIVES' RETURN.

Behold yon saddened captive throng
 That saunter by proud Babel's tide,
 With faltering steps they move along,
 The slow-revolving years they chide.

On willow boughs their harps are hung,
 And strangers mocking bid them play :—

"Our heart and lyre are both unstrung,
In grief we waste the live-long day.

Yet when we think of Zion Hill,
Profaned by Edom's hated shrines,
Of Jordan's banks, and Kedron's rill,
Of Eschol's purple clustering vines,

A new-born pulse our bosom heaves
As home's loved scenes before us rise—
Some cherished lay the captive weaves,
Whilst tears bedew his sparkling eyes—

In thought we cross the arid plains,
In thought we climb the mountain brow,
Forgetful of our yoke and chains
We snatch the lyre from yonder bough.

Once more we stand 'mid Judah's fanes—
Once more the notes of triumph swell
To Him in Zion's court who deigns
Above the mercy-seat to dwell.

Away with grief, away with fear,
No cloud shall dim yon radiant sky,
For Israel's God shall dry the tear,
And joy shall glance in every eye.

One song shall burst from every tongue—
One theme shall gladden every heart,
The knell of death and woe is rung,
And friends united ne'er shall part.

Fain would we snatch the seraph's lyre,
And sound the seraph's burning lays,
Whilst hearts inflamed with living fire
Find vent in songs of loudest praise,—

To Him whose arm our freedom wrought,
And broke the power of Death and Hell,
Who richest blessings for us bought,
Our hearts with grateful numbers swell."

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

When Adam dwelt in Eden's bowers,
And viewed creation young and fair,
His footsteps pressed the stainless flowers,
As still he sought the house of prayer.

When Abel drew the firstling's blood,
And drained it on the altar bare,

The spot which drank the crimson flood
Was owned of God a house of prayer.

When Jacob lay at dead of night,
And angels scal'd the mystic stair,
Its top was lost in glory bright—
The base a pillar'd house of prayer.

When Hebrew captives named the name
Of Him who made them aye His care,
They walked unscathed amidst the flame
That glowed around their house of prayer.

So, when the loving Saviour knelt
On Olivet, 'mid evening air,
And told His God the woes He felt—
That mountain brow His house of prayer.

Or in Gethsemane's dark shade,
When tears of blood His form did wear,
By foes beset, by friends betrayed,
His solace was the house of prayer.

When contrite souls to God draw nigh,
And at his feet disburden care ;
Or tell their grief in bursting sigh ;
Their refuge is the house of prayer.

In lonely cot or silent glen,
The spirit of devotion there,
Unknown, unseen by eye of men,
God dwells within that house of prayer.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

While through a world of sin and care
With weary steps we roam,
The heart will often breathe a prayer
For rest in heaven, our home.

A flower may spring beside our path,
And waft its sweets to some ;
But wayworn pilgrims ever have
Their eyes still fixed on home.

And though the storms of time may beat,
And angry billows foam,
The Christian has a safe retreat
Within his heavenly home,

So when at close of life's brief day
The lengthening shadows come,
Hope's lamp will shed her cheering ray
To light our footsteps home.



JOHN STEWART,

ENTHUSIASTIC NATIVE of the "Granite City," was born in 1835, his father having been for over thirty-five years in a position of trust in Messrs Hadden's Woollen Manufactory, Aberdeen. Local readers will be pleased to learn that our poet is a nephew of the late Rev. M. F. Parker, for many years a Free Church minister in Brechin. Mr Stewart served his apprenticeship as a compositor in Aberdeen, and, on its expiry, took a warm interest in matters connected with the printing profession. He was trade secretary for several years, and, in 1866, before leaving for London, received a handsome testimonial from his brethren. Mr Stewart is in the service of Messrs Henderson, Rait, & Spalding, the well-known firm of music and general printers, where he holds the responsible position of press reader. He has been a frequent contributor to the "Musical World," and was sub-editor of the English Presbyterian organ, "The Outlook," until it merged into "The Presbyterian." Many of his songs have been set to music by eminent composers. He is the author of four able cantatas, entitled "Ethelbert," "Deborah," "Saul," and "The Song of the Sunbeam," the latter for ladies' voices, set to music by Walter Macfarren, brother of Sir George Alexander Macfarren, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and himself one of the most talented professors. "Ethelbert" is set to music by T. J. Dudeney, professor of music in the

Independent College, Taunton ; and "Deborah" by Professor F. F. Rogers of Malvern—an organist and composer of more than local fame. Mr Stewart's sacred verses are beautiful and pathetic, combining the imagination of the poet with the devout reverence of the Christian. All his productions are tender in spirit, and the deep sympathy that inspires them cannot fail to touch the heart.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

(From "*Ethelbert.*")

Almighty God, sustained by Thee,
 In grace alone we stand,
 With confidence we nestle in
 The hollow of Thy hand.
 Though Hell should muster all its force,
 Its power Thou wilt disarm ;
 Who dare dispute Thy sovereign sway,
 Or stay Thy mighty arm ?

O Christ, our Leader in the strife,
 Our living, loving Head,
 May we Thy glorious image bear
 And in Thy footsteps tread.
 With consecrated noble deed,
 May we our lives adorn,
 Prepared to brave the world's abuse,
 Its malice, and its scorn.

O spirit of the mighty God,
 Thou blessed Heavenly Guest,
 When wrestling with the storms of life,
 Its turmoil and unrest,
 Breathe o'er our hearts Thy deep, deep calm,
 And grant that we may know
 The heights and depths of love divine,
 With all Thy Saints below.

The following selections are culled from Mr Stewart's extensive repertory of secular ballads, and afford sufficient indication of his varied style in that domain of lyric art.

THE SONG OF THE SUNBEAM.

Over the meadows I glide along,
 Up from the depths of the azure blue,

Waking the lark with his matin song
 To plume his wing in the morning dew ;
 And pausing to kiss a maiden's cheek
 That is pale with thoughts of what may be,
 I hasten away o'er the mountain peak
 To brighten the path of her love at sea.

Merrily dancing, gliding along,
 To the joyous trill of the feathered throng,
 And roving the woodlands through and through,
 I sprinkle with gems the morning dew.

Into the city I gladly stray
 As the bells ring out a merry peal,
 And down where the ragged children play,
 Through their crowded courts I love to steal.
 I tell them of flowers, and fields, and streams,
 That I touch with gold as I pass along,
 Till they seem to hear in their childlike dreams
 The voice of the lark in his matin song.

Merrily dancing, gliding along.
 To the joyous trill of the feathered throng,
 And roving the woodlands through and through,
 I sprinkle with gems the morning dew.

KATHLEEN'S WOOING.

Now, Pheelan, lay aside your tricks,
 It's me you would be chatin'.
 How could ye say ye'd stole my heart,
 Sure can't you hear it batin'?
 A truce to all your wheedling ways,
 Your winning, soft palaver,
 Ye'd stale my heart, but keep your own,
 Ye arrant, sly deceiver.

When sitting by the blarney stone,
 Ye vowed ye loved me dearly,
 But didn't I hear ye say ye loved
 My cousin as sincerely.
 Bedad ! there's ne'er a fair colleen
 'Twixt here and far Killarney,
 Whose heart ye have not tried to win
 Wi' your confounded blarney.

Pat Meelan is a gintleman
 Of Nature's own uprarin',
 And if he's axed me to the fair
 Why need ye now be carin'?
 My charming cousin, Kate Molloy,
 Will share the fun wi' Pheelan ;—

Sure ye needn't stare, for I'll be there
Wi' Mr Patrick Meelan.

Ye'll "thread upon his ould coat tail,
His rarin' to discover ;"
Ah, Pheelan, have a care, my boy,
For Pat's a jealous lover.
" Ye'll rather die than give me up
To Pat or any other ;"
Well, say ye don't love cousin Kate,
And that will end the bother.

O dear, O dear, I feel so queer,
Sure Love's a wicked fairy,
For when my heart says Pheelan's true
My head says quite contrary.
But, Pheelan, promise ye'll be true,
Your vow ye wont be breakin' ;
When next the head and heart fall out,
Heart's counsel I'll be takin'.

M Y M O T H E R ' S S O N G .

Oh, sing that little song again,
Come, sing it o'er and o'er,
That I may hear my mother's voice,
As in the days of yore ;
I know she's happy now above,
But aye it seems to me
That in the echoes of her song
My mother sings to me.

Again I see the dear old home,
Long, long since past away,
And mother seated by the fire
As if 'twere yesterday ;
Still fancy thrills with fadeless joy,
And mem'ry's wreaths are hung
Around the voice that's silent now,
When mother's song is sung.

Then sing my mother's song again,
I love it more and more,
Because I know she sings it still,
Upon the deathless shore.
No other song can charm me now,
Sweet though the accents be,
Like that my mother used to sing.
In childhood's days to me.

G O L D E N D R E A M S .

'Twas but a lay of other years,
 A plaintive little strain,
 That filled my aching eyes with tears,
 And woke the old, old pain.
 My fancy saw him mid the throng,
 The gayest of the gay ;
 The singer paused, and with the song
 The vision died away.

'Tis but the tread of passing feet,
 Beneath my window pane,
 And as they echo through the street,
 I dream he comes again.
 Friends whisper, Time will heal the wound ;
 I heed not what they say ;—
 The footsteps cease, and with the sound
 The vision fades away.

And still those visions come and go,
 In fitful sunny gleams,
 To bathe the heart that's bowed with woe
 In mem'ry's golden beams.
 They tell of sweeter joys above,
 That never can decay,
 When, heart to heart, and love to love,
 Those dreams have passed away.

T H E A U L D F O L K S .

O the auld folks, the auld folks,
 Were canty in their prime,
 When through and through the auld house
 Love rang its merry chime ;
 Its tune was aye the sweetest
 When carkin' care would ca',
 An' the auld folks, the auld folks
 Were driven to the wa'.

Noo the auld folks, the auld folks,
 Sit glow'ring in the fire,
 An', thinkin' o' the auld days,
 They never seem to tire.
 A wee bit lilt o' some auld sang
 The tear will often bring,
 For roun' loved voices noo awa'
 What hallowed mem'ries cling !

O the auld folks, the auld folks,
 Are bendin' unco sair ;

The ingle neuk an' guid Auld Book
 They soon will need nae mair ;
 But angel hands are waitin'
 To guide them owre the stream :
 In glory's light, the past, though bright,
 Is fading like a dream.



ALEXANDER KEITH,

KUTHOR of numerous hymns, and of many burlesque pieces on passing events in the city, was born in Aberdeen in 1811. He was long at the head of the well-known lithographic establishment in that city, Messrs. Keith & Gibb, from whose hands much beautiful and artistic work has come. They executed the music plates, of 1500 to 1566, for a curious and rare work on "The Scottish Metrical Psalms," also the *fac-similes* from the manuscript volumes of "The Book of Deer," and the plates of "Sculptured Stones of Scotland," for the "Spalding Club." Although Mr Keith makes no claim to poetic talent, he rhymes very pleasantly, gives evidence of a correct taste, and a pure imagination. Regarding our first specimen of Mr Keith's muse, it should be stated that the Jews have a tradition that one of their kings gave a ring to his son with the words "This too shall pass away" engraven on it, in order that he might be reminded in grief or joy of the transitory nature of both.

THIS, TOO, SHALL PASS AWAY.

When youth and health are on our side,
 Our hearts are full with hope and pride,
 And think 'twill last for aye ;
 But soon the vision is dispelled,
 The trust we had is quickly quelled,
 And soon shall pass away.

Great schemes in manhood we project,
 And oft good counsels we neglect,
 And of such counsels say—
 “ All the experience you have bought
 Our better judgment sets at nought ; ”
 This, too, shall pass away.

In haste the next extreme we try,
 And on some untried friend rely,
 And trust what he may say,
 Then find, alas ! when far too late,
 Our trust in him we must abate,
 And this, too, pass away.

Disgusted then we look within,
 Resolved from henceforth to begin
 More caution to display ;
 With no man now we'll take or give ;
 Now for ourselves alone we'll live ;
 But this must pass away.

For man to mix with men was born,
 And dare not call himself forlorn,
 And to his Maker say—
 “ Why hast thou placed me here below ?
 From such a world of care and woe,
 Lord, let me pass away.”

For in God's image man was made,
 And on him this command was laid,
 “ Rejoice from day to day : ”
 Then let us worship God with fear,
 Until we go where none can hear—
 “ This, too, shall pass away.”

“ CONSIDER THE LILIES.”

Sweet flowers that come with early spring,
 And hope to doubting Christians bring
 Of God's protecting care,
 God, who with flowers clothed the field,
 Through flowers to us this truth reveal'd,
 That we his goodness share.

Sweet flowers in robes of gold and white,
 Emblems of purity and light,
 Of whom the Master said—
 If God the lilies so adorn,
 Should man be faithless, weak, and mourn,
 And fear for daily bread.

Your daily wants your Father knows,
 In humble trust on Him repose,
 His gifts with thanks receive.
 That all His promises are true,
 Doubt not at all, or if you do,
 Pray that ye may believe.

“ COME UNTO ME.”

Come unto Me, all ye who toil,
 And are with labour prest,
 Come with a contrite, humble heart,
 And here find rest.

Take up my yoke, for it is light ;
 None with it are opprest ;
 Accept My burden, and your soul
 May be at rest.

Come ye who feel the guilt of sin,
 And ease your troubled breast ;
 No sin so deep but I may cleanse,
 And lay at rest.

Trust not yourself, but trust in me,
 Ye know not what is best ;
 If, doubting not, ye ask of me,
 Ye shall have rest.

O ! cast your sorrows at my feet ;
 Come, lean upon my breast ;
 I'll soothe your griefs, and dry your tears,
 And give you rest.

All ye who mourn departed friends
 Now gone to join the blest,
 Rejoice to know they are with Me,
 And are at rest.

Here ye have no abiding place ;
 But are a passing guest ;
 Come unto me, and ye shall have
 Eternal rest.



WILLIAM A. G. FARQUHAR,

GARDENER, Fyvie Castle, was born at the Old Wood Cottage, in the parish of Fyvie, in 1863. After receiving a fair "country education," he served his apprenticeship under his father, who has been head-gardener at the castle for about forty years. He writes pleasantly, and his productions are promising;

RETURN.

Return O wandering youth, return
Once more to thy own land,
Cease now to wander far away
Upon a foreign strand.

Thy aged father, bent with years,
Grieves o'er thy unknown fate,
While tears tell of thy mother's grief
From early dawn till late.

Dear brothers and fond sisters miss
Thy company, and mourn,
But 'midst their grief they cherish hope
That thou wilt yet return.

Return, O wandering youth return,
Fear not to come again ;
Return to thy dear friends at home,
And ease them of their pain.

FYVIE.

I loe to sing o' sichts at hame,
An' dearest o' them lat me name
A noble buildin' o' great fame,
The bonnie House o' Fyvie.

Nor' east frae it lies Tiftie's Den,
Whaur mony a lovin' pair hae gane,
It's been admired by mony a ane
Noo far awa frae Fyvie.

Wha hasna shed a tender tear
For Annie wha was coorted here,

An' for the lad she held sae dear—
The trumpeter o' Fyvie.

The wimplin' Skeugh flows swift between
Its sunny banks o'erhung wi' green,
An' near to it, whaur aft I've been ;
The dear auld woods o' Fyvie.

Here little birdies chirp an' sing
'Mang tender twigs whaur dew draps hing,
An' here the little flo'eries spring—
Sweet-scented flo'ers o' Fyvie.



CHARLES C. MAXWELL,

BEST-KNOWN, perhaps, as a genial lecturer on Scottish themes, an able speaker, and a talented writer, was born in Dundee in 1829. Having completed his education at the High School, and intending to follow the mercantile profession, he entered a flaxspinner's office in 1844. In 1853 he became connected with the great confectionery firm of James Keiller & Son, and held a partnership therein during the ten years ending 1876, when he retired from business. He was a member of the Dundee Town Council from 1877 to 1883, and during two years of that time a Burgh and Police Magistrate.

Mr Maxwell made his first appearance as a public speaker in 1850, at a meeting held to maintain the Ten Hours Factory Act in its integrity ; and the year following he contributed an article on "The Linen Manufacture" to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. In 1858 his "Guide to Dundee," published and illustrated by Girdwood, was issued. In 1867 he read a paper on "The Confectionery and Marmalade Trade of Dundee" before the British Association,

and the article "Dundee," in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is from his pen: Mr Maxwell is an ardent literary student, and has written much and on many topics. He is more widely known as a prose writer than as a writer of verse. His productions are all pervaded by a lofty moral tone, and his lectures give evidence of his being deeply read in modern science and philosophy. When treating on national themes he is full of warm patriotism, poetic fire, and quiet pawky humour. His elocutionary powers are striking, and in a sentence or two he can depict the canny, cautious Scotch, the witty Irish, or the nasal twang of the American—sketching the characteristics of each nation in racy style, and with rare analytic power.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

Another year has dawned upon the world
 For good and bad, for rich and poor ;
 The record of the past has now been furl'd,
 To open here no more.

How stand our names on that great scroll of Time ?
 How read our thoughts, and words, and deeds ?
 Are they enrolled among the "lives sublime,"
 The flowers—not the weeds ?

Ah, then how blest are they whose souls give birth
 To worthy acts or noble love ;
 They're treasured in a safer shrine than earth,
 They're chronicled above.

Or did the accusing angel write the lines,
 Nor let a pitying tear-drop fall
 To cancel them, but left the ominous signs
 Fixed beyond recall ?

We may forget too soon the wanton word,
 The wicked thought or graceless deed ;
 But in Heaven's Chancery they're on record :
 The warning let us heed.

For lo, a new-born year from all men claims
 Their best resolve and watchful care ;
 Its days are virgin pages—may our names
 Be nobly written there,

IN MEMORIAM.

(REV. GEO. GILFILLAN, WHO DIED IN BRECHIN, 13TH AUGUST, 1878.)

Dundee, upon the verdant banks of Tay,
 Mourns the departure of her favourite son ;
 Sombre her feelings and her thoughts this day ;
 A stalwart “Man of men” has passed away,
 His race achieved, his life-work nobly done.

Nor her’s alone the grief—for who that knows
 The widening march of mind in these our lands,
 But knew Gilfillan’s straight and sturdy blows,
 Alike against false friends and open foes,
 To Freedom’s rights or Conscience’s demands.

A Christian minister—his was the power
 Of fervour, void of cant or hollow skill ;
 An author—leaving us a princely dower ;
 A critic—cropping weed, but fostering flower ;
 An orator—he swayed men’s hearts at will.

Honoured and loved he was, and now at last,
 In Heaven’s own time the sudden mandate flies ;
 The place which he enlightened seems o’ercast—
 No more his stately presence glads our eyes.



WILLIAM HENDERSON,

EFAITHFUL and strong-hearted son of Scotland, and a poet of fine feeling, was born in Biggar, Lanarkshire, in 1831. His mother’s family were all musical, and he seems to have drunk in Scottish song from his infancy. His school days were very brief. Having attended Biggar village school, and a short time in Edinburgh (the family having removed to that city), he, at the age of twelve, became a messenger and office-boy. When fourteen years of age, he decided to be a compositor, and was fortunate enough to get into the printing office of that “Prince of Printers,” the late Thos. Constable. While “serving his time” he picked up some knowledge of music,

and was put to music-setting during the last two years of his apprenticeship. Mr Constable took a warm interest in the lad, and Mr Henderson enjoyed his friendship as long as he lived. The genial printer always took great pride in any of "his boys" who were getting on in life. Mr Henderson, however, left the business in Edinburgh for two years to become a musicseller's assistant and tuner. But his heart being with the types, he made a fresh start in 1856, when he left for London, and worked for a time as journeyman compositor in the *Sun* newspaper office, Novello's, &c., and afterwards as foreman of the music department in other important printing offices. In 1861 our poet commenced business with his fellow-countryman, Mr J. C. Rait, who is still his partner. The concern was then a very humble one, but trade increased very rapidly, and the firm of Henderson, Rait, & Spalding is now celebrated for its highly artistic work—music being its speciality.

Mr Henderson was on the music committee of the Caxton Exhibition, and was an extensive exhibitor. He contributes "Wilson," "Templeton," "Kennedy," &c., for "Grove's Dictionary of Music," and has in preparation a work on the principle of the "Scots Museum," consisting of words and melodies—"The Songs of Scotland," in four periods—"Early Scottish Song," "Jacobite Song," "The Songs of Burns," and "Modern Scottish Song," with portraits, &c., by the best living etchers. Mr Henderson has done much to promote Scotch concerts in London, and has for many years been a contributor to the "Musical World." His songs are frequently sung by the Kennedy family and other Scottish vocalists. He was the friend and correspondent of Eliza Cook, who spoke highly of many of his productions. Song has always been his chiefest joy; and it is a proof of his natural poetic temperament to know that his "wee things," as he calls them, have

generally come "unbidden"—indeed he has ever regarded them rather as "the outcome of a love for poetry and song, than the productions of a poet." Our readers will find graceful fancy, deep feeling, and felicitous expression in the selection we give. Mr Henderson's verses, especially when wedded to his own music, have a charm and melody that give him claims to a prominent place in our galaxy. As a sample of Mr Henderson's music we cannot do better than give his setting of William Motherwell's lovely gem, "Jeanie Morrison." It is a great favourite of Mr Kennedy's, and deserves to be widely known.

I've wan-der'd east, I've wander'd west, Thro' mo-ny a weary way, But
 ne-ver, ne-ver can for-get The luv o' life's young day! . . . The fire that's
 blawn on Bel-tane e'en May weel be black gin yule; . . . But black'er
 fa' a - waits the heart . . . Where first fond luv grows cule, But rall.
 blacker fa' a - waits the heart . . . Where first fond love grows cule.

SWEET BIGGAR BURN, SWEET BIGGAR BRAES.

Sweet Biggar burn, sweet Biggar braes—
 Home of my boyhood's happy days !
 What gentle memories round thee cling
 To prompt a bairn o' thine to sing !
 As years roll by I love to dwell
 On ilka spot remembered well.

In beauty 'mong the hills, at rest,
 Like infant on a mother's breast,

Thou'ret still the same, but where are they,
 Companions of life's early day ?—
 Some wander far from home and thee,
 Thy bonnie braes no more to see !—
 In dear Kirk-hill, upon thy crest,
 'Neath hillocks green some silent rest.

The Cadger's Brig will oft recall
 Our Wallace wight in beggar's pall,
 And yonder heights will proudly tell
 Of heroes who around him fell !—
 Dear Bissyberry, oft ye rise
 Dreamlike before my longing eyes ;
 Thy grassy steeps I climb anew,
 And wander free thy plantin' through.

Where yonder endless hills lie spread
 The hunted Covenanters sped,
 When hateful Clavers sought in vain
 The mastery o'er their souls to gain—
 As well try lift the misty cap
 From solemn Tinto's lofty tap,
 Or stem upon her mossy side
 The sparkling brooks that spring to Clyde."

One other scene I would recall,
 Thy ruined castle, dear Bog Hall—
 'Tis well that memory still can trace
 Grey towers where now is empty space—
 Low in the dust the proud walls lie,
 By Vandals razed for dyke or stye.
 Soon not an outline will remain
 To mark the Flemings' proud domain ;
 Save for the lark or lintie's lay,
 'Mid silence deep thou'l pass away,
 But fond imaginings will float
 Around thy buried walls and moat.

Adieu, loved scenes !—where'er life wends,
 Thy bonnie braes and burnie's bends
 I'll see on every green hillside,
 In every sparkling water's tide,
 On every bank where gowans grow,
 In every vale where waters flow.

SWEET HAWTHORN TIME.

Sweet hawthorn time, fair month of May !
 What joys attend thine advent gay !
 On every tree the birdies sing,
 From hill and dale glad echoes ring ;

The lark, inspired, to Heaven ascends,
The gurgling brook in beauty wends
By mossy bank and grassy brae,
Where violets bloom and lambkins play.

In mantle clad of fairest sheen,
The woods burst forth in virgin green—
Bright home of birds and flow'rets gay,
The streamlet wooes thy sheltered way,
Through primrose dells, sweet hawthorn glades,
And silver birches' fragrant shades,
Where nightingales, at close of day,
In leafy bowers trill raptured lay.

M Y O W N L O V E D L A N D .

In every changing scene I trace
But thee, my own loved land ;
No spot on earth can e'er efface
Thy rugged mountains grand.
Where'er I go the Scottish tongue
Falls sweetest on mine ear ;
And when I hear an auld Scots sang
Starts to my e'e the tear.

I've trod the snow-clad Alpine heights,
By Ganges roamed and Nile,
But Ind and Afric fails to charm
Like thee, my native isle.
When eager eyes scan news from home
I look but for thy name ;
In peaceful contest or in war
Thirst only for thy fame.

A breach is stormed, a fortress ta'en—
Where were the bonnets blue ?—
What though my moistening eyes grow dim,
I know the Scots were true !
Like mountain torrent on they sweep—
Where'er the tartans wave
They'll seek the thickest of the fight,
Or shroud in death the brave.

S O U N D T H E S L O G A N .

Sound the slogan ! fire the heather !
Spring to arms ye sons of Gael !
Strike for freedom and Prince Charlie !
Let your foes before you quail !

"Tis your rightful King who calls you,
 Can the fearless clansman stay ?
 "Never!" glens and mountains echo ;
 Speed with fiery cross away.

Chorus.—On, on, to deeds of glory,
 On to fields of deathless fame ;
 On, on, Prince Charlie calls you,
 On in love and honour's name,

On his head be tens of thousands,
 Bribes all loyal hearts defy—
 Gather, gather, round his standard,
 All who dare to do or die.
 Leave the fields and flocks untended,
 Let the bridegroom leave his bride ;
 Onward, sons of Scotland, onward,
 Haste to join your Prince's side,

Chorus.—On, on, to deeds of glory, etc.

On, our gallants, on, our gallants,
 On for Charlie, sire and son ;
 Spurn we lover who would linger
 Till the victor's wreath be won.
 Hearts of wives and maids go with you,
 On, our heroes, to the fray ;
 Rouse, ye kilted clansmen, rouse ye,
 To the tented field away.

Chorus.—On, on, to deeds of glory, etc.

DREAMS OF HOME.

Dear Scotland, I am far from thee,
 Yet art thou ever near,
 Recalling days of auld lang syne,
 And scenes to mem'ry dear !
 O weary, weary is my heart,
 I long to rest in thee !
 Fain would I reach the dale once more
 Where Clyde runs to the sea.

Yon sun that sinks beneath the wave
 Now breaks on thee at morn,
 And gilds the heath in purple blaze,
 Dear land where I was born !
 O waft me, ocean, on thy breast,
 To Scotland's rocky strand ;
 If but to die, I'd die in thee,
 My own beloved land !

It may not be—to duty's path
 My weary feet must cling,

No rest to know till Afric's sons
The songs of freedom sing ;
And oh ! if this frail wasted form
Must sleep Nile's waters by,
I'll plead thy cause, poor downtrod slave,
Before the throne on high.



DAVID G. BRAIDWOOD,

EPOET and prose-writer of much promise, and who has already done much excellent work, was born at Edinburgh, in 1861. He early manifested a desire for education, and devoured every book he could lay his hands on. When only eleven years of age, he read "The Scottish Chiefs" of Jane Porter ; and the story of Scotland's struggles, as told by that charming writer, seems to have entranced his young and plastic mind. About this period, also, he was presented with a copy of the literary remains of Henry Kirke White, and the reading of the pure and holy aspirations of this gifted poet first created in the mind of the subject of our sketch a desire to write verse. His ideal of what the poet should be, however, is too high for his entertaining the hope of his ever being able to lay claim to the title. When about fourteen years of age he was apprenticed as a clerk in the office of an Edinburgh firm. While at work, he endeavoured to cultivate his mind during every spare moment, not only by reading books, but in the study of chemistry, geology, botany, and natural philosophy—subjects on which he has written in a manner giving evidence of his being a close and intelligent observer of nature. After prosecuting his literary and scientific studies for some time, he, by practising the utmost economy and self-denial, was

able to enter college, where he is now a distinguished medical student. He is the possessor of four medals —viz., 1st medal in Chemistry at the end of his first winter session, first medal in Botany, first medal in Practical Physiology, and first medal in Institutes of Medicine in 1883.

He has not as yet given much prominence to his love for science in his poetical productions, although in a little poem entitled "A Fallen Leaf" he suggestively treats on the indestructibility of nature, saying of the leaf—

Now passing to its mother Earth
 Again to live another birth,
 Mayhap to bloom on other tree,
 Or form a part of man to be ;
 Yet never in the mighty host
 Of countless ages to be lost,
 But live throughout eternity,
 As it, O Lord, beseemeth Thee.

Mr Braidwood has hitherto appended his initials only to his productions. These have appeared in different papers and journals ; and when we take into account his struggles to secure the elements of education which are so essential to the cultivation of the mind, and the fact that he is only in his twenty-third year, he has written much and well. His poems evince a quick and reverent perception of the charms and mysteries of Nature. They are wholly free from affectation and obscurity, and as they are graceful, tender, and harmonious, they ever evince a quiet, thoughtful, and reflective spirit.

ALL THINGS SHALL CEASE TO BE.

To-day I sit and write, but lo !
 Fast comes the night when I must go,
 When from my hand the pen shall fall,
 And Death shall o'er me cast his pall,
 And I shall cease to be.

Then friends may gather round my bier,
 And pay their tribute with a tear ;
 But falling 'mid the din of life,
 Into a tide of human strife—
 It too shall cease to be.

And those of more than common tie,
 May o'er my grave in anguish sigh,
 'Tis vain ; but then, it cannot last,
 For with the night there comes a blast
 And then they cease to be.

The very flowers which clothe my grave,
 No power on earth can ever save ;
 Fair emblems of man's transient state
 They too shall meet the common fate,
 And ever cease to be.

And yonder rocks that proudly stand
 Shall—like a tiny vapour band
 Which shoots across the sunbeam's path—
 Vanish in that infinite wrath,
 When all things cease to be.

But cease, sad heart, thy grief refrain,
 The voice of hope allays thy pain,
 And whisp'ring from the distant shore
 Says, souls shall live for evermore—
 Where time shall cease to be.

With larger hope, and larger faith
 Trust thou the Lord in life and death ;
 Thy passage from this fleeting earth
 Is but an exit to that birth
 Where Death shall cease to be.

O H K E N Y E T H E L A N D .

Oh ken ye the land of the plaid and feather ;
 The bonny land of the purple heather,
 'Tis the land of right, 'tis the land of might,
 And the world has proclaimed it the land of light.

Oh ken ye the land of the sturdy thistle,
 Where the sweetest note is the laverock's whistle,
 'Tis the land of the grave, 'tis the land of the brave,
 And the world has proclaimed it the king of the wave.

Oh ken ye the land of the yellow-tasseled broom,
 Where the bee roams in search of the honied bloom,
 'Tis the land of creeds, 'tis the land of deeds,
 And the world has proclaimed it the land that leads.

Oh ken ye the land of the mountain and flood,
Where red ran the streams with the tyrants' blood,
Where in days gone by the wild battle cry
Was "Down with the Southern, let's conquer or die."

Do ye ken the dear land, 'tis the grandest on earth,
Our Wallace, our Bruce, and our Knox owe it birth,
Oh stout-hearted Scotchman feel proud of your name,
Your land is enshrined in the Temple of Fame.

THEN AND AFTER.

Upon a bank of purple bloomy heather,
A lad and lass sat side by side together,
Hand clasped in hand, eyes filled with love's devotion,
Each tells to each the bliss of their emotion.
Along the hills a common twilight streaming,
Above their heads a plover wildly screaming,
Sweet-scented winds around them softly blowing,
With mellow music from the waters flowing.
But what to them the wealth of Nature's glory ?
Their souls are dead to all save Love's old story.

The touch of Spring is now the earth adorning,
And in the calm, sweet light of Sabbath morning,
Across fair tracks of moss and greening heather
A happy bride and bridegroom walk together,
Along the hills a purple glory trailing,
Above their heads a restless plover wailing ;
The distant brooks like silver threads are glancing,
On every side the sportive lambs are dancing,
Within the blue an unseen bird is singing,
But they can only hear the church bells ringing.

W A R.

Dark clouds of sorrow fill the sky,
And wildly falls the rain of grief
For those strong sons who dared to die,
That we might gather freedom's sheaf.

A silent presence fills the room
Of many a lonely house to-night,
Where fancy paints upon the gloom
The face that's passed from human sight.

Oh, widowed heart ! thy grief refrain,
And cancel not with Sorrow's cross
The hopes that still with life remain
To drug the bitter cup of loss,

Oh, virgin heart ! no bridal flower
 Shall ever burst its bloom for thee ;
 The thoughts that spring with this dark hour
 Now bid thee seek the cypress tree.

Oh, when shall nations learn to live
 In one great bond of Christ-like love,
 And smiling peace that tranquil give
 Which lifts our thoughts to heaven above.

I G R I E V E.

I grieve for flowers that never drank
 The dew which falls on mossy bank
 When silvery stars are gazing through
 The liquid depths of summer blue—
 Pale flowers that sicken, faint, and die
 Beneath the city's smoky sky.
 But more I grieve for toiling men,
 Who never roam in wood or glen,
 Who never hear the laughing rills
 That break the silence of the hills,
 Whose lives have been, and still must be,
 A war with want and misery.



SIMON BROWN,

ENATIVE of the parish of Kilsyth, Stirlingshire, was born in 1853, and is a brother of J. J. Brown, noticed in a former volume of this work. When nine years of age, he removed with his parents to the farm of Greenbank, East Kilbride. Here he attended the parish school of Eaglesham, and took part in farm work until he was fourteen, when the family removed to Crossmyloof, near Glasgow. After two years' experience as a draper's assistant, he went to the wholesale hat and cap trade, at which he is still employed. Mr Brown is a great lover of the beauties of Nature, and during walking tours in summer he has visited almost every place of interest in Scotland,

England, and Ireland. He has visited the birthplaces and graves of most of the great authors, heroes, and martyrs of Scotland, and has written descriptive sketches of these rambles, as well as occasional poems for various newspapers and magazines. He also contributes articles monthly to the journal of his own trade, "The Hatter's Gazette." When quite a young lad, he began to read all books he could secure on the subject of the Sabbath, which resulted in his publishing, in 1883, a blank verse poem, in three books, entitled "The Lord's Day: an Essay attempted in Verse." He is an active and intelligent worker in every good cause. Mr Brown's productions are imbued with a deep moral and religious feeling. He always writes with a warm enthusiasm, and in a thoroughly evangelical spirit.

JOHN KNOX AND THE COVENANTERS.

Hail Scottish Patriarch ! Procurer of
 Our peace, religious liberty and power !
 Truly to thee our almost all we owe.
 Amidst hard times, when Papacy was strong
 And Royalty its head, the good old man
 Fearless on Sabbath would the pulpit mount,
 And John-the-Baptist-like as lion bold
 Do duty ; never had he learned to fear
 The face of mortal. After him the land
 Had long and quiet Sabbaths, like as had
 Degenerate Israel and Judah when
 Some judge restored them to their wonted peace,
 And they their idols banished for their God.

Yet, after years, Rome somehow managed rule ;
 And still her ancient craving cried for blood.
 The upright pastor and true worshipper
 Were driven from their kirk ; and lonely woods
 Far from the haunts of men, and rocky caves
 And glens, and untrod moors and dangerous wilds
 Became their sanctuary : whiles Drumclog,
 Whiles Lochgoirn moss girt, and amongst broad swamps
 Innumerable hid. The lonely swain
 Tending his flock just by the dawning hour,
 Beheld the simple, genuine flock of Him
 Who is the greatest shepherd, over moors
 And moss and hill from all direc'tus round,

Seeking their Sabbath rendezvous. All met :
 The grey-haired sire with reverence beseem
 The book of God turned ; and the psalm sublime
 Tuned all the ear of morn ; then unto Him
 Who hath a fellow feeling words were sent
 Fraught with the hoar of earnest ; while the group
 Flat on the earth in deep attention prayed
 For God to bless the persecuted land ;
 Then calm and suitable discourse ensued,
 Urging to strongest faith and fortitude
 And trust in an Almighty Arm who all
 Permitteth for their good. Thus ended ; all
 Happy with faces beaming, home they hied,
 Yet wary like the hare, for aye they feared
 An ambush or a foe ; for oft the quiet
 And harmless congregation had been broke
 By bloody hunter and drawn-sword dragoon,
 And fearful havoc made. Whiles in cold blood
 Ripe souls were shot to heaven, Some like the roe
 Found safety by swift flight. While slyly hid
 Others behind a hillock, or embraced
 Deep sunk the bushy heath, and penance there
 In breathlessness endured, till gloaming time
 Sent home the hellish crew ; then cautious slow
 From their retreat the little remnant draw
 To witness—Oh, sad sight ! their own dear blood
 And kindred horribly spilt by such
 Direful, misshapen onslaught. The pale face
 And marbly by the streaky moonbeams lit
 Bears the faint smile of heavenly pleasantness ;
 There where they fell without or pomp or show
 They had their burial ; in life they were
 Nor yet in death divided ; no record
 To later times can tell their tomb ; yet an
 Unfailing memory forgetteth not
 The pious dust ; and when the trump proclaims
 No longer sleep, they first and freshest shall
 Exulting spring, joyous to meet the Judge.

THE KEYSTONE TO VIRTUE.

The Sabbath is the keystone to the fair
 And beauteous temple virtue : wickedness
 And an immoral commune never can
 Regard the Sabbath or respect its Lord.
 Cut off the Sabbath : with it you cut off
 Habits of cleanliness and decency,
 Civility and what makes man to man
 Social and friendly ; then, behold your gain :
 Filth, wretchedness, and horror in extreme,
 Harsh rudeness and what maketh man to man
 The most inveterate enemy. Hark what

Chief Justice Hales, a great authority,
 Can say against the desecration of
 The Prime of Days :—“ Of all the persons who
 Were entered for their crimes while I the bench
 Covered, few on enquiry found who could
 Not trace their sliding into sin and vice
 By a neglect of the calm duties of
 The Sacred Day.” Ask the philanthropist
 Who finds out cells of direst criminals,
 How sinners so hard hearted, men like fiends,
 And murderers came there : his answer will
 Just tally thus :—Once they were young and had
 A set of pious parents, taught to pray,
 And ponder o'er The Book, and rise betimes
 As the first bell rang for the Sunday school ;
 One morn with wilder boys they ran the fields,
 They tried to hide the fault ; from worse to worse
 They slid away from virtue, truth and good ;
 And wandering wide in every evil way
 Tumbled at last into that shoreless sea
 Of teasing misery whose depths are death

A DYING SAINT.

’Neath the roof
 Of rural cot in humble village lies
 The aged, withering mother of a large
 And far-spread family. The lamp of life,
 Nearly extinct, from weary morn to night
 And weary night to morn, restless she turns
 And turns again—more restless in the gloom
 Of long, enduring night, and destitute
 Of sweet, congenial friends, save only One.
 List how she holds continual converse with
 That trusty One ! Hush ! hark ! at the first watch,
 The earnest whisper ; at the second, still
 Slow move the lips ; mid-day or afternoon,
 Yet no abatement ; at the dreadlest ho'rs
 Approach, yet still the long, long prayer is
 Far from its close ; the weary sufferer
 Anon proceeds. Soon may her “ Amen ” close
 Earthly devotion and awake her heaven's.



THE CRAWFORDS OF CATRINE.

FIN our sketch, in the first volume of this work, of James Paul Crawford, the genial author of "The Drunkard's Raggit Wean," and other sweet Scottish lyrics, we had occasion to refer to his father, William Crawford, as an orator and poet. The poetic faculty has indeed been largely dowered upon this family; for not only has J. P. Crawford inherited and developed his father's poetic gift, but his brothers Mungo and John Kennedy Crawford have also swelled the Scottish choir with strains of melody.

Mungo Crawford was born at Catrine, Ayrshire, in 1828. Removing to Glasgow when a boy, he served his apprenticeship to the drapery trade. When about 25 years of age, however, he had the misfortune to become slightly paralyzed; and with a view of improving his health, he accepted a situation as purser on board one of the Allan Line steam ships. After many trips across the Atlantic, he commenced business on his own account in the drapery line in Kilmarnock, and, despite the increase of his insidious infirmity, he continued pretty successfully in business for ten years, when his health forced him to retire, not, however, before he had earned a competency. After relinquishing business, he removed to Paisley, where he died in 1874. In his struggles to independently maintain himself in circumstances under which many would have succumbed, he displayed a manly perseverance and high integrity. Some of his poems evince a shrewd humour and a love of the beautiful; whilst such verses as "The Dawn of the Good Times" have a warm ring which must appeal to every true patriot.

John Kennedy Crawford, brother of the preceding, possesses the happy combination of energy and busi-

ness tact with the poetic faculty—qualities too often disunited. He was born in 1831, and when only twelve years of age entered the same firm as that in which his brother Mungo was apprenticed. He afterwards became connected with the shawl trade, and has at present a prosperous business in Paisley. Although he has always shown a liking for the muse, and indulges his lyrical faculty freely, he but lightly estimates the gift, and is averse to “appearing in print,” his practical turn of mind and business qualities fairly keeping in check his poetic aspirations.

We cannot draw this notice of the Crawford family to a close without mentioning Mr Wm. Crawford senior's two brothers, John and Hugh, who, like their brother and nephews, shared the poetic faculty. Hugh Crawford was born about the beginning of this century at Cumnock, and early manifested a thirst for reading and love of literature. To the accomplishments of the poet, he added that of the essayist, and in 1849 he was awarded the Albert Prize for an essay on “The Sabbath,” which was published under the title of “Time’s Peerless Gem.”

“The Fate of a Flower” and “The Richt Cat in the Richt Place” are by Mungo Crawford, while the other three are compositions by J. K. Crawford.

THE FATE OF A FLOWER.

A little flow’r of genius rare,
Bloom’d in a lonely glen ;
No idle stranger wandered there,
To gaze upon its colours fair,
Far from the haunts of men.

Within the richly-sheltered spot
It liv’d the summer through :
The whistling woodman saw it not,
When loit’ring homeward to his cot
’Neath evening’s sky of blue.

But Time’s untiring blighting feet
Had chas’d the Summer’s green,

And in the fair and castl'd seat
 That flourish'd near the flower's retreat,
 Liv'd Britain's honoured Queen.

From royal cares and factious strife
 She sought a brief repose ;
 With Scottish hearts to gnard her life,
 A noble queen, as worthy wife,
 A pattern to her foes.

Oft, when rich Autumn's golden beams
 Had drank the dews away,
 She walk'd by woods and rippling streams,
 And fairy nooks, where ancient queens
 Had not the pow'r to stray.

Within the glen one sunny morn
 She spied the tiny flow'r—
 Though fading now, with petals torn,
 She deem'd it worthy to be borne
 To grace the royal bow'r.

And, tended well with skill and care,
 It slept the winter through ;
 And with the summer's balmy air
 It bloom'd in brightest beauty there,
 Enchanting to the view.

THE RICHT CAT IN THE RICHT PLACE.

(Written during the Russian War, when the national will was that Sir Colin Campbell should have command of the British forces in the Crimea.)

Oor ain bonnie black cat comes mewin' thro' the hoose,
 Lookin' unco waefu'—it canna get a moose ;
 Tho' mice wi' us are plenty, they a' bide awa',
 When pussie's in the hoose they get nae sport ava'.
 At e'enin' roun' the fire lug they come nae mair to play,
 For puss is aye aboot the hearth whan daylicht's gane away ;
 O' their wee bit nibblin' teeth now we ne'er can fin' a trace,
 For oor cat's the richt cat, and in the richt place.

Whan pussie cam to oor hoose, a bonnie sleekit cat,
 The weans at hame a' petted it, and fed it far owre fat—
 They gi'ed it a' the tit-bits, and puss grew unco nice—
 As lang as it got beef-steaks it didna care for mice.
 And sae to wean oor wee cat frae aff its denty fare,
 We sent it to an oothoose, and fed it verra spare ;
 But mice were there in ilka neuk, and puss was there to chase,
 An' syne he proved the richt cat, and in the richt place,

But noo, my brethren o' the Isles—Sandy, John, and Pat—
 We need a British general mair usefu' than a cat,
 To scatter Russian locusts, a greater pest than mice,
 Or even than auld Egypt's plagues o' darkness, frogs, and lice,
 To punish crafty Bruin's hordes that Europe ha'e defied,
 He maun be strong in manhood's prime—a leader true and tried!
 We'll ne'er speir wha his daddy was, if he ha'e heart o' grace
 To prove, in troth, the richt man, and in the richt place.

I think oor ain Sir Colin will prove “the comin' man,”
 Or gallant General Windham, the hero o' Redan ;
 But auld routine maun knuckle doon, promotion aye be free
 To Britain's best and bravest, without the gowden fee.
 We don't want gran' folks' dautit weans when dangers roun' us
 lour,
 To lead oor ain brave sodgers on in battle's trying hour ;
 Let merit only bear the gree, and o' our island's race,
 We sune shall ha'e the richt man, and in the richt place.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

There's not a sheep in all the flock
 Nor lamb within the fold,
 But He keepeth safe from mountain rock
 And winter's piercing cold,
 He pastures them on tender grass
 And where sweet waters flow—
 He bought them all with his own heart's blood

Many a year ago.
 He gathered them from every land,
 From forests dark and dim,
 The thirsty desert's burning sand
 No barrier is to him.
 From scanty grass and mountains steep—
 From valleys rich and low—
 He bought them all with his own heart's blood
 Many a year ago.

He passeth the thorny thicket through—
 O'er prairies vast and wide,
 Nor heedeth the swamps of deadly dew
 Where loathsome reptiles glide.
 He findeth them out on islands lone
 Where raging cyclones blow—
 He bought them all with his own heart's blood
 Many a year ago.

He lifteth them up when weary and worn,
 He loveth the helpless best,
 And carries them safe, tho' bleeding and torn,
 To his own glad home of rest,

He is leading them on to golden fields
 Where living waters flow—
 He bought them all with his own heart's blood
 Many a year ago.

THE PILGRIM.

A pilgrim came to Heaven's gate,
 His clothes were poor and thin ;
 He wander'd here, and wander'd there,
 But dared not enter in.
 He said, "I bear within my heart
 A weary load of sin."

Bright angels came and beckoned him
 To boldly enter in,
 To throw his earthly robes aside,
 A golden crown to win.
 He beat upon his breast and sighed,
 "This weary load of sin."

Then worn and weary grew his face,
 His brown locks grey and thin,
 Till all his earthly robes fell off,
 He tott'ring entered in.
 The Lord Christ made him beautiful,—
 For ever free from sin.

SCOTTISH HOMES AGAIN.

The rocky headlands now are passed,
 And now the rising gale—
 See how it bends the yielding mast,
 And fills the spreading sail !
 Away, away the bark she flies
 Upon the boundless main ;
 No more we'll rest our eager eyes
 On Scottish homes again,
 Or meet around the blazing hearth
 Where social joy doth reign,
 And banish care with maidens fair
 In Scottish homes again.

My log-built cabin it shall be
 In Indian forests deep,
 And there with Nature's children free,
 These solitudes to keep.
 The ocean wide forever part
 Fond hearts that throb in vain ;
 And I shall sigh for Scottish hearts
 And Scottish homes again.

The dear old happy Scottish hearts
 Where social joy doth reign ;
 The merry dance, the blue-eyed glance
 In Scottish homes again.

When mid the forests of the West,
 Where dusk-browed Indians roam,
 Oh, I'll remember as I rest
 Within their wigwam home—
 When far behind the forest trees
 The evening sun shall wane,
 My soul shall steal o'er land and seas
 To Scottish homes again,
 To friends around the blazing hearth
 Where social joy doth reign,
 And banish care with maidens there,
 In Scottish homes again.



JOHN ROSS.

MR ROSS is the oldest distiller in Campbeltown, his native place, and is a gentleman noted for his geniality and benevolence. Although he is now in his eighty-third year, he is still active, and his sight and hearing are almost perfect. He has long been accustomed to express his thoughts both in prose and verse, and in latter years has been in the habit of preserving his compositions in printed sheets. Mr Ross has a facile pen. Several of his pieces on local subjects are humourous and satirical, but though direct and pointed, they are yet well-intentioned. He frequently writes on sacred and profound themes—the amusing, however, being mingled with, or accompanied by the instructive, so as to render it more palatable. Mr Ross's more serious writings in particular evince a cordial attachment to the principles of the Christian religion; and throughout his career he has been distinguished, not only by remark-

able industry and perseverance, but by unswerving integrity in the conduct of his business in all its relations. His guiding rule has been concentration of means and concentration of energies. We have been favoured with the perusal of a very pleasing autobiographical sketch, chiefly of his early life. The sketch is so very instructive and amusing, and is so entertaining a chapter of Scottish rural life, that it would bear separate printing. We may yet issue it in this form, but as our space is now limited, we must meanwhile reluctantly refrain from destroying the interesting story by giving unsatisfactory selections.

G R A C E.

'Tis grace that makes the happy home,
Where every member longs to come,
A place where there's relief from care,
A feeling of God's presence there,
Where there's sweet converse to be had
That cheers the heart and makes it glad,
Congenial feelings there are found,
Congenial sentiments abound ;
There's plenty to engage the tongue,
There's plenty to inspire the song ;
There's plenty still to wish to know,
Enough to make the heart to glow.
As coals together on a fire,
Each makes the other's heat rise higher,
So each the other's love makes stronger,
And helps to make it last the longer.
'Tis grace that makes the loving father
His house in love around him gather,
All their affections purifies,
Creates a love that never dies.
The love produc'd by grace is true,
'Tis everlasting, ever new ;
With it there is no false pretending—
'Tis always growing and extending.
True love's a tree that's always growing,
A river that is ever flowing,
In width for evermore increasing,
Through all its course the regions blessing ;
A flower that is for ever blooming,
A flame that hatred is consuming.
A pleasant warmth that's always glowing,
And kindness everywhere bestowing,

A light that is the darkness chasing,
 And sin and sorrow is displacing,
 From every hearth dispelling sadness,
 And in its place diffusing gladness.
 But still as long as we are here,
 All its effects do not appear ;
 But those bless'd saints enthron'd above,
 Now basking in eternal love,
 Are pure and in a holy place
 They know the whole effects of grace.
 Before the throne of God they fall,
 And say 'tis grace that has done all.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

True friendship like the loadstone draws,
 Though with it force is not the cause ;
 Draws things according to their nature,
 And not for either size or stature ;
 Makes kindred spirits to adhere
 And each the other's burdens bear ;
 Binds many spirits into one,
 And of cementing's never done ;
 Makes each and all of them true hearted,
 Desiring never to be parted ;
 They to each other are a blessing,
 Each other's confidence possessing—
 Of our existence what's the end ?
 What is our life without a friend ?
 When in a crowd you are alone,
 You find each heart a heart of stone,
 You find the world a barren waste
 And none to comfort the distress'd ;
 You may be poor, you may be rich,
 Without a friend you have not much.
 You may be rich and full of care,
 No one that will your burden bear,
 None so true-hearted or so kind,
 To whom you can reveal your mind.
 True friendship's like the genial rays,
 It turns our darkest nights to days.



MARGARET T. BELL.

(MRS BELL.)

MANY readers of *Life and Work*, and of the *Glasgow Citizen*, will be pleased to know that the graphic writer of several beautiful and tender ballads under the *nom-de-plume* of "E. V. O. E." is Mrs Bell, of St Mungo's, Culross. This esteemed lady is the daughter of the late Mr Henry Beveridge, advocate, Edinburgh, and proprietor of Inzievar, in the Parish of Torryburn, near Dunfermline, where she was born. In 1862 she married the Rev. Stephen Bell of Eyemouth, Berwickshire, whose death followed soon after the disastrous storm of 14th October, 1881. Since then Mrs Bell has written very little, and has lived in quiet retirement. We regret that so few of her easy, natural, and melodious poetical productions have seen the light. The specimens in *Life and Work*, as well as those we give, must create in the minds of many a desire to have a selection in book form. But she seems to have written mainly out of a pure poetic feeling, and without desire for publicity. Her poems possess much beauty and pathos, and a realism and unobtrusive air of piety breathe throughout them, showing an eye and heart poetically responsive to every grace of nature and every beauty of holiness.

SONG OF THE WIND-SPIRIT.

I come, I come with a mighty sound,
 Sweeping the red leaves from the ground,
 On, on through the solemn wood,
 On, on where the Abbey stood,
 And round the haunted well.

Through the rents in the ivied walls,
 Through the chambers of the silent halls,
 Speaking strangely of the past
 In the rush of the midnight blast,
 On with a mighty swell,

I flap my wings o'er the pillared domes
 Where the night-bird broods, and the lion roams ;
 O'er the buried gates of the desert pile,
 And I pass them by with a mocking smile,
 The cities of pride and power.

I sweep o'er the plain as the Angel of Death,
 And poisonous is the blast of my breath ;
 The traveller bows to his awful doom,
 For fatal to man is the dread Simoom,
 Dread in the midnight hour.

O'er the blackened Steppe where the Urals rise
 In solemn pomp through the murky skies,
 I chase the flame with a crashing roar,
 As the waves lash on the sounding shore,
 When they chant the requiem "Never more."

But again, again my voice is low,
 Gentle and low as the river's flow,
 As I breathe through the vines of the sunny South,
 And kiss the dew from the maiden's mouth,
 Asleep 'mong the flowers at noon.

To the groves of orange at even-time
 Softly I bear the vesper chime.
 Of the convent bells, o'er the silver lake,
 And nothing on earth there is to break
 The spell of the dreaming moon.

I droop my wing o'er the balmy sea,
 Listening its deep mystery,
 Far below, in the coral caves
 I hear the hum of the drowsy waves
 Arise at my whispered call.

I hear the voice of the echo swell
 From the parted lips of the ocean shell,
 And the mermaiden mingles her song with mine,
 Wild and sweet as the eglantine,
 And soft in its rise and fall.

Through the world for ever I roam,
 And who shall tell of my secret home ?
 Deep in the mountain it may be,
 Deep in the breast of the moaning sea,
 Or in the tone of a melody.

Wandering ever, above, below,
 Here I come and there I go,
 But never may mortal gaze on me,
 Never my viewless form may see,
 For I am a Breath and a Mystery.

BALLAD :

THE GIPSY WOMAN OF THE TOWER.

I.

Without, the night was bleak and cold,
 Within the walls were bare ;
 Blazoned in stain and blackened scar,
 Time's hand was looming there.

The owl sat in the turret grey,
 The rook was in the tree,
 And in that chamber lonely sat
 A woman wearily.

And as she sat, in voice of dule,
 At intervals she sang,
 And then she paused and listened
 To the armour's sudden clang !

It was a haunted ruin old,
 That tower within the wood ;
 The traveller never passed that way
 But he signed the holy rood.

And knight and courtly dame, I wot,
 Had sallied from the porch,
 On palfrey and steed caparisoned,
 By starlight and by torch.

And dancing feet had echoed
 Where the lonely woman sat,
 And laughing tones where rustled now
 The harsh wings of the bat.

But in that chamber once arose
 A wild and wailing shriek,
 And then a deadly sin was wrought
 No living tongue might speak.

The tower was crumbling to decay,
 The stones were grey with age,
 And Time himself seemed growing old
 In that dull hermitage.

But all at the midnight's ghostly hour,
 When that fell deed was done,
 There walked a phantom in the tower
 Till the rising of the sun !

II.

And now the woman sang again ;
 Her hair was raven dark ;

Within her eye shone fitfully
 A wild prophetic spark ;
 And then it died, and heavy tears
 Would quench the burning gleam,
 And low her accents fell, and sad
 As the inurmuring of a stream,

They said I was a Gipsy queen,
 And drove me from the town ;
 And O, they banished my true love
 When the summer leaves were brown !

My dark-browed love ! my dark-browed love !
 His corse is washed ashore ;
 The mermaid stole his locks of jet
 To strew her coral floor.

She took the ruby from his lip,
 And twined it in her hair ;
 And O, the love-light of his eye
 Glows on her bosom fair !

The sea-weed girt his manly limbs,
 He died upon the main—
 I see these tossing hands ! his shriek
 Rings through the wood again !

• • • •

Upon the high-way all the day
 I ply my Gipsy art ;
 And whiter hands than mine I've crossed,
 I've read them like a chart.

On silken palm I've often traced,
 And eke 'neath sunny braid,
 Long days of pain ; and I have wept
 O'er flowers I knew would fade !

Alas, why should I weep for them ?
 Their lot is not so sad,
 So sad as her's whose living heart
 Will never more be glad !

• • • •

I've raked the dusky embers close,
 They give no heat at all ;
 The ghost is coming with the wind,
 I hear it in the hall !

Its spurs are clanking on the stairs,
 And now 'tis at the door—

A hand of lead is on my heart ;
She cried, and cried no more.

The wind came sweeping up in gusts
From the wide, deserted hall,
Strewing the floor with withered leaves,
Spreading them like a pall,

Weaving around that figure still
Fit shroud for the winds to weave,
Singing wild dirges through the night
'Mid the lonely woods of Clieve.

THE HERRING DRAVE.

O its fine when the boats come in,
When the boats come in sae early,
When the lift it is blue, an' the herring nets are fu',
And the sun glints on a' thing rarely ;—
When the wives buskit braw, an' the bairns ana'
Come linkin' down to the quay, O,
The very fisher dogs pu' each other by the lugs
And join in the general glée, O !
Then hey for the boats, for the bonnie braw boats
That are bound for the D rave the year, O,
Long live our auld town, may she never gang down,
And God keep the men an' the gear, O !

The auld, auld men come hirplin' then,
And "ahoy" to the fisher lads sae cheerly,
"When there's sae mony crans, there'll be plighting o' han's,
And the lasses lo'e a fine D rave dearly !
O there's mirth an' there's glee—on ilk face do ye see
The ghaist o' a gloom or a frown, O ?
Na, na, though we may greet sair some ither day,
There's a lauch ower the hale o' the town, O !
Then hey for the boats, &c.

The sea is our ain, nae lordly domain
Can compare wi' our acres o' ocean,
As freemen we stand—and to bow to command
It ne'er entered our heads sic a notion !
Come woe or come weal we'll stick by the creel,
The yawl an' the net an' the line, O ;
The storm may come soon, but there's Ane up abune
Will carry us safe through the brine, O !!
Then hey for the boats, &c.

AULD SANDY MALT.

Its auld Sandy Malt, oh we a' ken him fine,
Whiles mending his net, or else baiting his line,

Wi his red wursit coul an' his haffits sae gray,
Sitting blithe at his door, i' the lang simmer day.

Oh, his face it's as brown as his ain tarry sail,
Wi' the thud and the scud o' mony a gale ;
Be the tide e'er sae garly, e'en yet wi' the lave
Auld Sandy's wee coble glides licht ower the wave.

Tho' nae mair wi' the lads to the Drave he can win,
His white roddam net draws mony a fin,
His cruives too are set, an' baith labster an' pae
May rue when auld Sandy puts aff frae the bay.

Our ain Sandy Malt ! He's the wale o' the toun,
There's no mony like him the hale kintra roun' ;
Aye sae canty an' crouse, and sae couthy is he,
The bairns fecht wha's to climb first on his knee.

And is there a doggie, puir, unco, an' lean,
Sair hunted an' hoo'd (by wild callants I ween),
Be sure the poor beastie kens now a' is weel,
When it creeps doun fu' safe ahint Sandy's auld creel.

For auld Sandy Malt has a heart that is wae
For ilka ane's trouble, be it e'en what it may ;
For weel he can mind when his ain heart was sair,
And the licht o' his life seemed quenched evermair.

And aft as he sits looking far ower the sea,—
Tho' naebody kens,—the tear blinds his e'e ;
For far, far awa' like, there comes a sweet strain,
Like the voices, long husht, o' them that are gane.

And aft, i' the kirk, sitting reverent an' calm,
And the sound rises up o' some saft murnin' psalm,
Wi' " Martyrdom " sweet, or wild, wailing " Montrose,"
That far awa' strain wi' the melody flows !

It's lang now sin syne, mony years hae gane by,
Since ae autumn, dark, dark like lead grew the sky ;
A weird, awesome mist hid the sun an' the moon,
And the Pestilence swept like a blast through the toun.

Oh, mony a loud, bitter cry then was borne
On the dead, quiet air by nicht an' by morn ;
But Sandy Malt dree'd the bitterest pain,
For his May an' her twa bonny blossoms were ta'en.

O the desolate hearth—ance sae snod and sae neat,
Nae sweet wifie's smile, nae wee toddlin' feet !
Then wide, wide grew the warld like a dark, troubled sea,
Where nor sunlicht, nor starlight, e'er seemit to be.

Lang, lang tossing wild on that dark rolling tide,
 His soul, like a bark, drifted lanely an' wide,
 Till at last ! Ane cam' ower these waters sae chill,
 Then the darkness grew licht, an' the waves they grew still.

By Hands wounded sore that poor lost bark was steered,
 Till the harbourlichts shone, and the harbour appeared,
 Can words e'er express what deep gratitude burned
 In the heart that now meek to its Saviour turned ?

And think na', though auld Sandy Malt now laughs free,
 An' his heart is as cheery as cheery can be,
 But that deep in his soul lie thochts solemn an' sweet,
 Ower solemn to utter or lightly repeat !

Brave, true Sandy Malt ! when cares hae been rife,
 Full oft hath it cheered me, thy dutiful life,
 Oh, lang may we see thee, when the sun lichts the bay,
 Sitting blithe at thy door, i' the lang simmer day !



WALTER SINCLAIR

WAS resided in Australia since 1839, and he has sung of Auld Scotland's braes for over seventy years. He was born in Kirkcaldy in 1803. His parents having died when he was about seven years of age, he was brought up by his grandfather at Lochgelly. He left school in his fifteenth year, and went to Dunfermline, where he served his apprenticeship to the baker trade. As a journeyman he afterwards experienced many "ups and downs." He worked two years in London, and then returned to Scotland, starting in business at Inverkeithing. Not being successful, he went to America, joined the Naval Service, was promoted several times, returned again to Scotland, was afterwards wrecked on his way to Calcutta, and was picked up with several of the crew, and taken to Calcutta, which he had no sooner reached than he shipped for Sydney, New South

Wales. He is presently following the occupation of farming and dairyman at Limekilns, near Bathurst, New South Wales.

Mr Sinclair's first production was written in 1815 — a poem on the Battle of Waterloo, and the schoolmaster thought so highly of the lines that he had them for years hung up in the school in the frame of an old slate. Our poet is still hale and hearty, can read the smallest print without spectacles, and thinks nothing of a walk of from twelve to sixteen miles in one day. He is of course the oldest versifier in the district, and is greatly esteemed by a wide circle of his countrymen, several of whom selected for our approval a number of the warm and patriotic pieces he had contributed to the Australian press.

A NICHT AT TAM'S.

Three neebour lads cam' ower the hills
 To crack a while wi' Tam an' me ;
 And we sae canty a' sat doon,
 An' spent the nicht in mirth an' glee.

We sung auld Scotland's gowany braes,
 Her tassell'd broom, each flow'ry lea,
 Where lovers often meet at e'en
 Beneath the trystin' hawthorn tree.

We sung her streams and burnies clear,
 Her heather's bloom, her thistle's wave,
 Her rocks, her dens, her heath-clad muirs,
 The scene of many a bloody grave.

A happy, happy band were we,
 Sons of the far-off mountain north ;
 But far awa' frae fatherland,
 Far frae the bonny banks of Forth.

A happy, happy band were we,
 And snugly housed in Tammy's bield ;
 And mony a tale was told that nicht
 Of Scotland's valour in the field.

But now the hour is getting late,
 And nappy, nappy is the ale ;
 Our host he then propos'd that each
 Should sing a sang or tell a tale,

Up rose the bard wi' glass in hand—
 "To tell a tale I canna boast ;
 I winna sing a Scottish sang.
 But fegs, my lads, I'll gie a toast.

Then here's auld Scotland's heathery hills,
 Her hardy sons, her mountain dew,
 Her tartan plaids, her bonnie maids,
 Her braid claymores, her bannets blue."

Then loud and lang the rafters rang
 Wi' cheers such as a Scot can gie,
 When far upon Australia's shore
 He sings his country still is free.

O TELL ME NOT.

O tell me not there is no God,
 Believe it not, immortal soul ;
 I see Him in the lightning's flash,
 I hear Him in the thunder's roll.

There's not a blade of grass that grows,
 There's not a worm in the sod,
 There not a bird that flies the air
 But tells me that there is a God.

I see Him in the rising sun,
 That gives unto the world its light ;
 I see Him in the moon and stars
 That shineth o'er my head at night.

Then tell me not there is no God—
 Of sceptic's thoughts, my friend, beware ;
 I cannot listen to your words,
 For I can see God everywhere.



JOHN ANDERSON,

EUTHOR of "The Weal and Woe of Caledonia," and other poetical works bearing on the subject of temperance and sobriety, was born in Musselburgh about 1820. His father, when very young, enlisted with the King's Life Guards, and his mother,

Jeannie Scott, was a native of Cramond, where her father was precentor in the Parish Church. When in the capacity of nurserymaid to a family of distinction in London, she met with the tall guardsman in Hyde Park, he heard her talking to the bairns, and "kent the Cramond tongue," which drew them together. The acquaintance ripened into love, and ended in marriage. Shortly afterwards he obtained his discharge, and the two returned to Scotland. John is the youngest of a large family, and his father dying when the subject of our sketch was but a child, the mother had a hard struggle. She was a woman of noble perseverance, and great intelligence, and had an enthusiastic admiration and almost boundless acquaintance with our old Scotch songs and ballads—singing and reciting them, and thus lightening the burden of her cares and sorrows. His only early education was a few weeks at a cheap night school, and when about eleven years of age he was apprenticed to a currier and leather merchant. He served seven years, and afterwards worked at his trade in Dalkeith, where he published his first production, a tale entitled "Don't Enlist." Here, also, he made his first speech, and awoke to the consciousness that he had a power within him of whose existence he had never dreamt. He subsequently removed to Edinburgh, and became an office-bearer in the Temperance Society.

In an interesting letter, published some time ago in the *League Journal*, Mr Anderson says:—"I have more than once been bill-sticker, door-keeper, reporter, president, and speaker even in the Music Hall and Theatre Royal." While in Edinburgh Mr Anderson wrote much in prose and verse, and published "Scotland Delivered : a Dream," "The Ruined Family : a Tale of the Bottle," and a series of political sketches in verse, entitled "Dashes at Iniquity, by Luke, the Labourer." For nine years our poet

was one of the agents of the Scottish Temperance League, lecturing throughout Scotland, amid the trials and triumphs and storms and sunshine inseparably connected with the office of a travelling temperance advocate. Mr Anderson afterwards opened the Caledonian Temperance Hotel, London, where he still continues to labour in the cause, and occasionally writes for the *League Journal*, where most of his productions have appeared.

"The Weal and Woe of Caledonia," with an appreciative introduction by the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, Glasgow, was published in 1873. Mr Ferguson says that in his comparative retirement Mr Anderson has never forgotten Auld Scotland, teetotalism, and his much loved art of poesy. Ever and anon he has felt disposed to embody in verse some new thought that struck him ; yet, like Anacreon's lyre, which would send forth nothing but love, with Mr Anderson, drink, or rather deliverance from it, has always been his theme, and much-loved Caledonia has always been the scene. His harp is one of many strings, and he is equally powerful and convincing in the satirical, the humourous, and pathetic order of poetry. The alternations of joy and sorrow, the contrasts of grief and mirthfulness, which make up the sum of human existence, are skilfully reproduced in his writings.

MY AULD SCOTTISH PLAID.

AIR—*Jessie the Flower o' Dunblane.*"

Far away in the distance the lov'd cot is standing,
 Beneath the big hill on the breast o' the brae ;
 And ye'll no find a prospect more rich and commanding
 'Mang a' the green valleys from Annan to Spey.
 It was there, long ago, in the deepest emotion,
 Wi' sorrow that mem'ry will never let fade,
 I left a' my kindred to cross the wide ocean,
 Wrapt up frae the blast in my auld Scottish plaid.
 It is hamely and rough, but ah ! not the less dearer
 Than mantle of velvet or silken attire ;

Every thread there was spun, as a gift to the wearer,
 By my ain mither's hand, at the dear cabin fire,
 When I wear it what visions of home float before me,—
 Of the friends that are gane, and the graves where they're
 laid ;

There is country and kindred, and honour and glory
 Bound up in the faulds o' my auld Scottish plaid.

How often, when evening came down on the meadow,
 And the night wind blew snell as it swept o'er the lea,
 The summer embrace o' my sheltering plaidie
 Kept snug frae the blast baith my Mary and me.
 Oh, there's naething so sweet in the wide round o' pleasure
 As the moments when true love her palace has made
 To barter the costliest coins in her treasure
 From heart unto heart 'neath the auld Scottish plaid.

As a relic of love and a symbol of races,
 Where freedom and virtue perpetually reign,
 And womanly worth spreads its lovliest graces
 Round men who can guard what their valour may gain ;
 I shall prize thee for scenes that the muse loves to sing,
 For deeds that the world their debtor have made ;
 And far above cashmere, or what gold can bring,
 Be proud of my grey, fleecy, auld Scottish plaid.

THE THISTLE.

AIR—“*The Old Oaken Bucket.*”

Hail ! chieftain of flowers, your red bonnets remind me
 Of sunny old places and friends far away—
 That come in my dreams with a spell that will bind me
 To worshipful Scotland, wherever I stray.
 How charming thy beauty in lustre excelling,
 How stately thy bearing, so warlike and bold,
 To all coming ages perpetually telling
 The spirit that made thee immortal of old.

The timid or truthless had never selected
 Thy dauntless deportment and presence so grand ;
 There was wisdom and truth in the taste that detected
 Thy fitness to symbolize people and land.
 Through all the fair regions of beautiful Flora
 No plant is more noble and kingly than thee ;
 To image a nation ambitious of glory,
 Whose genius is lofty, expansive, and free.

No herald is needed to caution the stranger,
 Who looks on thy well-guarded armour of power,
 To know that the hand is in terrible danger
 That dares to disturb but the down on thy flower,

And ages on ages, with voices of thunder,
 Have told the disasters and grief that befell
 The tyrants who came with their minions to plunder
 The keep on the mountain, or cot in the dell.

The lilies are sweet in their prevalent splendour,
 The roses supreme in the bloom they disclose ;
 But round the bold thistle a jubilant grandeur
 Will cluster and wanton whenever it blows.
 On the crest of the crag where the pine-tree is standing—
 Far down in the glen where the gowans abound—
 It will flourish in pride, admiration commanding,
 As Scotsmen have done the wide universe round.

S P E A K G E N T L Y .

AIR—"Sweet Afton."

Speak gently, speak gently to hearts that are sore,
 Your short cutting irony wounds them the more ;
 There's balsam and bliss in the words that are kind,
 They give feet to the cripple and eyes to the blind.
 There's nothing on earth that can ever compete
 With smiles that are bland, and with accents that's sweet ;
 They are better than alms to the poor at the door,—
 Speak gently, speak gently to hearts that are sore.

Speak gently, speak gently to those who are weak,
 There's death in the harsh biting sallies you speak ;
 The deep, loving eye, and the soft, winning voice
 Gives the feeble fresh vigour and strength to rejoice.
 The pale, wasted flower that is scorched by the sun,
 When bath'd by the dew brighter lustre has won ;
 So the timid, emboldened, new pursuits will seek,—
 Speak gently, speak gently to those who are weak.

Speak gently, speak gently to those that are poor,
 The gold in your precepts their rise may ensure ;
 There is affluence aye in affectionate speech,
 And wealth worth the counting to all it may reach.
 There's thousands far down in the homes of distress
 As useful and noble and pure as the best ;
 Your aid may enrich them, nor lessen their store,—
 Speak gently, speak gently to those who are poor.

Speak gently, speak gently and soft to the young,
 Make tracks for their feet by the light of your tongue ;
 They are waiting for counsel, as birds wait for wings,
 To waft them aloft to all beautiful things.
 You may see them no more when they pass from your side,
 But their flight o'er the arch of the rainbow may glide ;
 And Angels in concert your praises have sung,—
 Speak gently, speak gently and soft to the young.

LITTLE MARY, O.

Many call me very witty,
 And some sing that I am pretty—
 Just a kind of sweet and handsome little fairy, O ;
 And the men are so deceiving,
 I am more thy half-believing
 All they say and sing in praise of little Mary, O.

I have offers by the dozen,—
 Would you like to know the chosen ?
 It's a secret very bad and hard to carry, O ;
 There's a joy so like the ocean,
 It must ever keep in motion—
 And that joy now fills the heart of little Mary, O.

First, Josephus from the school,
 Courts in Latin, like a fool—
 Calls my beauty, grand, and classical, and airy, O ;
 But he likes his pipe and port,
 So with him I'll not assort—
 For the Latin's rather late for little Mary, O.

Next, in haste, with bags of siller
 From the bank, comes daddy Miller—
 And small time has he to trifle or to tarry, O ;
 For his courtship of the can,
 Let him wed the warming-pan—
 For the bank will never hank with little Mary, O.

Then big Pate, the farmer's son,
 Comes a-courtin' with his gun—
 But no rifle-shot can ever touch a fairy, O ;
 He swears hard, and runs astray,
 Drinking whisky night and day—
 So his gun shall never win little Mary, O.

Next, the wee precentor, Peter,
 With his semibreves and metre,
 And his tonic-sol-fa system just to vary, O ;
 Why, he will not raise the tune
 Till he pours the liquor down—
 So his "martyrdom" is no for little Mary, O.

Then the master at the station
 Rings his bell of invitation,
 And sends telegrams of love so hot and scary, O ;
 But he'll not want his wine,
 So he comes on the wrong line,
 And the danger signal's seen by little Mary, O.

Here's a letter from young Willie,
 And he calls me his fair lily ;
 And to call him my sweet William I'll not tarry, O ;

He is pledged long, long ago—
 I would like you all to know
 He's to pledge again next week to little Mary, O.



JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING, LL.D.,

THE eminent and accomplished philosopher, historian, and critic, is also a poet. He was born at Glasgow in 1820. His father, who was a manufacturer, had a genius for mathematics, and was a man of great individuality of character; while his mother was an accomplished and graceful woman of charming manners. To the reader of Dr Stirling's works these facts, which we have been fortunate enough to learn from one who knew about the family, will be welcome when they think of the fiery force and struggling energy of certain passages, and of the entrancing beauty of others.

Young Stirling entered Glasgow University when he was only thirteen, and studied there for nine consecutive years—five in Arts, in which he was a distinguished prizeman, and four in Medicine. He is a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons. He practised his profession for some time in Wales, till the death of his father in 1851. Being now a man of independent means, he gave up his profession, and travelled and studied in France and Germany, returning home in 1857.

In 1865 he gave to the world his great work, "The Secret of Hegel," by which, at one step, he took his place among the foremost philosophers of the age. Since then he has published several important philosophical works, besides numerous critical essays, &c., contributed to the leading magazines. The following quotation from the *Edinburgh Review* will give

the reader some idea of Dr Stirling as an intellectual athlete, and as a philosophical expositor :—“ No one in our day has done so much to interpret German philosophy, as no one has shown a firmer and deeper apprehension of the essential problem of thought. He has smitten the sophisms of Huxleyan materialism with a hammer-like force, crushing to the bone. The scientific investigator, great in his own department, but not in the region of pure thought, may have ridden off lightly after his encounter, with his protoplastic theory safe, as he supposed, in his keeping ; but no one who witnessed the encounter, and could understand the weight of the blows given, could doubt on which side lay the victory. . . . The ‘Text-Book of Kant’ is independent, powerful, and luminous throughout, with a light that shines from beneath rather than on the surface.”

It is as a philosopher, then, chiefly, and not as a poet, that Dr Stirling is known throughout Europe and America ; but he was an early and successful wooer of the muse, and we do not know anywhere of a more striking example of early genius than his prose-poem, “The Tale of Aihai,” written at the age of seventeen, and there have been few indeed who could have written the still more splendid prose-poem, “Sleeping Beauty,” at the age of twenty-five. While there is no imitation, it reminds one of the old Hebrew prophets. These poems are to be found in a volume entitled “Burns in Drama, together with Saved Leaves,” published in 1878. Stirling’s “Burns in Drama” has been preferred by good judges to Carlyle’s celebrated essay.

A COMING TEMPEST.

Slunk to himself, the sea is laid
 Beneath the night, huge, black, and high,
 Like brute but partly vanquished,
 Beneath his foe, who stands contemptuous by :

Even like a brute beneath a man,
 Lifting a red eye now and then,
 But, quailing to the eye he meets,
 Compelled to let it fall in fear again ;

Grovelling upon the blood-stained ground,
 All his huge strength without avail,
 Crouching in rage and dread at once,
 Lashing his shuddering sides with restless tail.

Catching his groan subduedly,
 Through moist, dilated nostril red
 All soiled and foaming in the dust,
 Snorting quick mist-wreaths round his lengthened head !

Above him there, the night stands glooming,
 Gathering her brows in wrathful wise,
 Muttering in thunder huskily,
 Darting her scorn in lightnings from her eyes.

Maddened, impatient at constraint,
 His vast sides heaving in huge throes,
 Bounding, at length up springs the sea,
 And shakes his mane, defiant of his foes.

B E L S H A Z Z A R ' S F E A S T .

Belshazzar, the king, makes a feast to-night,
 The windows are flashing their floods of light
 On the dazzled eye
 Of the passer by,
 Who pauses a moment to list the sound
 Of music, and mirth, and jollity.
 How the casements shake to the dancers' bound,
 And the roof laughs out in joy and glee !

Belshazzar is tired of the dance at last.
 With a king's command,
 He waveth his hand :
 The dancers are still at his lordly will,
 And silky-foot slaves have brought the repast.

Self-asserting lords of sword
 And wine-cup,
 Warm dames with flushing cheek and flashing eye
 Talking, laughing,
 Eating, quaffing,
 Pledge each other,
 Feast together,
 In freest license unrestrained.

Bravely the lords their liquor drink up,
 Nor do the coyest dames the same deny,

But gaily strike upon the board
 The flagon drained.
 All indiscriminately are mingled,
 No one from the rest is singled,
 But the king,
 High, upraised upon his seat,
 While at his feet,
 There sit
 His wives with jewels glittering.

• • • •
 "Health to the king Belshazzar,"
 From a thousand throats is roared,
 And a thousand drained cups
 Clash on the banquet board ;
 Then stops
 The mad din,
 The while they grin.
 Belshazzar glares :
 Gods ! could a stamp
 Annihilate, enswamp,
 These jeering wassailers !

But again, and yet again,
 Half-sure, they bawl amain,
 "Health to the king Belshazzar!"
 Till he
 Has smiled.
 Then they,
 All wild,
 Smite the charged tables till the roar
 Rings in the rafters, reels along the floor.

With haughty grace he rises, king,
 His state in every lineament.
 With haste they hush their mirth,
 To hear him speak,
 The master of the earth,
 Whose black brow lowering,
 With streak
 Of flush upon the cheek,
 Betray the discontent,
 The half-hid temper insolent :—

"Chaldeans, men of Babylon,
 Topers without a paragon,
 Our wine is good, and fair each cup,
 And the wine it is sweet in the cups that are here,
 But the wine will be better,
 And its taste will be sweeter,
 If we drink from the vessels of silver and gold
 That the sword and the spear

Of our warrior bold
Took from the Hebrew God—”

And in that hour, the fingers of a hand
Came forth, and wrote upon the wall
Over against the king. He saw it—wann'd ;
And with a sudden fall,
The cold blood left him, and his weak knees smote
Each other as, passively pointing still,
He gasped. Then horror's awful thrill
Congealed the hearts of all, in that dread spot,
Who followed the king's eye, and shivering, chill,
Saw the weird hand, but knew not what it wrote.

Then hoarsely he bade call his cunning men.
Soothsayer, astrologer, they came. In vain !
Daniel alone, the prophet, captive Jew,
Could to the king Jehovah's sign construe.
Belshazzar then bethought him of the God
Whom he had braved, and knew but things of fraud,
His idols, silver, and of gold, brass, wood.
He bowed. In ashes he repented him.
—Too late ! That very night Darius grim
Slew him. The Medish clarion
Blew over Babylon.
The silver idols, or of wood, brass, stone,
Were naught. God willed it. Ahriman had won.



JOHN HEGGLE

JS a very pleasing writer, and friend of the late William Thomson, author of “*Leddy May*.” He was born in 1859, in the village of Scotlandwells, county of Kinross, within a mile of the birthplace of Michael Bruce, and close to the historic waters of Loch Leven. His father, who was a small farmer, died when John was fifteen years of age, and a year thereafter our poet removed to Glasgow, and became a clerk. He has always had a great love for poetry, and for years has contributed to the Glasgow and Dundee press, the *Temperance Advocate*, and the

Christian News. His productions breathe the genuine tones of the Scottish lyre. They are full of native affection, while his ear has evidently been able to delight itself with the many-toned melody of Nature.

TO THE DAISY.

Sparkling and bright, in the noonday light,
Like flakes of silver sheen
Where pee-weets cry, and soft winds sigh
Along the meadows green.

I see thee now, on the pale hill's brow
Where shadows come and go,
Sweet flower of May, that deck'st our way
With summer's radiant glow.

The weird whaup flits, and the red hare sits
In the midst of a fairy sea,
The glad lark sings, on her airy wings
Above the earth and thee.

Who would not stay, of a summer's day
Full many a livelong hour
Where the May has brought, with love we sought
The little daisy flower.

And when the even has plumed the heaven
With the red of the dying light,
She will fold her wing, till the morning fling
Round earth her robe of white.

SMILING FACES.

They come like the rays of the morning sun,
Gilding our path with gold ;
They cheer up the heart of the weary one,
And lighten the cares of the old.

A little boy, with a smiling face,
Came merrily whistling along—
A soul to earth with sorrow bowed,
Passed with the busy throng ;

He saw the happy face, and it brought
Fond recollections of when
The fire of youth in his bosom glowed,
And his heart felt young again.

It lightened his heavy load of care,
And all his toil that day

Was easier made by the "smiling face"
He chanced to meet in the way.

Full many a heart's been gladdened,
And many a hearth made bright
By the smiling face that sweetly shone
Like the mellow new-born light.

THE SUNSHINE.

I love the golden sunshine
As it sheds its lustrous beam,
Far o'er the waste of water
And on the flowing stream.

It shines upon the mountain,
The spreading verdant plain ;
It streams upon the fountain,
On fields of waving grain.

It lightens all our pathway
Where little daisies peep,
It lifts the violet's drooping head
Upon the hillside steep.

It sheds its beams of gladness
In at the mansion door,
And lightens up with brightness
The pent home of the poor.

It dances on the golden locks
Of the merry laughing boy,
Its step is full of bounding glee,
Its eye is full of joy.

And of our Father's boundless love
Unlimited and free,
And of the Saviour's wond'rous grace
An emblem 'tis to me.

THE LASS O' LOMOND VALE.

The mavis in her leafy bower
May sing both sweet and clear,
The violet on the green hillside
All lonely may appear.

Yet lovelier far art thou to me
Than flower by hill or dale,
And sweeter song belongs to thee
Sweet lass o' Lomond Vale.

Tho' the dew in early morning
 Sparkles e'er so bright and fair,
 Each blade of grass adorning
 With a diadem most rare,

Yet thou to me art fairer,
 And e'en the dew must fail
 To tell the brightness of thine eye,
 Sweet lass o' Lomond Vale.

Though the dew may pass away,
 And the flowers wither'd be,
 The mavis leave unsung his lay,
 Thou wilt aye be dear to me.

For though outward beauty fade,
 Time never can assail
 The inward beauty of thy soul,
 Sweet lass o' Lomond Vale.



JAMES CHRISTOPHER KENNEDY.

THE name of this accomplished and gifted poet will be new to most of our readers, although his initials will be recognised as those appended to graceful and thoughtful verses in various religious and secular magazines. He has been too long under the shade of anonymity, and indeed it is only after much persuasion that we have been able to obtain his sanction to appear amongst "the poets." Mr Kennedy was born in Ireland, 16th December, 1844. Though of Irish (Co. Wicklow) descent on his mother's side, his father was a native of Ayrshire, and our poet having lived in this country since his childhood may therefore be fairly called a Scotchman. He was educated at Elgin Academy, and continues to live in that city. Writing without any ambitious aim, he loves poetry for its own sake, and for the pleasure it gives to his leisure hours. When he writes in the Doric

vein, which is seldom, he does so with good effect. His poems generally possess much imaginative originality and condensed thought, and all his writings are evidently the outcome of a poetic and highly cultured mind.

THE TWO "MABELS."

We named the vessel one bright June day,
We called it after our child,
Our youngest, our sweetest, our little one,
Our Mabel, gentle and mild.

She stood there in white, our little lamb,
And bravely she did the deed,
She named the ship by her own sweet name,
And shyly said "God speed."

Gaily the vessel went down to the wave
As the cheers rang long and loud,
And the sun shone clear in the summer sky
With never a shadow nor cloud.

We've buried our darling out of our sight,
While the leaves fell all around,
We've laid our loved one to rest, to sleep
In the cold and cruel ground.

We've laid her there in her purity,
Like a flower that blooms a day,
We felt we had buried our very heart
In her grave, as we turned away!

And the east wind cruelly beat the shore,
The waves leapt high in the air,
A vessel came bowing in slowly to port,
I saw it, but did not care.

An old man met me, and touched his cap,
"What is it?" I said. "She is here,
The ship, Sir, you know which I mean," said he,
"She is just gone past the pier."

A tear came into those old bleared eyes,
As he sadly shook his head,
And I knew from his look the "Mabel" had come,
Though the word he never said.

It was kind, it was good and kind of the man
To think of my darkened home,

But how can I bear to hear that name
In the days that are to come ?

Yet ! 'tis well with the child, Oh ! 'tis well with her,
Though the "Mabel" here may be lost
On the heaving wave, though the gallant craft
In the tempest be wrecked and lost.

It is well with her ! she is safe with God,
Her brief bright voyage is o'er,
She hath entered the Haven of Perfect Peace,
And she goeth out no more.

DUST AND DISCONTENT.

A strolling player is tramping the road,
The hot white road inch deep with dust,
And the man is weary, and grumbling goes,
And he roundly swears when the hot wind blows,
Sending grit 'tween his teeth, as he munches his crust,
And he growls, "No, the world ain't parted just."

Now as he is tramping along the road
He hears a sound as of muffled wheels,
And horses snorting, half choked with dust,
He looks, phew ! get off the road he must
Or else he'll be choked like the brutes he feels
In the clouds raised up by their mettlesome heels.

So the player stops tramping along the road,
And springs up a bank and sulkily stares
At a Duke's fine carriage that's whirling past,
And His Grace is as white as a plaster cast,
And is worried and cross, and methinks he swears
At the dust that is raised by his thoroughbred mares.

And the Duke, as he bowls along the road,
Says "Happy, thrice happy, poor mountebank !
For you can escape, by your very low birth
And training from troubles that make the earth
A hell unto me, as you fly to the bank
Avoiding the dust that follows my rank."

While the mountebank tramping along the road
Is savage because he isn't a "lord,"
"There you go," he growls, "in your carriage so fine,
To eat your beef, and to drink your wine,
And to wear the best that money can 'ford,
And as free o' trouble an' care's a bird."

So bowling or tramping along life's road
The world has gone, and will go to the den,

And the dust and the grit of man's discontent
 Envelope the earth, till the showers are sent
 To cool the hot air, by that Pitying Hand
 That deals fairer with us than we understand.

IMMORTELLE.

Down in the muddy street,
 Blackened by busy feet,
 Soaked through with snow and sleet,
 Oh ! who can tell
 How many sorrows cling,
 E'en to an outcast thing,
 As this poor sodden ring—
 This immortelle ?

Time was when tenderly
 Loving hands laid it
 Far from where now it lies,
 Crushed and degraded.

Time was when tears were shed
 Over the narrow bed,
 Where slept the honoured dead—
 Father or mother.

Or where a husband cried
 "Would God I too had died!"
 Or a fond sister sighed—
 Brother, oh brother

Still, grief cannot last for aye,
 Who could expect it ?
 Husbands, wives wed again,
 And—graves get neglected !

Then the wreath off the stone
 By sudden gust was blown,
 And through the railing thrown,
 Down on the pave,
 Where boys their sport made it,
 Till a passer-by said "It
 Is wrong, I'm afraid it
 Came off a grave."

Then it was tost about
 Hither and thither,
 Kicked about, knocked about
 Thither and hither,

Till now, 'mid the beating rain,
 It lies there, abused, unclean,

Like :—what is so often seen
 In this great city,
 One who in early days
 Listened to prayer and praise,
 But now an outcast strays,
 With none to pity.

• • •
 Steps Lady So-and-So
 Tiptoe to her carriage,
 (My Lord had a million,
 'Twas such a good marriage !)

And, see yon forlorn thing !
 Pale, pinched, wet, shivering,
 As crushed as the blackened ring,
 Oh ! who can say
 What grief, woe, and dire distress,
 Hide 'neath that shabby dress,
 What essence of weariness,
 Oh ! who can say ?

But ! what makes her Ladyship
 Start back and shiver ?
 What is it she points so at ?
 What makes her face quiver ?

See ! there, at her dainty feet,
 Hurting her senses sweet,
 Foul as the filthy street.
 The immortelle lies,
 Reminding her—ugh ! of Death !
 "Toss it away !" she saith,
 "The horrid thing takes my breath !"
 To the gutter it flies.

Off then drives the Countess,
 But, Magdalen lingers
 To pick up the immortelle
 With her thin wasted fingers.

And, bearing it, dripping wet,
 'Mid jeers from some she met,
 Goes to the parapet
 Of one of the bridges,
 And tenderly drops it down.
 There has not this day been shown,
 No, not in all the town,
 An act more religious

• • •
 "Rest there, poor outcast thing !"—
 As it sank, she sobbing said,

"I pitied all thy wanderings
 Memento of the unknown dead !
 I gave thee rest, thou senseless thing,
 Oh, that my soul this hour might wing
 Its way to rest—to peace.
 Would that some power would pity me,
 As I, even I, have pitied thee,
 And bid my sorrows cease."

I whispered—"Thou canst have thy wish,
 Christ says, 'None ever came to Me
 And was cast out, who came in faith,
 In sorrow, want, or misery.' "

A strange wild look passed o'er her face,
 "Can there be hope for me ?" she cried,
 "I am so vile ;"—she bowed her head
 And wept as though she would have died.

We left not that poor stricken soul
 Till God had healed her aching wound,
 And I've since felt that where she stood
 Is marked by Him as holy ground.

For all His angels shout for joy
 O'er one poor sinner that repents,
 Although on earth there may be few
 Who welcome back such penitents.

• • •

Laid in a quiet nook,
 Close to a sweet clear brook,
 Far from the London smoke,
 Who ? none can tell !
 But, although thus uncrowned,
 Lies on the grassy mound,
 With the words "Lost and Found"—
 A fresh Immortelle.

THE FOUR ASPECTS.

I.

Out from my chamber window, one misty morn in Spring,
 When my heart was light and joyful, as the sweet birds on the
 wing,
 I gazed upon yonder mountain—an outline of pearly gray,
 It rose, sharp-edged, against the sky, on that long past sweet
 Spring day.

And I sang to my heart's glad beating, ah ! how it did beat then,
 My life shall stand out as sharply from the acts of evil men,

For my faith is strong, and my heart is true, and I feel within
my breast
That I need not fear what the future may bring while I always
do my best.

Yes, I felt on that joyous morning as if troubles could never
rise,
That the path which Christ called "narrow" would be easy to
one so wise,
And I thought myself far better than some, who have long since
gone to God,
Oh, pride was strong in that strong young heart that never had
felt the rod.

II.

From out my chamber window in the sultry Summer-time,
I looked on the well-known mountain—a man then in my prime,
The self-same outline met mine eye, but the picture was now
filled in,
And my life? Oh, God forgive me! was filled with how much
of sin

As I sighed to my heart's strong throbbing, I said "Surely man
is vain,"
For I knew, that with all my fair promise, I had just been like
other men,
Bright hopes had vanished, and love grown cold, and my steps
oft turned aside
From the beautiful path I had marked for myself in my self-
sufficient pride.

As the glowing sun through the quivering haze, shewed crevice
and crack and scar
On the mountain-side, so Thy light, oh God, had shewed me what
mortals are,
I had learned a lesson I ne'er could forget though I lived for a
thousand years
To add to my hope humility, and to temper my joy with fears.

III.

Out from my chamber window, on a quiet Autumn day,
I gazed on the mountain, a sobered man whose hair was streaked
with gray,
The golden fields on its swelling sides, longed for the reapers to
come,
And I, I too was waiting, for the angels to take me home.

The cold spring rains and the summer winds had ripened the
heavy ears,
And my soul, too, had been bettered by the tossings and the
tears,

They were bitter and hard to bear, I wot, and my heart was wounded sore,
But the pilgrim recks not of the thorns, when the journey is almost o'er.

My only thought was to watch and wait, for the coming of the King,
To whisper to others about His love, when my soul refused to sing,
And to thank the grace which had led me on, safely from day to day,
And to live and love for the dear Lord's sake, till the "Shadows flee away."

IV.

And now from my chamber window in the Winter time I gaze,
They've wheeled me to it, the tender hands, for I'm old and full of days,
As far as my dim eyes tell me, the mountain is covered with snow,
There is nothing seen save the outline form, as I saw it long ago.

Oh long ago, how long ago ! when, on that bright Spring day
I watched it, and laid my plans for life, (but I drive the thought away,)
When I nothing knew of the world's vain ways, and I planned it in my pride,
When I nothing knew of my perverse heart, nor my need of *The Crucified*.

But yonder the mountain stands unchanged, though I am changed sore,
And He is my friend who changeth not, but abideth for evermore,
And His promise I hold within my hand that my sins He will cast out of sight,
And receive my soul for His dear Son's sake—oh ! mercy infinite !

Then, as on yonder mountain, the scars on whose swelling side
That spoke to me of my shortcomings, my stubbornness, and pride,
Now, now, are hidden all, beneath the heaven-sent snowy dress,
So shall my sins be covered by His perfect righteousness.



REV. JOHN ANDERSON, D.D.,

THE talented and genial minister of Kinnoull, Perth, was born at Newburgh, Fife, in 1822. He spent the first ten years of his life in the parish of Dunbarney, where his father, the late Dr Anderson, was minister. In his latest work, "Sprigs of Heather," a fresh, breezy volume of descriptive, historical, and lyrical sketches, rich in imaginative power and graphic word pictures, which show a fine eye for the aspects of nature, we are told that he was, in one sense, born on the banks of the Earn, for there, "soul-taught by its grassy holms and rippling waters, thought began to stir within my infant breast. The true place of a man's birth is the spot where the light of intelligence begins to dawn. My father always, in his mind, designed me for the Church; but for some time it seemed doubtful if such a special nugget was destined to enrich the treasury of the dear Auld Kirk. . . . It seemed that I was not to become a stone in the venerable fabric; for, if water could have drowned, I gave the Earn a very fair chance of putting an end to my boyish existence, being always either on its banks trying the worm, or amid its waves seeing how far I could swim, or diving in its depths and groping for pearls. My parents—although possessing only one hopeful—dropt by degrees their anxiety about the young vagrant; for at the age of seven or eight, I could swim like an otter. The sons of the manse have earned the name of proverbial "Pickles," and the writer of these lines, I greatly fear, was closely allied to that family. My "schooling" began under the kindly care of good old Tom Scott, who died not long ago, the minister of Shapinsay, in the far-off misty Shetlands. It was no fault of his that his boy failed to become a star, but, like

the geese of Lady Macfarlane, I suspect I was rather fonder of my "play" than of my educational "meat." However, in one way I made my "mark;" for, if I had not a pair of handsome black eyes once a quarter, some other fellow was certain to wear the sable livery. These things I can afford to write, keeping nothing back, being now a grey-haired man, much sobered and subdued by the stern realities of life, and gazing with a placid sadness down the sombre far-stretching vista of more than half a century."

Our poet is descended from a certain Mr Stuart who went "out" in the luckless '45. When the lords were away on their adventurous campaign, several of their ladies took refuge with the hospitable Oliphants in the "Auld House" of Gask. The dismal tale of Culloden found its way to them, and, Dr Anderson tells us, "in down-heartedness they awaited the sequel. By and by some "broken men" came hurrying to the house, bearing proudly along with them the rescued "colours," red with more than one drop of their patriotic blood. But the sleuth-hounds of Cumberland were on their track—the "Auld House" was in no state to stand a siege—and where to hide the battle-rent colours became the anxious question. 'Give them to me,' said Mrs Stuart, with a spirit worthy of "Duncraggan's Dame," and with ready resource she hid them down the shaft of the *moss-grown pump*, where they remained secure. The pursuers came, the house was ransacked from floor to roof-tree, the men were roughly handled and the ladies insulted; but the precious relic of olden fights was never found. Meanwhile, seven comrades in arms stuck to the fugitive Prince through good report and through bad report. Stuart was of the number, and they wandered from moor to mountain, hiding in cold damp caves. In one of these dismal dens near the Fall of Foyers Stuart was wont to tell how he often made "crowdie"—oatmeal, cold water, and a

little salt—in the heel of an old shoe for the half-starved Prince, and how he “ lulled ” him to sleep, like David with the gloomy Saul, by playing on an old Jew’s harp, which was then a commonly-used instrument among the Scotch.

The subject of our sketch was educated chiefly at St Andrews, from which he received his degree of D.D., and completed his training for the ministry at the University of Edinburgh. He has held three charges—St John’s, Dundee ; St John’s, Perth ; and he has been pastor of Kinnoull, Perth, since 1844. As a preacher, he is held in high esteem. His “ counsels ” are practical and sympathetic, showing that he thoroughly understands the every day life, the joys, the cares, and the troubles of the people he addresses. While zealously watching over a strongly attached congregation, amongst whom he has laboured with great acceptance, he has, during the past forty years, written in most of the leading magazines, including *Fraser’s*, *Chambers’s*, *Dublin University*, *M’Phail’s*, *Tait’s*, *Church of Scotland Magazine*, &c. His published works include “ *Visions of a Night*, ” “ *The Pleasures of Home*, ” “ *A Legend of Glencoe*, ” “ *Bible Incidents*, ” “ *Holy Ground*, ” and “ *Sprigs of Heather*, ” all giving evidence of a mind enriched with the stores of varied scholarship. Generally speaking, Dr Anderson is widely esteemed for his strong and keen intellect, as well as his warm and kindly manner. His published works prove that he has the “ poetic soul.” He has a fine appreciation of the beauties of nature, and is endowed with genuine poetic sensibility, and a nature full of pleasing humour and rich pathos. His description of mountain and glen, barren heaths and fertile vales, rippling burns and rolling rivers, are truthful, picturesque, patriotic, and graphic. The following selections are from “ *Sprigs of Heather*, ” a volume containing many charming lyrics, and fine descriptive sketches of scenery and keen

observations on human nature, proving that our author's sway over melody is perfect and easy, and that he has an intelligent eye for the beautiful, a fine ear for verse, and a keen feeling both for the humorous and the pathetic.

JESSIE BROWN; OR, THE SLOGAN OF LUCKNOW.

"Dinna ye hear it?" the maiden cried,
As she sprang from the gory ground,
Where the dead and the dying, side by side,
The warrior's bed had found.

"Dinna ye hear it?—the gathering cry!
That speaks of my Highland home
Beneath the clouds of a distant sky—
We are saved! for the Clansmen come."

A hush, like death, on the soldiers fell,
And their forms were still as stone;
But they only heard the foeman's yell,
Or a comrade's parting groan.
But still through the gloom the maiden strained
The glance of her kindling eye,
And she cried, while the iron tempest rained,
"We are saved, we are saved, they are nigh!"

As the trees of the forest bend and break
'Neath the hurricane's angry tread,
The ranks of the foemen reel and quake,
And the earth is piled with dead!
For a flashing sickle that never failed,
The claymore, sweeps around;
And the hopes of our British hearts are hailed
By the slogan's martial sound.

Oh! dear is home to the exile's eye,
And sleep to the weary frame;
But dearer far that gathering cry
O'er the surges of battle came;
And the eye of God, in that wild hour,
Saw many a temple there;
For many a babe, like a folded flower,
Was hushed by the lips of prayer!

S P R I N G .

It comes, sweet morning of the year,
To waken sleeping things—
It comes, to quicken and to cheer,
With healing on its wings.

I see it in the freshening grass,
 I feel it in the breeze :
 It glows among the clouds that pass ;
 It whispers in the trees.

A secret but a mighty power
 Thrills Nature's every vein,
 And there springeth here and there a flower
 In the glade, and on the plain.
 Again the pensive snowdrops
 Their gentle tidings bring,
 And lay on Nature's altar
 The first offerings of the Spring.

The crocus lifts its golden cup
 Above the dewy sod,
 As if it offered incense
 All-glowing to its God.
 The brook has burst its fetters,
 And is warbling o'er the plain,
 As if it sang the ecstasies
 Of liberty again.

The lark its soul is pouring out
 Beside the gates of morn,
 And the blackbird carols merrily
 From yonder aged thorn.
 There's a stir on every meadow,
 From every grove a voice,
 And in Nature's blessed accents
 They bid the heart rejoice.

Nor is it in the air alone,
 Nor on the teeming earth,
 Glad change is felt—for in the breast
 We hail a kindred birth.
 Like fountains opened by the sun,
 Old feelings gush anew,
 And the heart grows fresh and young again,
 Like a plant that drinks the dew.

Yet alas, there is a springtime
 That never more returns,
 When the cheek with ardour kindles,
 And the eye with rapture burns—
 When the freshness of a morning dream
 Is felt in all its power,
 Giving melody to every stream,
 And beauty to each flower.

We may not be as we have been,
 Nor feel as we have felt ;

For many an Idol lies in dust,
 Where once we fondly knelt.
 But shattered shrines and withered leaves
 Can holy lessons bring,
 And tell the heart that wisely grieves
 To wait for Heaven's own Spring.

THE GIPSY BOY.

Blithely sings the gipsy boy ;
 Care nor sorrow knoweth he.
 Blessings on thy brow of joy,
 And thy dark eye full of glee.

Bleak the blast, and murky midnight
 Soon shall fold the world in shade,
 Sheltering hedge, or ferny hillside,
 There thy lonely couch is made.

Heaven protect thee, houseless being ;
 Father, mother, hast thou none—
 None on earth to bid thee welcome ?
 None to claim thee for a son ?

Sister, brother, is there no one
 With a heart that beats for thine ?
 Stars of heaven, on such a lone one
 Seldom, seldom do ye shine.

Hark, again his song is ringing
 On the night-breeze, clear and shrill ;
 'Tis my faith that richer mortals
 Bear a heavier load of ill.

Heaven dispensest wealth of pleasure
 To the humblest of our kind ;
 One is poor with golden treasure,
 One is rich with peace of mind.

'Mid the blast an Arm upholds thee,
 In the dark an Eye surveys ;
 Brightly, kindly, still before thee,
 Burns a lamp in all thy ways.

He who feeds the wand'ring raven,
 Robes the lily of the field,
 His compassion is thy haven,
 His omnipotence thy shield.

Dews and rains at night may wet thee ;
 Churlish man may prove unkind ;
 Providence will ne'er forget thee,
 Tempering to thy strength the wind.

Take an alms—'tis freely given,
Which is donor, who can tell?
'Tis perchance the voice of heaven
Pleads, lone boy, in thee so well.

Mortals, in the days departed,
Angels unawares have fed;
Not in vain upon the waters
Cast their charitable bread.

Holy Writ proclaims it better
To bestow than to receive.
Homeless boy, I'm twice thy debtor,
For I both accept and give.

WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

We'll meet again upon that farther shore
Where breaks no billow, where no tempests roar,
Lulled by the pleasant voice of that bright main
With skies of blue for ever arching o'er,
We'll meet again.

They are not lost—they've only gone before,
Grief lies behind, and Home laments no more
 Her broken chain.
There, where new fields invite us to explore,
We'll meet again.

The vessel nears those green and sunny lands,
Hark to the voices, lo, the waving hands
 That bid us come.
They waft a welcome to their long-lost friends,
They call us to the place where trial ends,
And we poor wanderers find at last a home.
There, where there is no words for grief, or pain,
We've met, we've met, to part no more again.

S Y M P A T H Y.

I would not like to die in spring
When buds are on the tree;
When birds begin to prune the wing,
And flowers to paint the lea.

In summer-time I would not die,
When blossoms open fair,
When sunbeams wander through the sky,
And odours through the air.

When autumn leaves are falling fast,
Or wintry tempests rave,

'Tis then I'd wish to breathe my last
And find some peaceful grave.

That valley thro' whose starless gloom
The soul escapes to rest,—
Immortal victor of the tomb,
Companion of the blest.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

There's a glory in summer, a beauty in spring,
And the laverock the hymn of the morning will sing ;
But the magic of Nature is lost upon me,
For the raven-haired Flora has pride in her e'e.

I'm restless by day, and I'm sleepless by night—
The stream has no music, the sunbeam no light ;
I'm weary of life as a mortal can be,
For the raven-haired Flora has pride in her e'e.

I roam through the meadows at gloaming alone,
Musing sadly of pleasures all withered and gone ;
Death, often I think, would be welcome to me,
Since the raven-haired Flora has pride in her e'e.

But now, what a change has come over my dream,
Each flower has a grace, and a music each stream ;
All Nature is glory and beauty to me,
For my raven-haired lassie has love in her e'e.



JOHN G. KIDD

WAS born at New Galloway in 1857, and was educated at the Parochial School there. He became assistant to the post-master of New Galloway in 1872, and removed to Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1874. He early attempted to "rhyme his thoughts," and was wont to delight in making parodies on the songs sung at school. For a number of years he kept his productions rigidly in the dark, but of late he has frequently occupied the "Poet's Corner" in several newspapers. As a poet, Mr Kidd is reflective and

unpretending, and he is most successful and pleasing in his treatment of homely scenes.

MY AULD CLAY PIPE.

Your blackened stem proclaims to a'
Hoo weel smoked ye hae been,
To pairt wi' ye wad almost draw
The tear-drap frae my een.

But ah ! in life we'll never pairt,
Yer charms I'll ne'er forsake,
The ties that bind ye to my heart
Are far owre strong'to break.

In pensive hours your aid I seek
To soothe dull cankerin' care,
An' troubles borne upon your reek
Sune vanish in the air.

Your soothin' influence proves a balm
Far mair than words can tell,
An' peace and sweet contentment calm
Beneath your cloud doth dwell.

Of Fortune a' I ask on earth
Is sure a simple boon,
A guid gaun pipe, a hamely hearth,
A few choice freens aroon.

Then she 'mang fortune hunters may
Her choicest blessings share,
If threepence an' a seasoned clay
Are mine I ask nae mair.

MAN WASNA MADE TO MOURN.

Day's glorious orb was keekin' through amang the leafy trees,
An' sangs frae Nature's choir did blend wi' busy hummin' bees,
As sittin' musin' on man's life frae cradle to the urn,
I came to this conclusion he was never made to mourn.

I ken gey weel the path o' life is strewn wi' traps an' snares,
Wi' stingin' sorrows, numerous dools, an' soul depressin' cares,
But the glorious sun o' gospel truth to sky each cloud will turn,
Embrace the truth, ye'll see yersel' man wasna made to mourn.

'Twill lift your soul abune the dross o' warldly sin an' shame,
An' place ye on a rock abune the pinnacle o' fame,
Unfauld faith's bonnie banner, then ye'll see hope's beacon burn,
Expressin' in reality, man wasna made to mourn.

Our ancient predecessors the paths o' virtue trod,
 But we're degeneratin' an' waunerin' frae oor God,
 Observe the Covenanters, were they wretched or forlorn ?
 Na, despite o' papal tyranny, they werna made to mourn.

When I, a wee bit laddie, left my hame amang the hills,
 Its glens o' verdant beauty, an' its numerous ripplin' rills,
 Although frae schule-day comrades, an' freens, an' parents torn,
 Some spirit seemed to whisper man wasna made to mourn.

I've drained the dregs o' sorrow, seen friendship's bonds decay,
 The sweets an' bitters too o' life in monnie a varied way,
 But ilk cloud appears a vapour, an' ilk trouble easily borne,
 Since I've culled frae sage experience man wasna made to mourn.

Then rise ye minds sae gloomy, burst through the stringent yoke
 That binds ye to despondency the fetters sune are broke,
 Despise man's machinations or lauch their schemes to scorn,
 For depend on't we, by nature, were *never* made to mourn.



JAMES ROY NICOLSON

WAS born in Edinburgh in 1861. His parents were natives of Shetland. His father, who, though but a shoemaker, was a man of considerable "parts," and an earnest worker amongst the Wesleyan Methodists, died while the subject of our sketch was very young. The mother struggled well and nobly to bring up the three surviving children of a family of ten. Our poet was educated at Daniel Stewart's Institution, Edinburgh, which, before he left, became the Merchant Company's College, where he was a foundationer. Mr Nicolson is clerk in a first-class Edinburgh firm of accountants. He is a poet of much promise—the first poetical production that made him known being on the Sunderland Hall catastrophe—a poem of such deep and tender feeling as made it universally admired. It was widely

quoted by the press, and it is said that copies of it are to be found in almost every house in Newcastle and Sunderland. Mr Nicolson contributes to the *Detroit Free Press*, *Sunday Talk*, and other newspapers and magazines. He has a carefully tuned heart, and his songs possess clear tokens of the true lyrical ring, while his poems evince vigour and comprehensive thought and feeling.

WHEN WE SING.

Not in days which pass unnumber'd,
 Late love linger'd, long sweet slumber'd,
 Fled with pleasure unencumber'd
 On the wing ;
 Not till joys new flights are taking,
 And the heart, perchance, is breaking,
 Memory's sweet muse awaking—
 Then we sing.

Not when ravish'd of the roses
 Summer all its sweets discloses,
 But when there the soul reposes.
 Not again ;
 In the groves no longer shaded,
 Of the summer that was raided,
 Of the roses that are faded
 Sing we then.

If gay youth, with bright eyes beaming
 Full of pleasure, full of dreaming,
 Full of thought in chaos teeming,
 Tune the tongue :
 When young love has lost its mission,
 Life its first and fond ambition,
 Eden's tree its fair fruition—
 It is sung.

Love will sing, her joy atuning,
 Or will sigh, sweet sorrows crooning,
 When a-Maying or a-Juning,
 Gift adorned :—
 But the love-song, Oh abiding,
 Thrills from heart of woe-betiding,
 When a love, a fond life guiding,
 Lost is mourned.

And when life is later growing
 We will sing, with heart o'erflowing,

Of a child, and gather going
 Flow'rs and shells,
 All to weave with joy to guide us,
 Knowing nought can now divide us,
 For a little grave beside us
 Immortelles,

ON FINDING A SPRAY OF THYME IN AN OLD BOO

A leaf, a spray of thyme, and that is all,
 Not e'en a pencill'd jot of words a few,
 Or scratch of hasty pen,
 Which might, perchance, though but a hurried scraw ,
 Reveal some little tale, or point a clue
 To whom, or where, or when.

A little stiffen'd spray, discolour'd so
 With years, and clinging to the yellow page,
 And on the margin wide,
 Leaving the impress of a double row
 Of tiny buds and petals deep thro' age
 Upon the other side.

Buried, forgotten, pass'd to stranger hands
 By mankind's curt administrator, Fate—
 Exposed to foreign eyes.
 This little waif my trembling pen commands,
 And curiosity bids me debate
 The merits of my prize.

Was it a token from some distant land
 To mother fond, a sister, or a wife
 And cherish'd for a sake
 By one whose heart thro' lip, and eye, and hand,
 Was centred in that distant darling life
 With hope and fear awake?

Ah, spray ! and thou wert kiss'd and watch'd with care,
 And placed in this, perhaps, a favour'd book,
 By one who wept and sighed—
 Aye, watched as if a talisman were there,
 Or if a fate were balanced in a loo'k,
 Till loved and lover died !

Or wert thou culled by some fair, froward hand,
 In wanton frolic, 'neath a cloudless sky,
 To mark some trivial day
 On youthful mind, till o'er its virgin sand
 Rush'd waves of new-born pleasures full and high,
 And swept the trace away ?

Oh, little flower, from this thy blank of self,
 Whereon is stamp'd thy once resplendent form,
 Of life and sap a trace,
 I read a lesson which nor all the pelf
 Of lore could teach, nor pulpit storm,
 Nor theories efface.

Though brief thy bloom, thy fragrant hours but few,
 And all of life, but this, has passed away
 "To dim Oblivion's lair,"
 Yet this poor shadow leaves a trace more true
 Than will be found of e'en the memory
 Of one who placed thee there.

IN OTHER DAYS.

When lost the latest echo of the voices of our themings,
 And their music is as murmurs through the distance of the sea,
 When hueless all and crumbled is the fabric of our dreamings,
 Deft labour'd as of old in tapestry.

When past-forgetting Time has left the resting-place assigned us
 To care of brooding Silence, and in gloom of Nightland glades,
 Sought but of few; and to the rest, the busy word behind us,
 Entomb'd in long lost legend'ry of shades,

Oh, what of all our proudest worth shall there be found remain-ing,
 Fit trophy to a greatness on the pinnacle of thought?
 What spirit of a truth to haunt the home of Light unwaning,
 Self-mission'd from a sepulchre unsought.

And what shall be the monuments of Might of our uprearing,
 Which then may break the busy stream of life 'neath shadows thrown
 Where others stand; or be aloof 'mid desert land uncheering—
 Grey pyramids whose legends are unknown?

Oh shall there be a remnant of a thousand faiths conflicting?
 Or were a faith a phantasm of ignorance uncouth
 When, fled a thousand phantoms and their prophets false predicting,
 Shall be a reign of universal Truth?

BABY AND BANJO.

Ring thro' my heart—like melodies in childhood
 Heard but as broken intervals of song,
 Paus'd on a chord of sympathetic blending,
 Self enchantment tending to prolong.

Some simple, weird, reiterating cadence
 Borne on the ear, like murmurs of the sea,
 Oft thro' the distance ceasing, yet unbreaking,
 Dying still awaking harmony.

So ring the notes of artless little fingers
 Touching the strings I have tuned with patient care,
 O tiny hand with aimless method playing,
 Little fingers straying everywhere.

Touch ye at will the finer chords within me,
 Deem'd all unstrung, or broken long ago ;
 Ring thro' my heart which, ravished with the sweetness,
 Thrills with the completeness of its flow !



T. LEITH RETTIE,

EUTHOR of a large and beautiful volume entitled "Plays and Poems," was born at Old Aberdeen in 1854. His father was a farmer at Kinellar, Aberdeen, but was driven from his holding some thirty years ago to the town, where he supported a large family as a grazier. Our poet was educated up to his tenth year at Woodside, and was thereafter apprenticed as a clerk. His father died soon after this, and thus Mr Rettie had to begin at an early age the real battle of life. From an apprentice to the same firm of flour merchants, he has stepped upward to the post he now holds—that of cashier. He is passionately fond of poetry, more particularly the poetic drama, and all his spare moments are ardently devoted to the Muses.

The two dramatic pieces in "Plays and Poems" show a mind guided by intellectual power and a pleasing union of the ideal and the true. They are altogether fresh and powerful representations. Mr Rettie's poetry is largely reflective, with an occasional inclination towards pensiveness. His sonnets

are fine settings, and contain graceful touches of imagination and fancy, while all his productions possess a quiet grace as well as a melodious cadence.

O O R A I N H E A R T H S T A N E.

Anang Life's joys there's nane sae sweet,
 When oor day's wark is dane,
 Than see oor bairnies todlin' first
 Aroon' oor ain hearthstane.
 Tho' some hae a', there's nane sae braw .
 As he wha is content—
 A wifie's smile to care beguile,
 An' naething to repent.

Oot in the warl the face is fause,
 An' fauser is the he'rt ;
 A man's nae safe to be himself',
 But only play his pairt :
 But roon' oor ain hearthstane we ken
 We dearly lo'e the oor,
 When we can tear the mask we wear,
 An' be the leal an' truer.

Amang the silk an' jewelled thrang
 There is nae he'rt ava,
 An' a' their diamonds are but stanes,
 Though they them jewels ca' ;
 But we hae gems in a' oor hames,
 Aye leal, aye true, an' braw,
 An' some great ane wid gie her een
 To hae them in her ha'.

An' when we totter doon the vale,
 Ae joy is best o' a',
 To see oor fireside floo'ries grow,
 An' see them sweetly blaw.
 An' when is seen the lang milestane,
 An' life nae mair is green,
 We'll leave its joys like weel-played toys
 Aroun' oor ain hearthstane.

F O R G O T T E N.

When other voices charm mine ears,
 And sing so soft to me,
 Why are mine eyes so dim with tears?
 Is it because my spirit fears
 He is forgetting me.

At dewy eve, when Nature sleeps,
 Sweet emblems then I see';
 For love upon the night-wind creeps,
 And in the dews it softly weeps,
 But never comes to me !

Deep in my heart the secret lies—
 I dare not give it breath ;
 For ah ! I see when love doth rise,
 It sometimes like an echo dies
 Away to bitter death !

The future, which I painted fair,
 With all the shapes of joy,
 Is filled with shadows of despair ;
 The roses turn to viewless air,
 The gold to dark alloy !

If all its voice must be a sigh,
 I'll clasp Hope's lonely leaf,
 And let the blighted blossom die,
 To fold its loveless leaves, that I
 May be the bride of grief !

SONG OF SILENCE.

Soul of silence ! gently hover,
 Breathe from heaven thy blessed balm ;
 Let all strife and toil be over,
 Usher in the hour of calm.
 Human hearts are tir'd of jarring—
 Longing for the dawn of rest ;
 Man with man now weary warring,
 Waits for thee, ethereal guest !

When the star of eve is peeping
 From its chamber in the sky ;
 When the wind-rock'd flowers are sleeping,
 Then we feel thy spirit nigh.
 In thy spell love breaks its fetter,
 Soothing soft hearts blend to bliss ;
 In the round of joy, no better
 Yet exceeds the sum of this !

When the tear of love is starting,
 And soft ties are cut in twain,
 Thou can'st ease the pang of parting,
 And can'st soothe when words give pain.
 O'er the shaded hearth thou stealest ;
 Sadly fill'st the vacant chair ;
 Yet the heart thou gently healest,
 And embalm'st the sorrow there.

And when spiteful words are spoken
 To the patient, upright heart ;
 E'en when Love's last stay is broken,
 Silence ! thou canst ease the dart.
 Silence ! thou art sweet in season—
 Sentinel of eye and heart—
 Ripened by the sun of reason,
 What a gracious gem thou art !

When the lamp of life burns lowly
 Through the watches of the night,
 Thou dost trim it soft and slowly,
 With a beam of morning light.
 When its light is falt'ring faintly,
 Like a starbeam through the gloom,
 Hush all strife ; supreme and saintly
 Write thy name upon our tomb.

SCHILLER'S LAST WORDS.

The dying lyrist who, in final notes,
 Breathed " calmer," " calmer," from his heaven-strung harp,
 Still strikes a chord to men full clear and sharp—
 A milder keynote to their hurrying thoughts,
 As they, poor pilgrims to the gilded goals,
 Lured by the bright aurora, quicken pace
 To find when victors, they have run their race,
 And over Life the wheel of lucre rolls.
 Poor palmer's peace !—and breathe a calmer pause,
 To look among God's sisterhood of stars—
 Each shines for all—all knit by loving laws.
 Then, why not ye ? Think ye their music jars ?
 Ye are beguiled : there is no jar above,
 But calmest cadence from the lyre of Love !



GEORGE DUTHIE,

WRITER of a number of excellent sketches of Forfar and Kincardineshire poets, and author of several very spirited lyrics, was born in the parish of Glenbervie, Kincardineshire, in 1804. His education was obtained at such schools as were accessible to poor "cottar bairns" fourscore years ago. Hav-

ing learned the shoemaking business, he removed to Fettercairn and subsequently to St Cyrus, where he resided for a number of years. After this we find him filling the situation of shoemaker to the Royal Lunatic Asylum, Dundee. He occupied this office for twenty-five years, and only retired a few months before his death, which took place in January, 1884. He was the bosom crony of Alexander Laing, author of "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar," and was intimate with most of the literary men of Angus and Mearns. His love for literature "contributed to kittle up his fancy," which found expression and embodiment in rhymes and sketches contributed to the newspapers and periodicals of the district. Mr Duthie edited the poems of George Menzies, the Kincardineshire gardener and schoolmaster poet, published at Montrose in 1854, and also wrote the account of Menzies' life. Mr Duthie's productions are pervaded by genial sentiment and patriotic fervour.

THE STANDARD STONE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Revered memorial of the day
 That fixed my country's place and power !
 Nor time, nor change can waste away
 The splendour of that glorious hour—
 Magnificently grand—alone—
 Thou sacred, thou immortal stone.

Thrice dearer to my grateful heart
 Than richest gem, than purest gold,
 Than all the wealth of earth thou art,
 Or aught that Nature can unfold—
 For thou art Freedom's glorious throne,
 Thou sacred, thou immortal stone !

Fixed in thy bosom firm as fate
 My country's standard blazed on high ;
 Supported by the brave—the great—
 Resolved to conquer or to die—
 O'er thee the god of victory shone,
 Thou sacred, thou immortal stone.

No pompous "field of cloth of gold,"
 Nor peaceful pageant made it rise ;
 'Twas Freedom's self its folds unrolled,
 And flushed its tenors on the skies—
 Eternal liberty was won
 For Scotland round thee, sacred stone !

Undying honour to the brave
 That slumber round thee, sacred stone ;
 Earth can afford no nobler grave
 Than this, or glorious Marathon—
 For here, as there, the tyrant's chain
 Was shivered ne'er to join again.

THE BONNIE LASS O' BROUGHTY FERRY.

There's something birrin' through my head,
 An' 'bout my heart's a hurly-burly ;
 At times I think I'm halfins dead,
 An' whiles I laugh, an' whiles I'm surly.
 I watna how to gie't a name,
 That's pat me i' this fev'rish flurry ;
 But gin't be love, she's a' the blaine,
 The bonnie lass o' Broughty Ferry.

She's a' that's winsome, sweet, an' young,
 What need I say ! words canna prize her—
 But yet I canna haud my tongue,
 An' when I speak its aye to praise her.
 I think upon her a' the day,
 An' a' the nicht I dream about her ;
 My paughty kin may taunt's they may,
 I canna, winna, live without her.

I hae a mailin o' my ain,
 'Twas left me by my luckie daddy,
 Wi' cozy house baith but an' ben,
 Sae I'm a laird, and she's be lady.
 My father cries she'll spend my gear,
 My mither ca's her senseless fairy ;
 But lat them banter, snag, an' sneer,
 She's mine, the lass o' Broughty Ferry.

THE MEARNS BONNIE LASSES.

Fair maids I've seen in Aberdeen,
 An' strappin' queans in Angus ;
 An' gaudy dames, frae distant hames,
 Ha'e proudly kythed amang us ;
 Tho' richly fair they'll ne'er compare
 Wi' beauty that surpasses—

The charmin' smile, the artless wile,
O' Mearns' bonnie lasses.

An' Mearns' men, frae hill an' glen,
Sae famed for noble darin',
In ilka land's a brither band,
In weal an' wae aye sharin';
Nor wastin' time, nor distant clime,
Tho' warldly care harasses,
Can change or chill true hearts that wil
Aye lo'e the Mearns lasses.

O ! wha can tyne the dear langsyne
O' childhood fresh an' rosy?
Or cauldly name his father's hame,
Sae couthy, calm, an' cosy?
The bowery yard—the gowany sward—
The balmy breeze that passes
O'er heather bloom, an' gowden broom,
Whare live the Mearns lasses—

My native streams, in music dreams,
Sae gently o'er me stealin',
Can wake the cells where memory dwells,
The dear lo'ed scenes revealin'—
The mountain gray—the hazly brae—
The dusky dale o' rashes—
The tufted knowes—the ferny howes,
Whare stray the Mearns lasses.

Tho' now awa frae father's ha',
Or mither's cot sae lowly,
The glowin' heart can never part
Wi' scenes sae pure an' holy,
Nor e'er forget true friends we've met—
Sae brithers fill your glasses,
An' pledge in wine oor maids divine—
The Mearns' bonnie lasses.

THE GATHERING OF THE MEN OF THE MEARNS.

Gather, gather, gather,
Brave sons o' the mist an' the heather,
A' plaided wi' bonnet an' feather—
Gather, men o' the Mearns.

Frae hills, where the sang o' the gor cock is ringin',
Frae hills, where the clear gushin' fountain is springin',
Frae hills, that the eagle an' raven are wingin'—
Gather, men o' the Mearns.

Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Frae banks o' the Dye, the Feugh, an' the silver Dee,
Swift as the wind to your bold mountain minstrelsy ;
Shoulder to shoulder, in glory an' Highland glee—

Gather, men o' the Mearns.

Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Frae mairland, an' fell, where the Carron and Cowie rin ;
Glens, where the Bervie brawls doon wi' an' angry din,
Foamin' an' flashin' o'er cliff an' rocky linn—

Gather, men o' the Mearns.

Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Come frae the Strath, where the Luther sae silent flows ;
Braes, where Strafin'la his dark mountain shadow throws
Far down the flow'ry dales, glowin' in sweet repose—

Gather, men o' the Mearns.

Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Come frae the banks o' the Esk, noble river !
(Beauty an' brav'ry shall fade frae them never)
Come wi' the ringin' cheer "Mearns forever"—

Gather, men o' the Mearns.

Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Come frae the bloomin' plain, meadow, an' ocean shore ;
Come frae the fairy howes, rose sprent an' daisied o'er ;
Come, as your fathers came, proudly in days of yore—

Gather, men o' the Mearns.

Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Come frae the castle, the cot, an' the clachan ;
Come, ilka gallant lad, wrapt in his rauchan ;
Come, ilka bonnie lass, cheerie an' laughin'—

To dance wi' the men o' the Mearns.

Gather, gather, gather,

Brave sons o' the mist an' the heather,

A' plaided wi' bonnet an' feather,

Gather, men o' the Mearns.



WILLIAM DICKSON

WS the much respected and esteemed author of the well-known and ever popular hymn, "Childhood's Years," which, like the "Happy Land," by Andrew Young, noticed in our first series, has been

sung in Churches and Sabbath Schools throughout the world for the last forty years. Mr Dickson was born in Edinburgh in 1817. He was educated under "Lennie the Grammarian," at private schools, at the High School under Dr Carson, and at the University of Edinburgh, where, at the age of fourteen, he gained the prize for translating a book of Homer into English verse. In earlier life he contributed occasionally in prose and verse to several magazines, but for many years his productions have been chiefly hymns. He has for thirty-four years edited with much tact and ability the *Children's Record* of the Free Church of Scotland, to which, during all that period, he has annually contributed a New Year's hymn. His writings in verse have been uniformly anonymous, with the single exception of "Childhood's Years," which was written for his Sabbath classes in 1842.

Mr Dickson is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and he has travelled extensively in Palestine and other lands, as well as over nearly the whole of Europe. During most of his life he has been senior partner in one of the oldest wholesale business firms in Edinburgh. He occupies, in the Free Church, the responsible position of Convener of the "Committee on Sabbath Schools and the Young," and takes a warm and substantial interest in every work having in view the welfare of the citizens. All his compositions are redolent of true Christian feeling, and they are clearly the conceptions of a devout mind, and a warm and tender heart.

"LIKE LARK IN SUMMER MORNING."

Like lark in summer morning,
That wakes to soar and sing,
To thee, O God, returning,
Our early praise we bring !
The lily gets its raiment,
The raven still is fed,—

And we, too, give no payment,
Yet we have daily bread.

How sweet our childhood's dawning,
But for that cloud of sin !
We need the blood atoning,
We need the change within :
To learn that "old, old story,"—
To learn it from above,—
Of "Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love."

O Christ, the Rose of Sharon,
O Morning Star, arise,
Thou pearl beyond comparing,
To make the simple wise !
Then nought on earth shall sever
Our hearts from love and thee,
And in thy house for ever
Our dwelling-place shall be.

N E W Y E A R ' S H Y M N .

Lord of life, and light, and blessing,
Spared another year to see,
Let its early mercies mingle
With our early song to Thee !

Every brother, come and help us,—
Every sister, come and sing
Praise for all the loving-kindness
Of our Saviour and our King.

While our hearts are young and tender,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee !
Thine in lowly self-surrender
May they now and ever be.

While the morning light is shining,—
Ere our childhood's years be gone,
While in health, and hope, and brightness,
Make and mark us for Thine own.

Day by day thy care and kindness
For our loving service call ;—
Yet how little have we loved Thee,
Jesus, giver of them all !

Waiting still the lambs to gather
By thy tender shepherd-hand,
Bless and bear us in Thy bosom,
Onward to the better land.

“OTHERS.”

Let me love and care for others,
 And not for myself alone ;
 Let me not be mean or selfish,
 Always looking to my own ;
 When a schoolmate has been losing,
 And his face is dull and sad,
 Let me try to make it brighter,—
 Let me try to make him glad.

If a little one is crying
 For a penny she has lost,
 Won't another, if I have it,
 Dry her tears at little cost ?
 If a boy, in rags and hunger,
 Has not where to lay his head,
 I can surely show him kindness,
 If I cannot give him bread !

If a tiny tot has tumbled,
 And has got a broken face,
 Let me kindly stop and lift him,
 And kiss the broken place :
 For though they be not mother's,
 Even baby-boy allows
 There's no better thing than kisses,
 For mending broken brows !

“FOLLOW ME.”

Pilgrim ! when flesh and heart are like to fail,
 Remember Him who lives within the veil ;
 'Tis one who trod thy thorny path before,
 Who will not fail thee till thy toils are o'er :
 Whose voice of love was heard in Galilee,
 Who now is gently calling, Follow me !

Say, does the world its cunning lures employ,
 To steal away thy higher hope and joy ?
 'Tis one who Satan's bribe remembers well,
 Who oft was tried like thee, but never fell ;
 In all thy frailty who can feel for thee,—
 'Tis He who gently calleth, Follow me !

Say, does he bid thee bear and suffer long,
 No wrong respite, though oft entreated wrong ?
 'Tis one who meek before his mockers stood,
 Dumb as a lamb when brought to shed its blood ;
 Who bore a cross of agony for thee,—
 The Prince of Peace, who calleth, Follow me !

Say, does he bid thee humble, lowly be ?
 'Tis one who in a manger lay for thee ;
 Whose friends were fishermen, and thorns his crown,
 A reed his sceptre, and a cross his throne ;
 Who died on earth to purchase heaven for thee,—
 'Tis he who gently calleth, Follow me !

Say, dost thou mourn some dear companion gone,
 Or o'er some loved, yet unbelieving one ?
 'Tis he who wept with Mary at the grave,
 'Tis he who wept for souls he came to save ;
 Who when by thee forgot, remembered thee,—
 'Tis He who gently calleth, Follow me !

Believe, and fear not, O deserted soul,
 When clouds of wrath around thee seem to roll,
 Thou hast an Advocate before the throne,
 Who trod the wine-press of that wrath alone ;
 Who was forsaken by his God for thee,—
 'Tis He who gently calleth, Follow me

O weary Pilgrim ! faint not in the way :
 The day shall break, the shadows flee away ;
 Soon to the pleasant land thy feet shall come,—
 Still pitch thy tent “a day's march nearer home ;”
 Here thine the cross, but there the crown shall be,
 With Him who now is calling, Follow me !



ALEX. E. THOMSON

WAS born at Netherton, near Brechin, in 1864, and spent his early years at Finhavon, in the same district. On the family removing to Brechin, Alexander found employment in one of the factories, but the confinement soon told on a constitution not naturally robust, and he was compelled to leave. Possessing the eye of an artist, in addition to the heart of a poet, he has of late devoted his time to the sister art of painting, and it is quite evident that he can *utter* poetry with the brush as well as with the pen. His poems and songs in the columns

of the local and district press show simplicity and directness of purpose and a warm and intelligent love of nature.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' NORAN.

I'm weary o' the city's smoke,
The bustle and the noise ;
I'm weary o' its pride and show,
And artificial joys.
I'm longing for the broomy knowes
And fields o' waving corn,
Where fragrance-laden breezes blaw
Alang the banks o' Noran.

There bright the purple heather waves
The lane hillsides alang,
And bonnie glints the sparkling burn
The heights and howes amang ;
And beauty meets the raptured e'e,
An' smiles at ilka turn ;
Aye nature seems in pleasant mood
Alang the banks o' Noran.

There proud St Arnold rears his head,
Presiding o'er the scene,
Glen Ogil's bonnie hauchs and howes,
And fields and woodlands green.
And feathered warblers rouse the glen
Ilk blythesome summer morn ;
While far an' near the echoes ring
Alang the banks o' Noran.

There's melody in ilka bush
And ilka tree around ;
'Mang peacefu' scenes like these are a'
Life's purest pleasures found.
And there my heart aye takes its flight,
On summer breezes borne,
When Nature cleeds in regal robes
The bonnie banks o' Noran.

MY SAILOR LAD.

By the lone sea-shore I'm straying,
While the gloamin' shadows fa',
And I'm gazing o'er the ocean,
But my thoughts are far awa' ;
My thoughts are wi' my sailor lad,
Sae far across the sea,
And I'm countin' a' the weary days
Till he comes hame to me.

The fiery sun has sunk to rest,
 And now his lingering rays
 Are melting all their transient glow
 In gloamin's misty haze.
 But oh, the lowe o' love that's true
 Shines aye sae clear and bright ;
 The misty haze o' time, I trow,
 Can never dull its light.

Twa towmonts noo hae sped their course
 Since last we parted here ;
 And, oh, to gang cost mony a pang,
 And mony a bitter tear.
 But still his brave and manly form
 In fancy aye I see,
 And his voice seems ever mingling with
 The moaning of the sea.

And when the stormy winds blow loud,
 And o'er the ocean rave,
 When many a weary mariner
 May find a watery grave,
 Then sad thoughts oft unbidden rise,
 And fill my heart with pain ;
 I ne'er may see my sailor lad,
 Nor hear his voice again.

But when the sun blinks blythely thro',
 It dries up ilka tear ;
 The gentle breeze seems whispering then,
 O, lassie, hae nae fear.
 The gallant ship is hameward bound,
 And bravely breasts the faem,
 And I will fill the spreading sails,
 And waft him safely hame.

Then joy rekindles in my breast,—
 O, why should I be sad ?
 For soon wi' joy I'll meet again
 My gallant sailor lad.
 And, hark ! a secret I will tell—
 A secret few can ken—
 I'll be his happy wedded wife
 Afore he sails again.



JAMES MACDONALD,

WHOMO, although born in 1810 at Laurencekirk, is still hale and hearty, and continues to manifest his taste for "the pleasures of literature." His father died ere the son was conscious of his existence, and as his mother, so soon as he was able "to stand on his own legs," went to service, he was transferred to the care of his maternal grandfather, who lived in the parish of Fettercairn. Here he passed the years of his boyhood, and learned the business of shoemaking in that village. Here, also, he became acquainted with Alexander Laing, the author of "Wayside Flowers," and George Duthie, noticed on page 345. With the view of qualifying himself for the calling of a messenger-at-arms, and ultimately a higher position in the legal profession, he spent three years in the office of the Procurator Fiscal at Stonehaven. He was afterwards employed in the office of the Sheriff Clerk of Forfarshire, and latterly became messenger-at-arms in Dundee, where, with the exception of a few years, when he was tempted to try farming near Fettercairn, he has officiated for upwards of fifty-two years. Although the duties pertaining to this office might be considered rather prosaic and unpoetical (sheriff-officers being, as a rule, *tabooed gentry*), we have already given more than one example of sterling poets being members of the profession. Mr Macdonald, during the long period of fifty years, has contributed to the press numerous graphic prose sketches of life and character, as well as occasional pleasing songs, showing that he possesses both the narrative and the lyrical gift.

LIFE A VAPOUR.

A little cloud, radiant and rosy in hue,
Came sailing along on the bright blue air;

And aye as it glided away it grew
More radiant, and ruddy, and rosy, and fair.

It arose in the West, and came gaily on,
By the balmy breath of the zephyr borne ;
And, O, it was lovely to look upon,
As it went on its way to the portals of morn !

O'er the blue o'cean's bosom the bright summer sun
Was rising to smile on the green earth again,
And the light, lovely thing floated gracefully on
Till absorbed in the glory it hasted to gain.

Fair emblem of one of earth's loveliest things—
A young heir of heaven, a trophy of grace,
Rising up from this valley of tears on the wings
Of faith to a holier, happier place.

One such I once knew, and her memory is dear
As the sunshine of hope to the heart of despair :
She came—like the first little flower of the year—
Shedding joy o'er the landscape, and sweet'ning
the air.

She came—and a beautiful cherub was she,
And her life was a bright summer morning of love ;
But she bade us farewell ! and departed to be
A companion to angels in glory above.

S O N G.

AIR.—“ My lodging is on the cold ground.”

O ! sweet is the licht o' the mune an' stars,
And fair is the face o' the morn,
And cheerfu' the smile that nature wears
When her summer flowers are born.
And gladsome the glow o' the western skies
When the sun gilds the clouds of even ;
And the greenwood's gloamin' melodies
Seem strains from the bowers o' heaven.

But the blythe blinks o' love in my ain lassie's e'e,
And the smile that lights up her fair brow,
As she meets me at e'en by our trystin' tree,
Mair gladsome to me are, I trow.
And the words o' affection she whispers sae low,
As she leans her warm cheek to my ain,
Are sweeter by far than the liquid flow
Of music's most meltin' strain,

JAMES STRANG

JS fairly entitled to rank among our modern singers. He is the author of many excellent tales and thoughtful essays, contributed to several of the leading magazines, and a number of his tender and natural poetical sketches and poems bearing his signature have lately appeared in *Life and Work*; but almost the whole of his literary work has been, and is, published anonymously. It is perhaps as a song writer that he is seen at his best. His lyrics are graceful and flowing, and rich in that subtle charm which makes a song. Mr Strang was born at Ayr. His father was a much respected merchant in the "Auld Toon," but died when the subject of our sketch was only a few years old. The father was also a writer of verse, but never published, although often urged to do so; and our author, who has inherited much of his father's poetic spirit, to which he has added a delicate and cultured prose style, has not yet consented to collect his numerous contributions to the periodicals and magazines, and prepare them for publication.

Shortly after the death of his father, the family removed to Alexandria, in the Vale of Leven, to which his mother's family belongs, and where our poet now resides. He received his education at Dalmonach School and in Dumbarton Academy, and during his attendance at the latter he first began to publish verses. Even then these were cordially accepted by the editors of the local press. At this period, also, he was successful in gaining a prize for the best essay on "Burns as a poet and a Man." On leaving school he entered the employment of the well-known firm of Messrs J. & W. Campbell, Glasgow. He remained here for about ten years, and as his duties admitted of much spare time,

he wrote numerous beautiful pieces, which appeared in *Chambers' Journal*, and several of the more important magazines published in London, bearing only the signature of "J. S." He has not now leisure time, but almost weekly the printer receives some contribution in prose or verse from his pen. Mr Strang has a quick and reverent perception of the charms of nature. He has in many a graphic tale and pleasantly-flowing line depicted the beauties of the country round "Bonnie Doon," and the scenes so rich in song and story in the neighbourhood of his birthplace. Mr Strang has travelled largely at home and abroad, and he has made good use of his experiences. His productions are wholly free from affectation. They are the genuine expression of real feeling corresponding with his warm emotions, and so obviously sincere in an age of too much pretence and unreality as to make them refreshing and pleasing in no common degree.

IN THE GLEN.

Here in the glen, among the ferns,
 With careless limbs I lie,
 And through the branches watch the clouds
 Slow-sailing o'er the sky.

The cooing of the cushats comes
 From out the shadowed firs,
 And underneath the bracken-fronds
 The rabbit softly stirs.

The tinkle of the hidden stream
 Falls faintly on the ear,
 The cuckoo's mellow double note
 Floats over, far or near.

White star-worts glimmer through the green,
 The wind-flowers haunt the shade,
 And bright as heav'n the blue-bells shine
 Along the sun-lit glade.

The nameless calm of nature's touch
 Falls gently on me now,
 Like some cool hand of love that lies
 Upon a fevered brow;

And through my spirit steals the soul
 That fills the solitude,
 The wondrous presence that we feel
 In sea and sky and wood.

O hidden life we scarce can name—
 We feel but may not know,
 That moves in all the stars that flame,
 In all the winds that blow,

Strike through my being now and wake
 New life within my heart,
 Breathe low as to a little child,
 And tell me what thou art.

DREAMING OF THEE.

(*By permission of the Proprietors of "Quiz."*)

When through the rolling mists of night,
 The purple mountains slowly fade,
 When all the roaming winds of day
 In night's calm breast to rest are laid,
 Thy hand in mine again I hold,
 Thy loving face I seem to see,
 And in the happy gloaming hour,
 I dream of thee, I dream of thee.
 Dreaming of thee, dreaming of thee,
 Nearer and dearer than life is to me,
 Still art thou with me wherever I be,
 Dreaming of thee, love, dreaming of thee

When at the dawning of the day
 The winds of morning lightly wake,
 And down the glowing mountain-sides
 The shafts of sunlight swiftly shake ;
 Then, then again thy loving voice
 Comes calling softly o'er the sea,
 And in the happy morning-tide
 I dream of thee, I dream of thee.
 Dreaming of thee, dreaming of thee, etc.

"ONE SOWETH AND ANOTHER REAPETH."

Oh I have sown with lavish hand
 Unceasing in the world's wide fields,
 And yet the hard and barren land
 No rich response of harvest yields.

And I am weary with the pain
 Of patient watching, and I fear
 My scattered store of golden grain
 Will never spring to blade and ear.

And yet, who knows ? at last, though late,
The kindly rain and sun may bring
To other eyes that watch and wait
Sweet tokens of a blessed Spring.

When we who toiled no longer keep
Our mortal watch on fields below,
Glad hearts and joyous hands may reap
The fruit of seed they did not sow.

Oh weary brother, who hast sown
Thy seed with daily tears and toil,
And dreamest that no grain has grown,
But died in darkness in the soil ;

My brother, still at morning sow,
Nor in the evening stay thy hand,
Thou dost thy Father's work, and lo !
Hereafter—thou shalt understand.

L O V E.

Not in the passionate days of June,
Not in the glow of the surging noon
When days are lightest and longest,
Does love rise up with its fiercest fires
And flush and flame in its wild desires,
And hearts beat fullest and strongest.

But here in the still autumnal night,
Wrapt in the mists and its magic light,
My heart is stirred to its centre ;
And love, love, love is in ev'ry vein,
The seal of joy, and the pledge of pain,
And what of the earth can enter ?

Ah me, I have raised to languid lips
The wine of love and a hundred slips
Have dashed it down ere I tasted,
But here to-night I will take the cup,
And drink it deep till I drain it up,
Not one drop shall be wasted.

Oh, dear dark eyes I look into you,
Whose love is flashing as bright and true
As dawn in the morning breaking.
Oh heart of hearts your passionate heat,
Your answering throb's tumultuous beat,
My own dull heart is shaking.

Oh, kiss me love for to-night is ours,
And who shall say if the flying hours
Shall leave us aught on the morrow ?

No joy on earth is a joy like this,
 The first sweet pressure of love's first kiss
 That knoweth not sigh nor sorrow.

I know thee pure, and I hold thee good,
 The sweetest flower of maidenhood
 That ever bloomed in its growing ;
 I toss the treasures of earth aside,
 The crown of learning, the prize of pride,
 For love is but worth the knowing.

LIFE PICTURES.

A baby girl on mother's knee,
 With heaven's own azure in her eyes,
 Who prattles in her infant glee
 And knows not yet the sound of sighs.

A little lass that singing goes
 Adown the narrow village street,
 As free as any wind that blows,
 With merry laugh and dancing feet.

A maiden singing in the choir,
 With modest eyes and face demure,
 Unvexed by any vain desire,
 Because her simple heart is pure.

A woman waiting by the wood,
 With soul as white and chaste as snow,—
 The fairest flower of maidenhood
 Of all that in God's garden blow.

A mother weeping o'er the child
 Whose father never saw its face ;
 Oh, weary eyes so wan and wild !
 Oh, heart quick breaking with disgrace !

A wand'rer in the cruel town,
 Whose face as any dead is white,
 Whose womanhood has lost its crown,
 Who haunts the shadows of the night.

A woman's wild, despairing scream,
 A burden on the river's breast
 Borne seaward on the swirling stream—
 No more—God only knows the rest.



THOMAS YOUNG,

ELMOSt the last of the genial contributors to "Whistle-Binkie," was born in Dundee in 1806. His father was a corn merchant there, but although at one time in affluent circumstances, he met with business reverses, the result of cautionary obligations, by which the family were brought to ruin. After serving five years in a solicitor's office, our poet removed to Edinburgh, and in course of time got an appointment in the Sasines Department of the Register House. Here he remained for thirty-four years, much esteemed by all. About a year ago Mr Young obtained a retiring allowance, and he is now spending the evening of his days at Tayport. Mr Young is a true Scot in thought and feeling. His poetry exhibits a cultured taste and pleasing fancy, with considerable powers of description. He first contributed a poem to a local newspaper at the age of seventeen, and two of his productions have a place in "Whistle-Binkie." In 1845 he published a small volume of his collected pieces, a second edition of which was issued in 1853. Both of these have been long out of print, but he has at present a third edition in the press, with recent verses—the fruits of his later years.

STAR OF THE EVENING.

Star of the lover's dream !
 Star of the gloaming !
 How sweetly blinks thy beam,
 When fond ones are roaming !
 Pure in the heavens blue
 Like crystal gem lightly ;
 When comes the even's hue
 Thou shonest forth brightly.

 Know'st thou of toil and care,
 Sorrow and anguish ;
 Bosoms left cold and bare,
 Lonely to languish ?

Has misery's bitter blast
 Crush'd every flower,
 O'er which thy young heart cast
 Hope's sunny shower ?

Has blighted affection
 E'er sear'd thy fond heart,
 While sad recollection
 Could never depart ?
 Star of the even mild,
 I invoke thee in vain ?
 Useless my wish and wild,
 Thou speak'st not again.

Other eyes will gaze on thee
 When I cease to be ;
 True hearts walk beneath thee,
 When I cannot see.
 Thy beams shine as clearly
 On ocean's cold breast,
 When the heart that lov'd dearly
 Is hush'd into rest.

GLENORCHY.

O wild singing spirit of Glenorchy's lone vale,
 Why ceased is thy music, why gone is thy tale ?
 Has thy bard sunk to slumber with those who are gone,
 That I hear not his harp, with heart-stirring tone ?
 Round the towers of Kilchurn thy murmur sweeps low,
 But 'tis lost in the lake of Glenorchy's loud flow ;
 Thy name and existence they flit fast away,
 And thy bard and his numbers have gone to decay.

Has no minstrel e'er given thy praises to fame ?
 Are thy scenes doom'd to die, with thy perishing name ?
 Are those haunts doom'd to fade, like the quick-passing flower
 That blooms into beauty and dies in an hour ?
 From thy cloud on the mountain I hear thee reply :—
 “ Many bards have I had in the ages gone by ;
 But the Sassenach liked not our wild Highland strain,
 And the Gael's native music was wasted in vain.”

But yet on thy lonely braes, thrilling afar
 The soft notes of love, and the loud tones of war,
 By thy shepherds awaken'd, may still there be heard,
 Re-echoing sweetly, tones of thy bard.
 And often, when o'er Ben Cruachan in light
 The moon sheds her silvery rays on the night,
 She sees her attendant stars shine in the deep
 Of thy long inland waters, as softly they sleep.

And she hears through the silence of ages gone past,
 The echoes of harps chiming lone on the blast ;
 They speak of the glory that's faded away,
 And mournful's the sound of their lingering lay,
 When the thick falling dews seem'd to swell the bright stream,
 And the waterfall tinkled beneath the moonbeam,
 When the long summer nights seemed still longer to stay,
 And the glory of evening was brighter than day.

Then the fairies in splendid array would advance,
 As they glided along in their wild mystic dance,
 And the music of spirits by mortals unseen
 Sounded sweet with their mirth as they danced on the green.
 But the music has ceased, and the fairies are gone,
 And the scene only mourns in its beauty alone ;
 Neglect with her shadow now closes it o'er,
 And the haunts once so loved will be cherished no more.



DAVID BURNS

WAS born at Montrose in 1848, of a family which came from Kincardineshire, and claimed kin with Robert Burns. He served an apprenticeship to the law, but ultimately studied in Edinburgh for the United Presbyterian Church. After a six years' pastorate in Linlithgow, he was called to Aberdeen, where he successfully ministers to a very attached congregation. Both in Professor Blackie's and Professor Masson's Class Mr Burns was prizeman in poetry. Several of his earliest productions, both in poetry and prose, appeared in the *People's Friend* and the *People's Journal*, and little poems and hymns from his pen frequently grace the pages of the *Children's Magazine* of the U.P. Church. These give evidence of an ear attuned to harmonious numbers, a heart full of winning gentleness, and a spirit imbued with true and fervent piety.

THE STREAM.

O burnie, clear and siller-bricht,
 That hiest on by day and nicht,
 Here on thy banks I muse and say,
 Where from, and whither is thy way?

“Out of the black scaur’s lap I leapt ;
 Through flowers and furze I hither crept ;
 And saftly on my breist there lies
 The bonnie wraith of yon blue skies.

So, with a bairnie’s lichtsome care,
 I run still on—I kenna where,
 Sure He, who cried me from the stane,
 Will wear me that I wander nane.”

ON THE BEACH.

A little toddling carlie,
 And his wee wooden spade,
 A tower grand of yellow sand
 Upon the sea-shore made.

The chieftain from his castle
 The nearing wave defied :
 ‘O sea, come on ! I’d stand alone
 Amid your circling tide.’

With pride he sees the water
 Search round the walls in vain ;
 With spadefuls quick he plasters thick,
 And waits th’ assault again.

The sturdy little carlie,
 His wooden spade in hand,
 With aspect brave beholds the wave
 Sweep by his tower of sand.

He feels the castle crumbling,
 He sees the waters rise ;
 A lurching slip, a desperate skip,
 And o’er the foe he flies !

A little dripping carlie,
 Escaped the fate he feared,
 Looks sadly on, till quite is gone
 The mighty tower he reared.

Two bare feet toddling homewards,
 Two shoes swung on a spade ;
 A daddie’s knee, a laddie’s glee,
 And mirth from terror made,

So when our sand-built pleasures
 Lie low on earth's wet shore,
 We turn our face to God's rich grace,
 And find an open door.

SABBATH BELLS.

Fast the morning shadows fled,
 Sweet the word the angel said :
 ' Seek Him not among the dead—
 Jesus Christ is risen.'

Glad the sound of Sabbath bells,
 Saying, as it falls and swells
 O'er the streets and through the dells :
 ' Jesus Christ is risen.'

He has died to set me free,
 He has risen my life to be,
 Now in Heaven He pleads for me ;
 ' Jesus Christ is risen.'

Soon this life will pass away,
 Soon will dawn the Sabbath day,
 Blessing all who gladly say,
 ' Jesus Christ is risen.'

Oh, the joy in heaven to be,
 Oh, the bliss my Lord to see,
 Him who died the death for me !—
 ' Jesus Christ is risen.'

HIS BELOVED'S SLEEP.

(From Ruckert.)

Sleep on, my heart, unfearing !
 The night with dew is cheering
 The eyelids of the flowers,
 Drooping within their bowers.

Sleep on, my heart, unfearing !
 From heaven the moon is peering—
 God's eye, that watch doth keep
 Over a world asleep.

Sleep on, my heart, unfearing !
 No grief thy bloom is searing :
 Who hung the sky so fair
 Hath thee, O heart, in care,

Sleep on, my heart, unfearing !
 In dreams no ill thou'rt hearing :
 Faith guardeth thee, the while
 O'er bending Hope doth smile.

Sleep on, my heart, unfearing !
 Should Death himself be nearing,
 Thee from below to take,
 Yonder thou shalt awake.



ALEX. CLARK KENNEDY.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM MAXWELL CLARK KENNEDY, of Knockgray, Carsphairn, Kirkcudbrightshire, and Henbury, Wimborne, Dorsetshire, was born in 1851. He is the eldest son of the late Colonel John Clark Kennedy, C.B., Commandant of the Royal Military Train, and a very distinguished officer. Colonel Clark Kennedy was married twice, and the subject of our sketch was by his first wife, Eleanor Walford, of an ancient Essex family, and directly descended from Oliver Cromwell ; while Colonel Kennedy's second wife (a daughter of Colonel the Hon. P. F. Cust and the Lady Isabella, sister of the late Duke of Buccleuch), was descended from King Charles I.

Our poet was educated at Eton, and at the age of fifteen he began his literary career by starting and editing a magazine, which, under the title of the "Eton Review," lived longer than most of those college productions. About this time he wrote a volume, entitled "The Birds of Berks and Bucks : a contribution to the Natural History of the Two Counties, by an Eton Boy." It was dedicated to Prince Leopold, who took a great interest in the work. The book was illustrated by coloured photo-

graphs of birds, was out of print in less than three months, and brought great credit to its youthful author. After leaving Eton he travelled on the Continent, and on returning to England, instead of studying classics, he spent his time mainly at natural history, and contributed largely to *The Field*, *Land and Water*, *The Zoologist*, and kindred periodicals.

Being destined for the army, his father and grandfather having both distinguished themselves in that profession—the latter, Sir Alexander Clark Kennedy, K.C.B., having taken with his own hands at the Battle of Waterloo one of Napoleon's "Eagles"—he passed the required examination, and in 1870 obtained a commission in the Cold-stream Guards. This was shortly after his return from six months' travels in Africa, the Holy Land, &c., the record of these tours being eventually published in various magazines. He became Lieutenant in 1872, and Captain in 1874, and, to his great regret, he left the army in June of the same year, owing partly to the ill-effects of a sun-stroke in Egypt, but principally to his having so little time for literary work. He is a Fellow of several learned societies, and has always been devoted to every sort of field sport, whether shooting on the heather, angling for salmon by the river, or following his pack of otter-hounds in Galloway, where large "fields" used to turn out to join in the sport.

Many of his now popular songs, and papers on Scottish sports, &c., originally appeared in *Baily's Monthly*, the *Army and Navy Gazette*, the *Whitehall Review*, and other magazines. In 1877 he visited Norway and Lapland, the result of his travels being a volume entitled "To the Arctic Regions and Back in Six Weeks." But his great work is "*Robert the Bruce: a Poem, Historical and Romantic*," illustrated by James Faed, jun., and dedicated to the memory of

the late Duke of Albany. This work was published in July 1884, and the thousand copies forming the first edition were sold in a few days. Captain Clark Kennedy has, we learn, another volume of verse nearly ready for the press. "Robert the Bruce" is in four cantos, each being dedicated to noble ladies connected with the district in which the scene of action is laid, viz.:—The Countesses of Dalkeith, Galloway, Stair, and Selkirk. It describes many incidents in Bruce's life previous to Bannockburn, the scene of the poem is principally in Kirkcudbright, and the Battles of Glentrool, Craigencaillie, &c., are depicted with glowing power, and true patriotic fervour; while the descriptions of the scenery of the Dee and the Glenkens manifest our poet's passionate love of his country. Scotland's lochs and streams, hills and moors, heather, grouse, and salmon, are ever present in his thoughts. The more stern aspects of Nature are depicted in many of his poems and songs with passionate feeling and genuine admiration, while it is frequently evident that he has caught inspiration from the sweet influences of her scenes of quiet beauty. Such passages are remarkable for their gentle grace and appropriate simplicity of diction, while those on themes of strong dramatic interest have afforded him ample scope for the play of his rich imagination. In narrative passages our poet is vigorous and direct, while in all his productions we ever find clear evidence, not only of poetic enthusiasm, but of genuine poetic skill, and fertile ingenuity of phrase and epithet.

SONG—BRUCE'S RALLYING CALL.

Oh ! are there not hearts in our own bonnie land
As the stars in their numbers as countless as sand,
Who live but to strike and their country to free?
And they who would fight, let them conquer with me !

For our foes shall be driven from Scotia's land,
Like dogs they shall die on the Cumberland strand,

And the waves of the Solway shall crimson with blood,
For thousands shall drown 'neath her merciless flood.

Like the fox from the hound they in terror shall fly,
Like the lamb in the grasp of the wolf they shall die ;
And many a corpse shall lie bloody and stark
By the shores of the Esk, on the braes of the Sark.

And the bells of Carlisle shall be mournfully rung,
Full many a mass shall in England be sung,
And many a maiden and many a bride
Shall summon her lover no more to her side.

For Englishmen's corpses shall cumber the plain,
And few the fair banks of the Eden shall gain ;
And Annan shall sweep past the dead on her shore,
And the moss by the Lochar shall be purple with gore.

In Cumberland's dales, on her mountainous rocks
Their slain shall be food for the wolf and the fox ;
And the beak of the raven with crimson be dyed,
And the "corbie" shall join the grim feast by his side.

Our patriots are true, for their spirits are high,
Our weapons are keen when the Southron is nigh ;
Thy banner, Saint Andrew, high floating, shall wave
And guide to the battle the valiant and brave.

Then rally ! each son in our own bonnie land,
And shoulder to shoulder undaunted we'll stand !
For Scotia's children will never cry "truce"
Till Edward of England shall bow to the Bruce !

Then the glorious tidings of victory won
Like the flashing of lightning through Scotland shall run,
And they who have fought with King Robert shall see
The patriot triumphant, and Scotia free !

THE SONG OF THE GROUSE.

'Tis the glorious Twelfth ! to the heather away !
Let us shoulder our guns, and our prowess display !
With setter and gillie we'll gaily go forth
When the sunshine is gilding the hills in the North,
Whilst the breeze on the mountain falls soft on our brow,
And defiance is crowed by the grouse on the knowe,
When the falcon is soaring far up in the sky,
And one fancies all Nature too lovely to die.

The stag in the corrie, the hind on the hill,
The scream of the curlew so plaintive and shrill,
The grouse on the purple expanse of the moor,
The wildfowl on many a desolate shore,

The bracken that hides the grey-hen and her brood,
 The roedeer that rests 'neath the shade of the wood,
 Combine to entice us ! Then let us go forth
 To the grouse and the mountains we love in the North !

The muirfowl crows loudly at morn on the hill,
 The trout are all leaping in streamlet and rill ;
 The garb of the blackcock shines bright in the sun,
 Nor dreams he—poor fellow !—of sportsman or gun !
 The wild duck is swimming the river across,
 The teal and the snipe are concealed in the moss :
 So, adieu to the clubs, *au revoir* to “the House,”
 I’m off by the “limited,” after the grouse !

Now sing we the glories of torrent and stream,
 On our way to the North of the salmon I dream :
 The “king of the river” is waiting for me
 In the pools of the Tweed, and the Spey and the Dee.
 Our tackle is stout, and our flies are the best,
 And many a battle our rod shall contest.
 So bring the best liquor we have in the house,
 And drink to the land of the salmon and grouse !

SCOTTISH SCENES.

(From *Introduction to Canto II. of “Robert the Bruce”—dedicated to the Countess of Stair.*)

Oh ! were I but a bonnie bird,
 And if my heart was hap’ly stirr’d
 My native land to traverse o'er,—
 I’d scan her beauty, cull her lore,
 And seek her gems from shore to shore.
 I’d cleave with beating wing the sky,
 And pierce the azure world on high ;
 With gladsome voice I’d gaily sing,
 On joyous pinion upward wing.
 And this the burden of my song,
 As with the breeze I swept along :—
 “ Few beauteous scenes in Scotland gay
 Are fairer than fair Galloway ;
 And few, I ween, can well compare
 With hill and glen in lovely air.
 In short, throughout the Bruce’s land
 Go fame and beauty hand in hand.

Then shall from Scottish memories fade
 Those glorious scenes that he surveyed ?
 And shall not thoughts of Wallace move
 Our swelling hearts to patriot love ?
 Say, dweller midst the city’s roar,
 Far from the sea, the purple moor,
 Far from the melody of birds,

Or lowing of the browsing herds,
 Far distant from the pastures green,
 Far from the forest's leafy screen,
 Where honest labour paints the cheek,
 That healthy hue ye vainly seek,
 Say, toiler, wouldst thou ever rue

(Were all the past a dream,)
 Couldst thou commence thy life anew,
 Making thy home in constant view
 Of some familiar stream ?

Where herons stand with straining gaze,
 As trout in murd'rous bills they raise,
 And anglers see on summer days,
 When the bright rays the waters glaze
 The salmon's silv'ry gleam ?

Or wouldst thou choose by some lone lake,
 Thy wand'ring way to slowly take,
 Perchance thy steps may roam with me,
 By ancient Castle Kennedy,
 Where on the loch's fair bosom wide,
 Ten thousand wavelets in their pride,

Are dancing in the sun.

And where the sea-mew loves to ride,
 Where 'mid the sedge the grebe may glide,
 And waterhens may make their nest,
 And duck and teal delight to rest
 Secure from snare or gun.

Here, round each lovely tarn are seen
 The rushes with a brighter green,
 As nod they to the summer breeze
 That sighs amongst the forest trees,
 Which, waving overhead,
 Form many a fair and verdant arch,
 And where the tassels of the larch

Are gay with green and red.

In quiet glades we here may see
 The trusty keeper's " gibbet tree,"
 Whose victims' bodies in the breeze
 Dance here and there among the trees.

• • • • •
 Who would not love these mountains drear,
 Where summer each returning year

The shepherd's heart makes glad ?
 When lambs rejoice in every glen,
 And when each steep hill side's again
 With purple heather clad ;
 When sings for joy each tiny stream,
 And dances 'neath the sunny gleam,
 And grouse take flight on hast'ning wings,
 And where the mountain ouzel sings,

And where the wily partridge hides,
 And where the hare's dark russet sides
 Are hidden neathe the bracken green,
 And where Dame Nature reigns serene !

If homelier scenes you'd wander o'er,
 Come, seek them by the Ayrshire shore,
 Where cottage sweet and pasture green
 On every hand enrich the scene.
 Where bees pursue their busy road,
 All laden with their golden load
 And take a toll in nectar sweet,
 From every bloom they hap to meet,
 And insects of the passing hour
 Flaunt in the sun their tiny power,
 And butterflies, whose wings of blue
 Shine brighter than the heaven's hue,
 Are flitting gay on every side,
 Where flowers are scatter'd far and wide.
 Or, further from old ocean's shore,
 Wouldst thou some woody glen explore,
 Or search for glee the forest o'er ?
 Where, if the summer sun above
 Compels thee in some quiet grove
 To rest awhile and seek the shade,
 Thou'l chance on many a lovely glade,
 Where even to this day, 'tis said,
 That elfin troops, in garments red,
 Their mimic battles fight.
 All mounted on their goblin steeds,
 Still charge they on with bulrush reeds,
 Oft in the pale moonlight.
 And well 'tis known, each Hallow-e'en
 Their ladies, dress'd in gold and green,
 Dance gay with circling tread.
 The marks of whom thou still may'st see,
 If o'er the fields thou roam'st with me,
 In many a flow'ry mead.
 Then, o'er our native land so fair,
 Wander, I pray thee, lady fair,
 And I'll transport thee in my lays
 To olden scenes of olden days;
 List to the harp, so thou may'st see
 A glimpse of ancient chivalry,
 And at thy kindly look and word,
 I strike again the trembling chord !



GAVIN GREIG,

EGIFTED poet, and, as our readers will have learned from our prefatory note to Sixth Series, a descendant of James Burns, great-grandfather of the National Bard, was born in 1856, on the banks of the Don, about seven miles from Aberdeen. His father was forester and general overseer on the estate of Parkhill for over a quarter of a century. Our poet might well be proud of two circumstances connected with his appearance on life's stage — his ancestral connection with Burns, and the fact of his being baptised by Bishop Skinner, grandson of "Tullochgorum." There were all the elements around his birthplace that go to make good scenery, and to foster a poetic spirit—wood, meadow, lake, and river—while human activity was suggested by the railway and turnpike road that skirted the policies. After an elementary course at the Dyce Parish School, Mr Greig passed to the Grammar School at Old Aberdeen, and having gained one of the highest bursaries at the University of Aberdeen, he graduated M.A. in 1876.

Mr Greig is now settled as schoolmaster in the agricultural district of Whitehill, New Deer—a successful and much esteemed teacher, relieving the monotony of his duties by writing occasional verses for the newspapers and magazines, and in the pleasures of music. He is an accomplished musician as well as a tuneful and sweet poet; and although frequently urged to collect his scattered productions and issue them in book form, he has not as yet consented to do so. He looks on his poetical efforts as a mere mental recreation, but the selections we give amply vindicate Mr Greig's right to be heard. His poetry is clearly the utterances of his heart. It is sustained by a sweet-toned fancy, and

is poured forth in natural gushes of feeling, clear and limpid as a Highland burn, and giving evidence of a rich mental poetical sympathy with the sights and sounds of nature. Mr Greig has in preparation several lengthy and well-sustained poems of an ambitious nature. From two of these, "The Sabbath," and "The Bee," we give short selections. He is also peculiarly happy in some of his "poetical epistles." Regarding the specimen we give of these, our poet says—"I trust it is not too much to request its insertion. It is right that some reference should be made to your undertaking by one or other of those who have been the honoured subjects of your labours, and failing a better, my epistle may in a humble way serve to vindicate Scottish Poetry, and pay a small tribute to your invaluable labours on its behalf."

THE GLOAMIN'.

Some like to rise at keek o' day,
 And hear the birdies singin',
 When daisies open to the sun,
 And grass wi' dew is hingin' ;
 But oh ! gie me the gloamin',
 The quiet simmer gloamin' :—
 There's no an hour o' the twenty-four
 Sae dear's the hour o' gloamin'.

And some wad like the dreamy time
 When simmer suns are flashin',
 To doze aneath a tree, and list
 The burnie's playfu' plashin' ;
 But best o' a's the gloamin',
 The saft and shady gloamin',
 When hill-taps fade, and winds are laid
 Wi' the wand o' the fairy gloamin'.

Oh ! mony's the time in days langsyne
 I've stown awa' at gloamin',
 By lanesome field, and wood, and lake,
 In lang excursions roamin',—
 In the sweet, sweet hour o' gloamin',
 In the pensive hour o' gloamin' ;
 Langsyne I used to stray and muse
 In the soothin', simmer gloamin'.

And though my youth has tint its joys,
 Like the dews at early dawnin',
 And manhood's years be het and dry
 Wi' toilin' sair an' plannin' ;
 Oh, grant to me a gloamin',
 Life's meditative gloamin' !
 When my day is deen, ere I close my een,
 Gie me an' hour o' gloamin' !

THE GRAMPIANS.

Lat gentry chiels and ne'er-do-weels
 Gang owre the warld stravaigin',
 Syne rave and write lang screeds o' styte
 O' foreign kintras braigin';—
 Het birstlin' clime, or realm o' rime,
 O' drouthy lands, an' swampy anes ;
 Here lat me bide, nor budge a stride
 Frae Scotland and her Grampians.

Gae range the maps for towerin' taps,
 Alps, Andes, Himalayas ;—
 They're a' owre heigh, and cauld, and dreigh,
 King Winter's gloomy dais.
 They're nae the kin' to charm the min',
 Sae big, unshapely, lumpy anes ;
 We winna swap for nae sic tap
 Oor ain ticht, weel-made Grampians.

Norseman and Dane might scour the main
 And ravage a' your braw lands,
 And Roman tramps set up their camps
 Far owre the feckless lawlands.
 They ran like fillies owre England's hillies,
 Her puir bit humpy-dumpy anes ;
 But, man ! they shied, richt scare and fleyed,
 At Scotland's doughty Grampians.

Then here's three cheers for Scotland's muirs,
 Her noble glens and passes,
 Wi' whin and broom, and heather bloom,
 Their ever-durin' basses !
 But to the stars peal loud your bars,
 The song be Scotland's champions !
 Her foe-repellin', Olympus-scalin',
 Eternal, glorious Grampians !

THE SCOTTISH SABBATH.

It is the Sabbath morn : how still the day
 Breaks on our native Scotland. Lo ! it comes

The deputy of Heaven, and freshly clad
 In all the mild authority of Peace.
 See how its advent chases every sight
 And sound suggestive of the secular world,
 And every neutral one impresses straight
 Into the holy service, robing all
 In the fair livery of Heaven. Or far
 Among the mountains' airy solitudes ;
 Or in the city with its thousand homes
 And hundred industries ; or in the vale,
 Sparsely o'ermarked with homesteads, doth the day
 Break in upon the noises of the world,
 With one most definite pause, and lay a hand
 Of strong arrest upon the currents swift
 Of thought and action, which, unfettered thus,
 And in their all too fiery way unchecked,
 Might flash with fierce acceleration down,
 And roar right into cataracts of chaos.
 Nor would we hence assert that in the land
 Where Sabbaths are so reverenced, holiness,
 With all attendant graces, flourishes
 In native vigour unrestrained ; but there,
 With soil not less than that of other realms
 Fertile and fit, they own the influence
 Of fair conditions, and with joy respond
 To fostering care that hedges off the winds,
 Bespeaks the favour of the sun, and draws,
 With provident diversion, limpid streams
 To keep the vineyard green.

And people take their way from every side
 In casual bands along the beaten way,
 Singly adown the wooded slope, along
 The marge luxuriant of the ample river ;
 Or filing slow along the irresolute path
 That threads the moor, converging one and all
 To the common place of worship. Thither, too,
 We go. It is an ancient structure, plain,
 And weather-beaten ; on one end the belfry,
 Wherein is hung the shrilly bell, exposed
 To rain and snow, and every gale ; and sometimes,
 When winds come roaring from the larchy hill,
 The blast will force a sudden knell, and fling
 Its eerie burden down the troubled dark
 To strike the ear of startled cottager ;
 On either end a door ; a graveyard all around,
 With strange variety of tombs.

• • • •

And few will enter till the parson comes.
 They cluster here and there ; some haply seated

On the ample area of some table slab ;
 Others reclined against the upright stone,
 Discovering their wonted care and interest
 In the others' welfare ; or again repeating
 Reflections on the prospects of the field
 Depreciatory, or some estimate
 Most obvious of wind and weather. Now
 The bell tolls out, for, see, the minister
 Comes slowly from the manse, whose roof we spy
 Over the field ; and in the people move,
 Not without noise, for this stone passage knows
 The lightest footstep, and proclaims it loud
 To all the building.

. The precentor, straight
 Uprising, reads in hurried formal tone
 Notice of purpose matrimonial
 Between some rustic pair. The congregation,
 Curious to know the engaging swain and maid,
 Scarce marks the parson as he steps along.
 Now he arises in his place ; he speaks,
 In tones subdued and reverent, "Let us
 Unite to worship God ;" then slow, precise,
 He names a psalm of David. O'er the pews
 A rustling wakes, as on a quiet noon
 A leafy beech tree shivers and is still ;
 For each is turning to the psalm announced.
 That duly found, the people turn to mark
 What tune the slow revolving placard tells ;
 Some ancient melody, of style severe,
 Their fathers sang in old reforming days.

"S M O K I N G . "

(From "*The Bee.*")

Some silent autumn eve—occasion fit,
 In the dark earth is dug the doleful pit,
 And, smouldering livid in its awful tomb,
 The infernal sulphur spues the writhing fume,—
 Oh, hapless bee, in vain thy garnered sweets,
 Thy golden dreams in slumberous retreats ;
 For not again shall any fleeting Spring
 Call to the floral feast thy little wing,
 Where verdurous vistas lead the early rays
 To dalliance on the rosy-blushing maze,
 And, veiled in flying dust of shattered pearl,
 Through blossomed orchards strikes the clangling merl,
 No more thy fairy vans shall take the breeze,
 That sings in siren phrase of happy leas ;
 Nor shall it e'er be thine again to hear,
 Fled from the waning of the lowland year,

On moorlands measureless, or lonely fells,
The breeze-brushed carillon of purple bells ;
For now the deathful smoke invades thy home,
Winds through the hive, and searches every comb.

Glad of the gloom that autumn vapours breed
To ward reproaches from his doubtful deed,
The master o'er the blasted dungeon bends,
And rueful oft the failing tophet mends.
Weird-winged the bat and ominous flits around,
With cries that strive to brush the skirts of sound ;
And dying leaves on comrades dead below
Drop the dark burden of a feeble woe.
Nor, while the musing owner hears within
The doleful surges of their dying din,
Falls the familiar sound to thread a theme
Through all the mazes of his twilight dream.—
Lo ! Fancy on the blank of autumn glooms
Has forced a sudden summer flood of blooms,
And, skilled to mend the heavens' ethereal loss,
Has touched to passionate pulse the gloaming gross.
Then doth the high-hedged area throb again,
Wing-wrought by many a happy hurrying pen ;
For all day long their willing legions speed
Or to the tasselled tree or clovery mead.
Dewed with the prime they touch the grateful toil,
And, glorying in the evening's latest spoil,
With shadowing roods of weary rooks they come,
And drown the droning beetle with their hum,—
Change how disastrous ; in their dungeon pent,
Vainly the baleful brimstone they resent,
Till their brave spirits tortured, broken, numb,
Scarce edge with hostile hint their failing hum,
And he, their lord, who wont the summer hours
To lend approving presence in these bowers,
Elects the devilish enquiry to guide,
And o'er the dreadful work of death preside.
Yet let him raise the hive, and see beneath
The briimming pit of gorged and glutted death,
And say if he may view without remorse
Pity and profit 'stranged with such divorce.

EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR OF " MODERN SCOTTISH POETS."

Dear Sir, it was the tither nicht
I got your books a' safe and richt ;
And, fegs ! they were a welcome sicht,
Ye needna doot ;
Sic bonnie volumes, trig and ticht,
Inside and oot,

Like ony rabbit happen' through
 Some parkie fresh wi' April dew,
 Wha jouks aboot wi' waterin' mou'
 In ilka airt,
 For aye some sappier tufties woo
 His fickle he'rt,

Thus 'mang your bards frae side to side,
 Where'er my fancy cares to guide,
 The forenicht through I freely wide
 Wi' feasted eyes,
 Till I begin wi' growin' pride
 To moralize.

Though lang may Scotia greet and pine
 For vanished bards o' auld lang syne,
 Her "makkirs," glorious and divine,
 Lat her tak' he'rt !
 Ne'er shall the grand Pierian Nine
 Her realms desert !

The lav'rocks rowin' in the cloud,
 The moorland minstrels pipin' lood,
 And a' the songsters o' the wood
 Ne'er drap and dee,
 Till each has taught a risin' brood
 Its minstrelsy.

Thus, even while yon bard we miss,
 His art we own revived in this ;
 From Ramsay's apotheosis,
 Lo ! Scotia turns
 To hail the glorious genesis
 Of mighty Burns !

Then see in turn the Shepherd take,
 True heir, the native reed, and make
 The drooping land in wonder wake
 To list the lays,
 Thick-born by lone St Mary's Lake,
 And Ettrick braes.

Oh ! all too tender Tannahill !
 Bard of the woodland, brae, and rill,—
 The mavis' notes alone may till
 The forest free ;
 Yet rarely doth the lintie trill
 Frai some laigh tree,

Lang may your country's tear-draps trickle
 For you, and for her darling Nicoll,
 Baith fa'n afore the ruthless sickle
 Unripe and green !—
 Hard Fate adjudged sic twa owre mickle
 For Scotia e'en !

Still let her hold their memory dear,
 But dry the while that blindin' tear.
 Though sun or moon nae mair appear
 Wi' dazzlin' licht,
 Unnumbered stars the kindly sphere
 Wheels into sicht.

Lo ! doughy Edwards leads along
 His "Modern Poets"—worthy throng,
 Exponents true of Scottish song,
 Which warmly sings,
 In language simple, pure, and strong,
 Of Scottish things.

" What needs there be sae great a fraise
 Wi' dringin' dull Italian lays ?"
 Auld " Tullochgorum " in amaze
 Would fain demand ;
 And aye the weary classic craze
 Afflicts the land.

Wi' heroes stown frae Grecian myth,
 Or ony o' their Roman kith,
 As weel expect yon aizled with
 To sproot again,
 As look for nat'r al spunk or pith
 In sic a strain !

For, while in Homer's sounding line,
 Or Virgil's verses polished fine,
 The chiels stalk mair than half divine ;
 Wi' a' oor airt,
 In oors they only shrink and dwine
 Dowf and inert.

And wherefore should Ilissus stream,
 The " olive grove of Academe,"
 Or " flowery hill Hymettus " seem
 To us so dear ?
 Though Athens partial these may deem
 Without a peer.

Lo ! where Ayr's winding waters rove,
 The birch and hawthorn sweet inwove
 Bedeck a still more hallowed grove,
 Where all the day
 In lovers' ears the birds sing love
 From every spray.

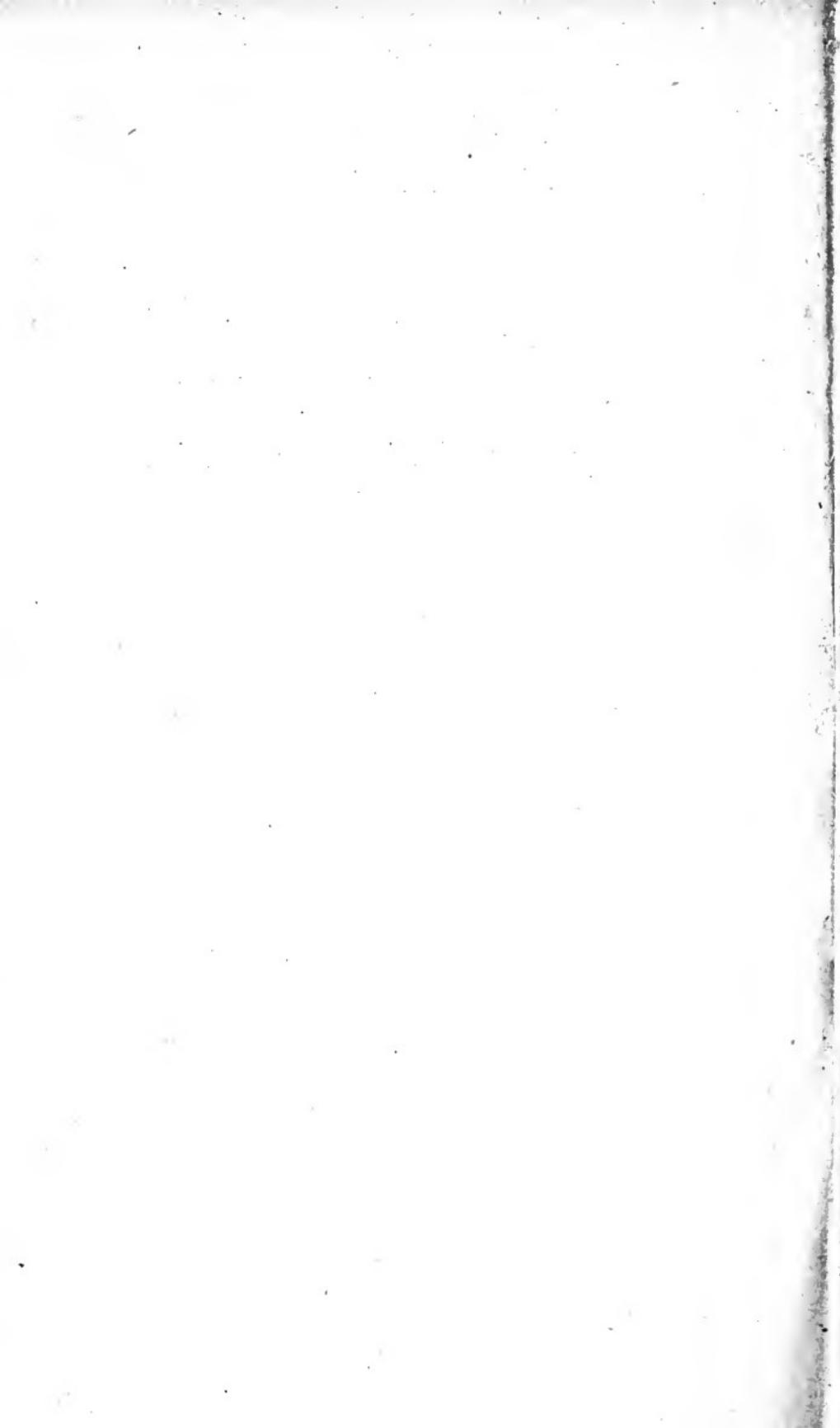
Why boast the Attic bird's refrain ?—
 Our mavis catches up the strain,
 And, mockin', whistles't owre again
 'Thoot ony trouble,
 Syne trills a cadence o' his ain
 Inimitable !

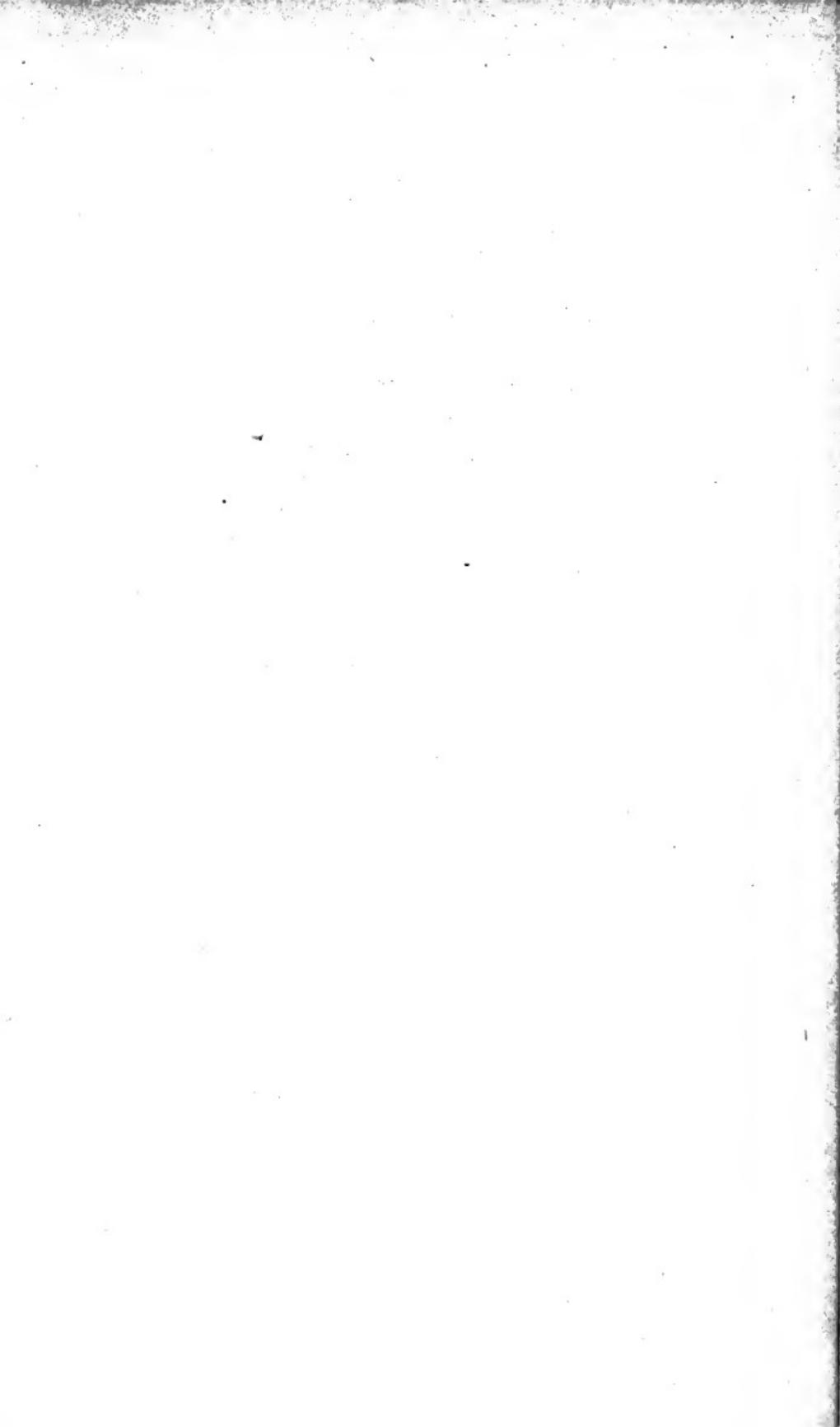
Go, dainty Academics, clim'
 Your flowery hillocks smooth and trim:—
 Gie me the Grampians towerin' grim,
 Whose glorious base
 Is leagues of heather fields that swim
 In purple haze

But ance upon a weel-kent track,
 My muse would soon be sweer to slack ;
 Sae I shall stop her rhymin' crack,
 Hooe'er it please her ;
 Owre muckle's whiles a waur mistak
 Than scrimpit measure.

Sae, honoured frien', a warm adieu !
 Weel may the gratefu' bardic crew,
 Wi' hairt sincere, and glowin' mou',
 For ever thank ye ;
 And 'mang her scions tried and true
 Auld Scotia rank ye !









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Edwards, David Herschell
Modern Scottish poets

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